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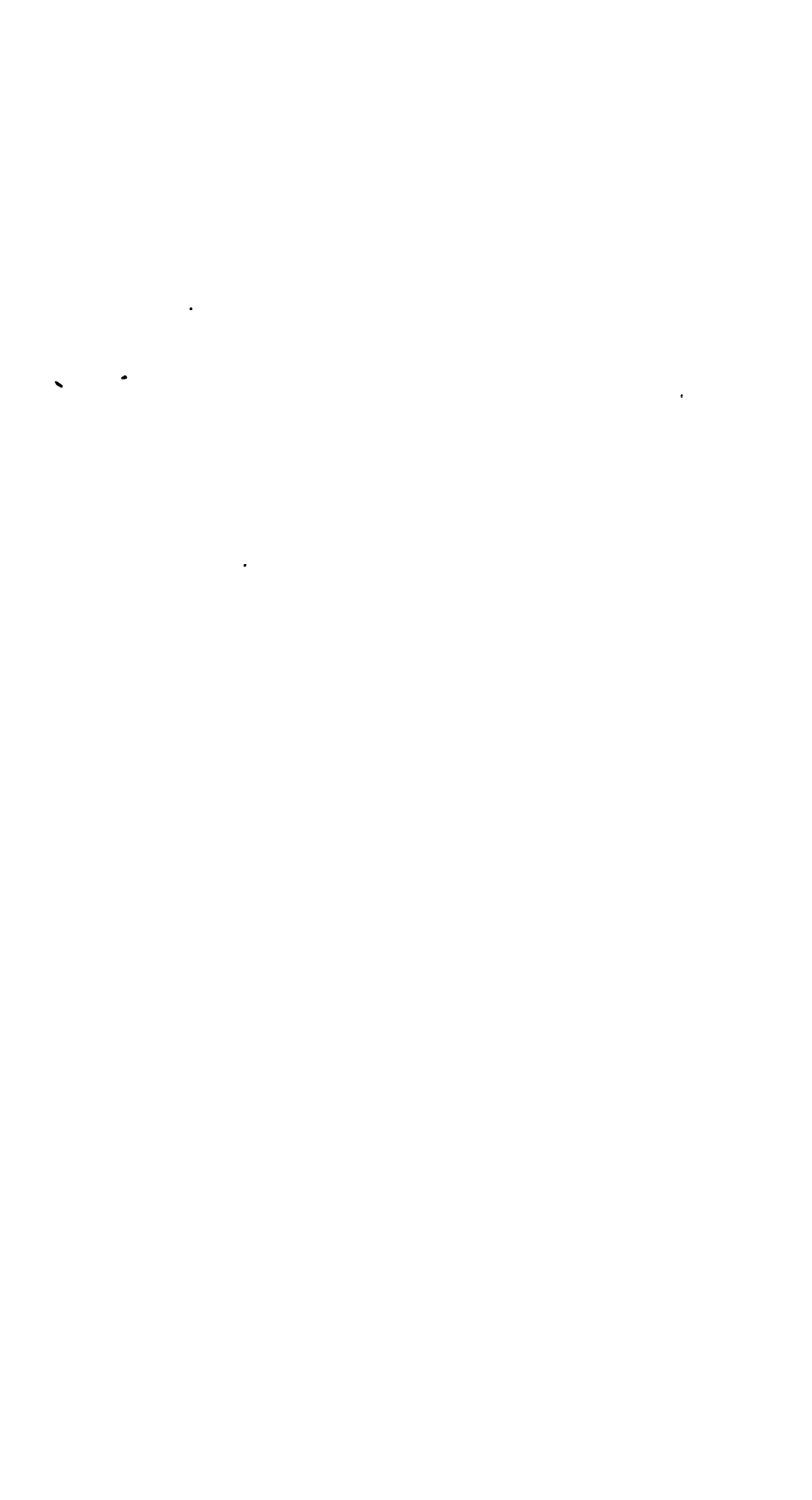
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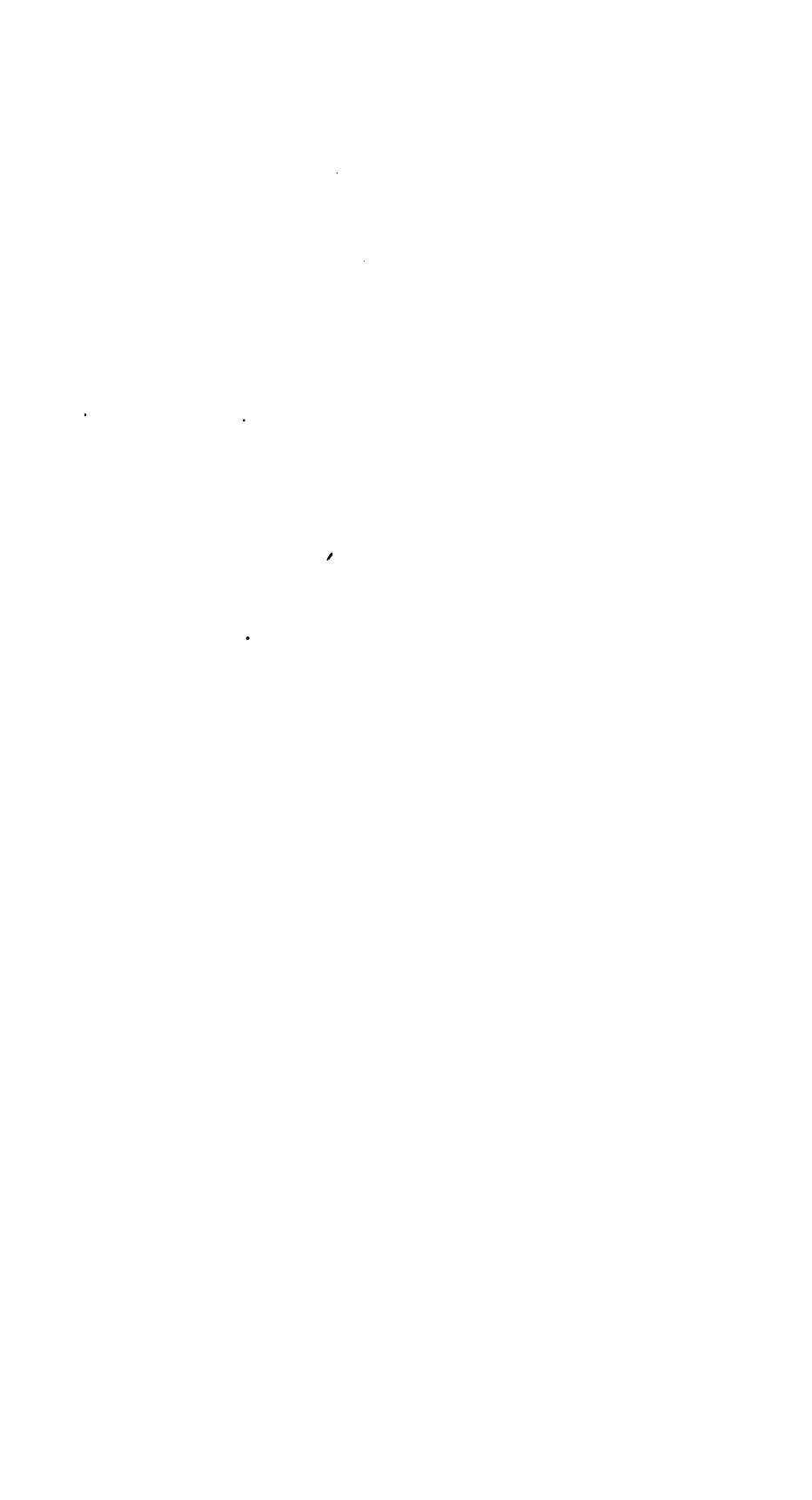




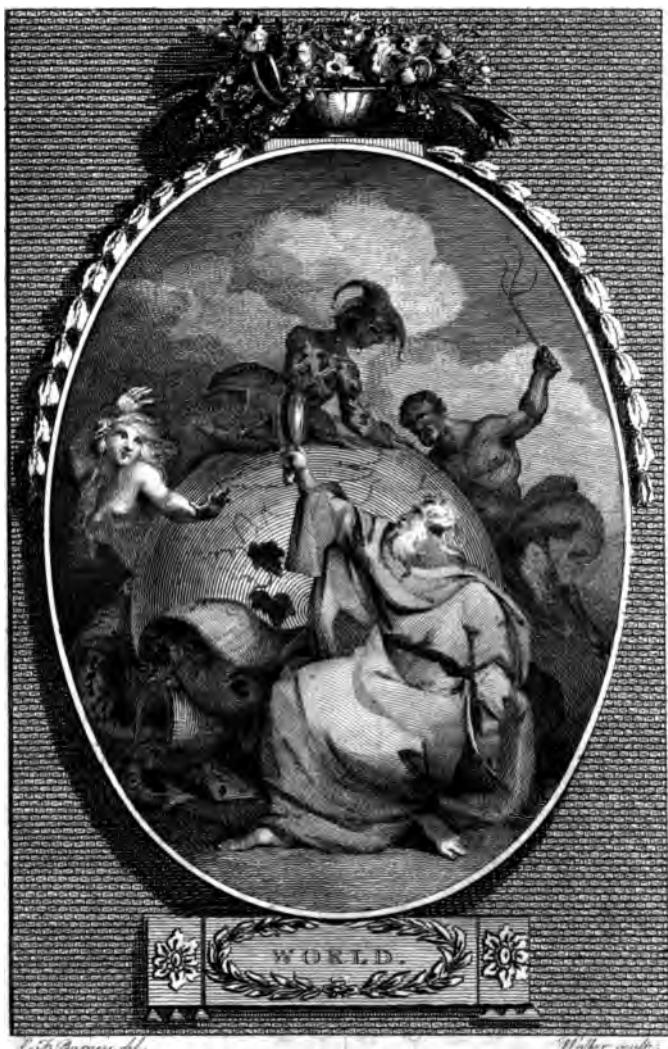


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VCE







HARRISON'S
British Classics.
 VOL. VII.
(Containing)
 The World,
 and
 Lord Lyttelton's Dialogues of the Dead.



(T O N D O N :)
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THE

W O R L D.

BY ADAM FITZ-ADAM. *revised by*
Henry Moore

IN FOUR VOLUMES.



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M D C C L X X V I I .

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

THAT I presume to dedicate the first volume of the **World** to your Lordship, will, I hope, be forgiven me. It is not enough that I can flatter myself with having been frequently honoured with your correspondence; I would insinuate it to the public, that under the sanction of your Lordship's name, I may hope for a more favourable reception from my readers.

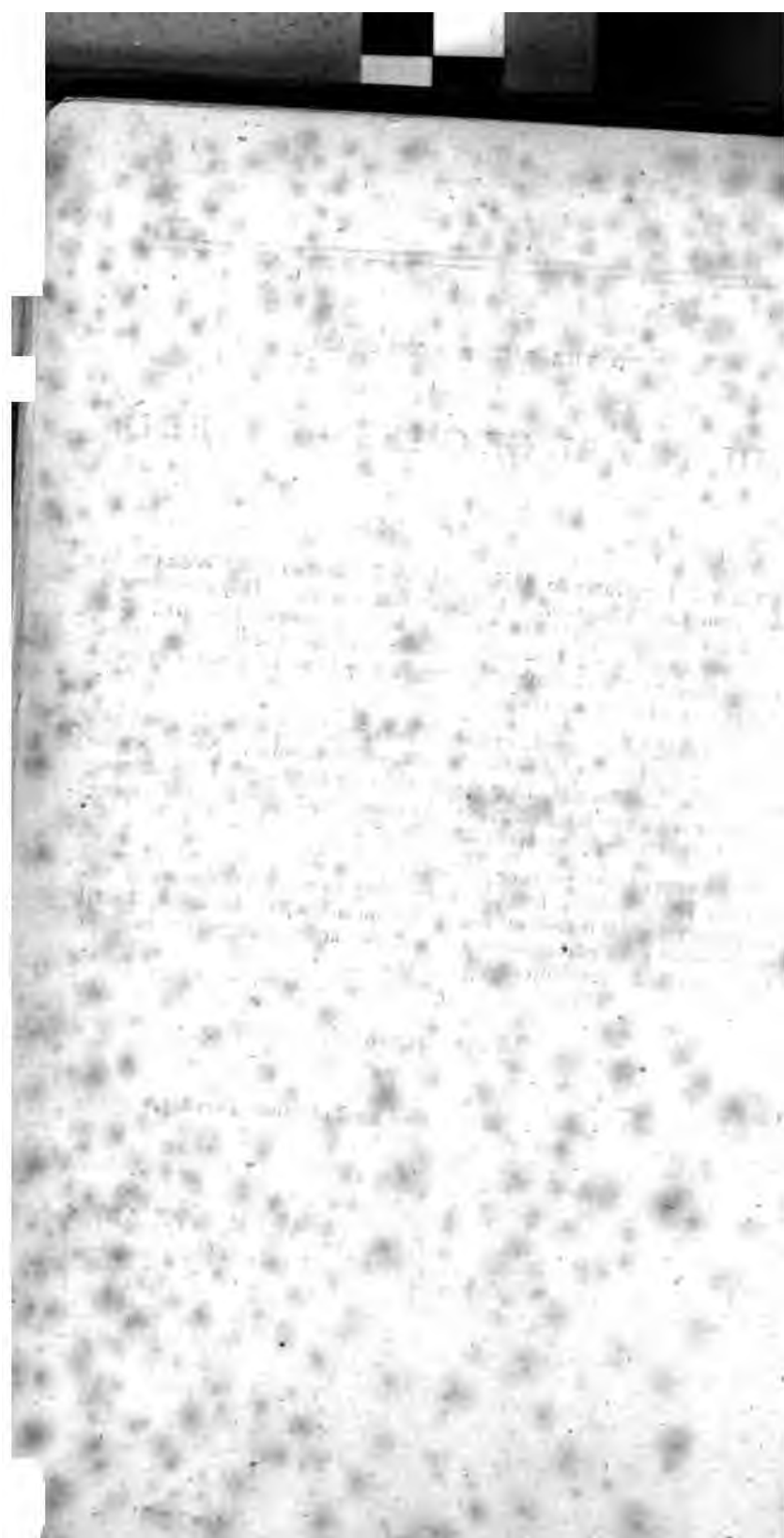
If it should be expected, upon this occasion, that I should point out which papers are your Lordship's, and which my own, I must beg to be excused; for while, like the Cuckoo in the fable, I am mixing my note with the Nightingale's, I cannot resist the vanity of crying out—'How sweetly we birds sing!'

If I knew of any great or amiable qualification that your Lordship did not really possess, I would (according to the usual custom of dedications) bestow it freely: but, till I am otherwise instructed, I shall rest satisfied with paying my most grateful acknowledgments to your Lordship, and with subscribing myself,

Your LORDSHIP's obliged,

And most obedient Servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.





T H E
W O R L D.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

N^o I. THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1753.

Nihil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena;
Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam falantibus querere vitæ.
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Noctes atque dies niti præstante labore
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.

LUCRET.

‘**A**T the village of Aronche, in the province of Estremadura,’ says an old Spanish author, ‘lived Gonzales de Castro, who from the age of twelve to fifty-two was deaf, dumb, and blind. His chearful submission to so deplorable a misfortune, and the misfortune itself, so endeared him to the village, that to worship the Holy Virgin, and to love and serve Gonzales, were considered as duties of the same importance; and to neglect the latter, was to offend the former.’

‘It happened one day, as he was sitting at his door, and offering up his mental prayers to St. Jago, that he found himself, on a sudden, restored to all the privileges he had lost. The news ran quickly through the village, and old and young, rich and poor, the busy and the idle, thronged round him with congratulations.’

‘But, as if the blessings of this life were only given us for afflictions, he

‘began in a few weeks to lose the relish of his enjoyments, and to repine at the possession of those faculties, which served only to discover to him the follies and disorders of his neighbours, and to teach him that the intent of speech was too often to deceive.’

‘Though the inhabitants of Aronche were as honest as other villagers, yet Gonzales, who had formed his ideas of men and things from their natures and uses, grew offended at their manners. He saw the avarice of age, the prodigality of youth, the quarrels of brothers, the treachery of friends, the frauds of lovers, the insolence of the rich, the knavery of the poor, and the depravity of all. These, as he saw and heard, he spoke of with complaint; and endeavoured by the gentlest admonitions to excite men to goodness.’

From this place the story is torn out to the last paragraph; which says—That he lived

lived to a comfortable old age, despised and hated by his neighbours for pretending to be wiser and better than themselves; and that he breathed out his soul in these memorable words, that *He who would enjoy many friends, and live happy in the world, should be deaf, dumb, and blind, to the follies and vices of it.*

It candour, humility, and an earnest desire of instruction and amendment, were not the distinguishing characteristics of the present times, this simple story had silenced me as an author. But when every day's experience shews me, that our young gentlemen of fashion are lamenting at every tavern the frailties of their natures, and confessing to one another whose daughters they have ruined, and whose wives they have corrupted; not by way of boasting, as some have ignorantly imagined, but to be re-proved and amended by their penitential companions: when I observe too, from an almost blameable degree of modesty, they accuse themselves of more vices than they have constitutions to commit; I am led by a kind of impulse to this work, which is indeed to be a public repository for the real frailties of these young gentlemen, in order to relieve them from the necessity of such private confession.

The present times are no less favourable to me in another very material circumstance. It was the opinion of our ancestors, that there are few things more difficult, or that require greater skill and address, than the speaking properly of one's self. But if by speaking properly he meant speaking successfully, the art is now as well known among us as that of printing or of making gun-powder.

Whoever is acquainted with the writings of those eminent practitioners in physic, who make their appearance either in hand-bills, or in the weekly or daily papers, will see clearly that there is a certain and invariable method of speaking of one's self to every body's satisfaction. I shall therefore introduce my own importance to the public, as near as I can, in the manner and words of those gentlemen; not doubting of the same credit, and the same advantages.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO be spoke with every *Thursday*, at Tully's Head in Pall-Mall, ADAM FITZ-ADAM; who after forty years

travel through all the parts of the known and unknown world; after having investigated all the sciences, acquired all languages, and entered into the deepest recesses of nature and the passions; is, at last, for the emolument and glory of his native country, returned to England, where he undertakes to cure all the diseases of the human mind. He cures lying, cheating, swearing, drinking, gaming, avarice, and ambition, in the men; and envy, slander, coquetry, prudery, vanity, wantonness, and inconstancy, in the women. He undertakes, by a safe, pleasant, and speedy method, to get husbands for young maids, and good-humour for old ones. He instructs wives, after the easiest and newest fashion, in the art of pleasing, and widows in the art of mourning. He gives common-sense to philosophers, candour to disputants, modesty to critics, decency to men of fashion, and frugality to tradesmen. For farther particulars enquire at the place above-mentioned, or of any of the kings and princes in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America.

N. B. The doctor performs his operations by lenitives and alteratives; never applying corrosives, but when inveterate ill habits have rendered gentler methods ineffectual.

Having thus satisfied the public of my amazing abilities, and having, no doubt, raised it's curiosity to an extraordinary height, I shall descend, all at once, from my doctoral dignity, to address myself to my readers as the author of a weekly paper of amusement, called **THE WORLD.**

My design in this paper is to ridicule, with novelty and good-humour, the fashions, follies, vices, and absurdities, of that part of the human species which calls itself the **WORLD**, and to trace it through all it's business, pleasures, and amusements. But though my subjects will chiefly confine me to the town, I do not mean never to make excursions into the country; on the contrary, when the profits of these lucubrations shall have enabled me to set up a one-horse chair, I shall take frequent occasions of inviting my reader to a seat in it, and of driving him to scenes of pure air, tranquillity, and innocence, from smoke, hurry, and intrigue.

There are only two subjects which, as matters stand at present, I shall absolutely

solutely disclaim touching upon; and these are religion and politics. The former of them seems to be so universally practised, and the latter so generally understood, that to enforce the one, or to explain the other, would be to offend the whole body of my readers. To say truth, I have serious reasons for avoiding the first of these subjects. A weak advocate may ruin a good cause. And if religion can be defended by no better arguments than some I have lately seen in the public papers and magazines, the wisest way is to say nothing about it. In relation to politics, I shall only observe, that the minister is not yet so thoroughly acquainted with my abilities as to trust me with his secrets. The moment he throws aside his reserve, I shall throw aside mine, and make the public as wise as myself.

My readers will, I hope, excuse me, if hereafter they should find me very sparing of mottoes to these essays. I know very well that a little Latin or Greek, to those who understand no language but English, is both satisfactory and entertaining. It gives an air of dignity to a paper, and is a convincing proof that the author is a person of profound learning and erudition. But in the opinion of those who are in the secret of such mottoes, the custom is, as Shakespeare says, more honoured in the breach than the observance; a motto being generally chosen after the essay is written, and hardly ever having affinity to it through two pages together. But the truth is, I have a stronger reason for de-

clining this custom: it is, that the follies I intend frequently to treat of, and the characters I shall from time to time exhibit to my readers, will be such as the Greeks and Romans were entirely unacquainted with.

It may perhaps be expected, before I dismiss this paper, that I should take a little notice of my ingenious brother authors, who are obliging the public with their daily and periodical labours. With all these gentlemen I desire to live in peace, friendship, and good neighbourhood; or if any one of them shall think proper to declare war against me unprovoked, I hope he will not insist upon my taking farther notice of him, than only to say, as the old serjeant did to his ensign who was beating him—'I beseech your honour not to hurt yourself.'

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE WITS.

WHEREAS it is expected that the title of this paper will occasion certain quips, cranks, and conceits, at the Bedford and other coffee-houses in this town: this is therefore to give notice, that the words—'This is a sad world, a vain world, a dull world, a wretched world, a trifling world, an ignorant world, a damned world;' or that—'I hate the world, am weary of the world, sick of the world,' or phrases to the same effect, applied to this paper, shall be voted, by all that hear them, to be without wit, humour, or pleasant y, and be treated accordingly.

Nº II. THURSDAY, JANUARY II, 1753.

IT is an observation of Lord Bacon, That the fame of Cicero, Seneca, and the younger Pliny, had scarce lasted to this day, or at least not so fresh, if it had not been joined with some vanity and boasting in themselves: 'For boasting,' continues that great writer, 'seems to be like varnish, that not only makes wood shine, but last.'

How greatly are the moderns obliged to Lord Bacon for giving another reason for the success of the ancients than superiority of merit! These gentlemen have taken care, it seems, to lay on *their varnish so extremely thick, that*

common wood has been mistaken for ebony, and ebony for enamel.

But if the ancients owe all their reputation to their skill in varnishing, as no doubt they do, it appears very wonderful, that while the art remains, it should be so totally neglected by modern authors; especially when they experience every day, that for want of this covering, the critics, in the shape of worms, have eat into their wood, and crumbled it to powder.

But to treat this matter plainly, and without a figure; it is most certainly owing to the bashfulness of the moderns *that*

that their works are not held in higher estimation than those of the ancients. And this, I think, will be as apparent as any other truth, if we consider for a moment the nature and office of the people called critics. It is the nature of these people to be exceedingly dull; and it is their office to pronounce decisively upon the merit and demerit of all works whatsoever. Thus, chusing themselves into the said office, and happening to set out without taste, talents, or judgment, they have no way of guessing at the excellency of an author, but from what the said author has been graciously pleased to say of it himself: and as most of the moderns are afraid of communicating to the public all that passes in their hearts on that subject, the critics, mistaking their reserve for a confession of weakness, have pronounced sentence upon their works, that they are good for nothing. Nor is it matter of wonder that they proceed in this method: for by what rule of reason should a man expect the good word of another, who has nothing to say in favour of himself?

To avoid, therefore, the censure of the critics, and to engage their approbation, I take this early opportunity of assuring them that I have the pleasure of standing extremely high in my own opinion; and if I do not think proper to say with Horace—

Sublimi feriam sidera vertice;

or with Ovid—

Tamque ut incepti, quod nec Jovis ira, nec

ignis,

Nil poterit ferre, nec edax abiecerit ignis;

it is because I chuse to temper vanity with humility; having sometimes found that a man may be too arrogant, as well as too humble; though it must always be acknowledged, that in affairs of enterprise, which require strength, genius, or activity, assurance will succeed where modesty will fail.

To set forth the utility of blending these two virtues, and to exemplify in a particular instance the superiority of assurance, as I began my first paper with a tale, I shall end this with a fable.

Modesty, the daughter of Knowledge, and Assurance, the offspring of Ignorance, met accidentally upon the road; and as both had a long way to go, and had experienced from former hardships

that they were alike unqualified to pursue their journey alone; they agreed, notwithstanding the opposition in their natures, to lay aside all animosities, and, for their mutual advantage, to travel together. It was in a country where there were no inns for entertainment; so that to their own address, and to the hospitality of the inhabitants, they were continually to be obliged for provision and lodging.

Assurance had never failed getting admittance to the houses of the great; but it had frequently been her misfortune to be turned out of doors, at a time when she was promising herself an elegant entertainment, or a bed of down to rest upon. Modesty had been excluded from all such houses, and compelled to take shelter in the cottages of the poor; where, though she had leave to continue as long as she pleased, a truss of straw had been her usual bed, and roots of the coarsest provision her constant repast. But as both, by this accidental meeting, were become friends and fellow-travellers, they entertained hopes of assisting each other, and of shortening the way by dividing the cares of it.

Assurance, who was dressed lightly in a summer silk and short petticoats, and who had something commanding in her voice and presence, found the same easy access as before to the castles and palaces upon the way; while Modesty, who followed her in a rillet gown, speaking low, and casting her eyes upon the ground, was as usual pushed back by the porter at the gate, till introduced by her companion, whose fashionable appearance and familiar address got admission for both.

And now, by the endeavours of each to support the other, their difficulties vanished, and they saw themselves the favourites of all companies, and the parties of their pleasures, festivals, and amusements. The fallies of Assurance were continually checked by the delicacy of Modesty, and the blushes of Modesty were frequently relieved by the vivacity of Assurance, who, though she was sometimes detected at her old pranks, which always put her companion out of countenance, was yet so awed by her presence, as to stop short of offence.

Thus in the company of Modesty Assurance gained that reception and esteem, which she had vainly hoped for in her absence; while Modesty, by

means of her new acquaintance, kept the best company, feasted upon delicacies, and slept in the chambers of state. Assurance, indeed, had in one particular the ascendancy over her companion: for if any one asked Modesty whose daughter she was, she blushed and made no answer; while Assurance took the advantage of her silence, and imposed herself upon the world as the offspring of Knowledge.

In this manner did the travellers pursue their journey; Assurance taking the lead through the great towns and cities, and apologizing for the rusticity of her companion; while Modesty went foremost through the villages and hamlets, and excused the odd behaviour of Assurance, by presenting her as a courtier.

It happened one day, after having measured a tedious length of road, that they came to a narrow river, which by a hasty swell had washed away the bridge that was built over it. As they stood upon the bank, casting their eyes upon the opposite shore, they saw at a little distance a magnificent castle, and a crowd of people inviting them to come over. Assurance, who stopped at nothing, throwing aside the covering from her limbs, plunged almost naked into

the stream, and swam safely to the other side. Modesty, offended at the indecency of her companion, and diffident of her own strength, would have declined the danger; but being urged by Assurance, and derided for her cowardice by the people on the other side, she unfortunately ventured beyond her depth; and oppressed by her fears, as well as entangled by her cloaths, which were bound tightly about her, immediately disappeared, and was driven by the current none knows whither. It is said, indeed, that she was afterwards taken up alive by a fisherman upon the English coast, and that shortly she will be brought to the metropolis, and shewn to the curious of both sexes with the *surprising* Oronoto Savage, and the *wonderful* Panther Mare.

Assurance, not in the least daunted, pursued her journey alone; and though not altogether as successfully as with her companion, yet having learned in particular companies, and upon particular occasions, to assume the air and manner of Modesty, she was received kindly at every house; and at last arriving at the end of her travels, she became a very great lady, and rose to be first maid of honour to the queen of the country.

Nº III. THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IF I had inclination and ability to do the cruelest thing upon earth to the man I hated, I would lay him under the necessity of borrowing money of a friend.

You are to know, Sir, that I am curate of a parish within ten miles of town, at forty pounds *per annum*; that I am five and thirty years old, and that I have a wife and two children. My father, who was a clergyman of some note in the country, unfortunately died soon after I came from college, and left me master of seventeen hundred pounds. With this sum, which I thought a very great one, I came up to town, took lodgings in Leicester Fields, put a narrow lace upon my frock, learnt to dance of Denoyer, bought my shoes of Tull, my sword of Becker, my hat of Wagner, and my snuff-box of Deard. In

short, I entered into the spirit of taste, and was looked upon as a fashionable young fellow. I do not mean that I was really so, according to the town acceptance of the term; for I had as great an aversion to infidelity, libertinism, gaming, and drunkenness, as the most unfashionable man alive. All that my enemies, or, what is more, all that my friends can say against me, is, that in my dress I rather imitated the cockcomb than the sloop; that I preferred good company to reading the fathers; that I liked a dinner at the tavern better than one at a private house; that I was oftener at the play than at evening prayers; that I usually went from the play to the tavern again; and that in five years time I spent every shilling of my fortune. They may also add, if they please, as the climax of my follies, that when I was worth nothing myself, I married the most amiable woman in the world, without a penny to her fortune, only
B because

because we loved each other to distraction, and were miserable afunder.

To the whole of this charge I plead guilty; and have most heartily repented of every article of it, except the last: I am, indeed, a little apprehensive that my wife is my predominant passion, and that I shall carry it with me to the grave.

I had contracted an intimacy at college with a young fellow, whose taste, age, and inclinations, were exactly suited to my own. Nor did this intimacy end with our studies; we renewed it in town; and as our fortunes were pretty equal, and both of us our own masters, we lodged in the same house, dressed in the same manner, followed the same diversions, spent all we had, and were ruined together. My friend, whose genius was more enterprising than mine, steered his course to the West Indies, while I entered into holy orders at home, and was ordained to the curacy above-mentioned.

At the end of two years I married, as I told you before; and being a wit as well as a parson, I made a shift by pamphlets, poems, sermons, and surplice fees, to increase my income to about a hundred a year.

I think I shall pay a compliment to my wife's economy, when I assure you, that notwithstanding the narrowness of our fortune, we did not run out above ten pounds a year: for if it be considered that we had both been used to company and good living; that the largest part of our income was precarious, and consequently, if we starved ourselves, we were not sure of laying up; that as an author I was vain, and as a parson ambitious; always imagining that my wit would introduce me to the minister, or my orthodoxy to the bishop; and, exclusive of these circumstances, if it be also considered that we were generous in our natures, and charitable to the poor, it will be rather a wonder that we spent so little.

It is now five years and a quarter since our marriage; in all which time I have been running in debt without a possibility of helping it. Last Christmas I took a survey of my circumstances, and had the mortification to find that I was fifty-one pounds fifteen shillings worse than nothing. The uneasiness I felt upon this discovery determined me to sit down and write a tragedy. I soon

found a fable to my mind; and was making a considerable progress in the work, when I received intelligence that my old friend and companion was just returned from Jamaica, where he had married a planter's widow of immense fortune, buried her, and farmed out the estate she had left him for two thousand pounds a year upon the Exchange of London.

I rejoiced heartily at this news, and took the first opportunity of paying my congratulations upon so happy an occasion. As I was dressed for this visit in very clean canonicals, my friend, who possibly had connected the idea of a good living with a good cassock, received me with the utmost complaisance and good-humour; and after having testified his joy at seeing me, desired to be informed of my fortune and preferment. I gave him a particular account of all that had happened to me since our separation; and concluded with a very blunt request, that he would lend me fifty guineas to pay my debts with, and to make me the happiest curate within the bills of mortality.

As there was something curious in my friend's answer to this request, I shall give it to you word for word, as near as I can remember it; marking the whole speech in italics, that my own interruptions may not be mistaken.

'FIFTY guineas! And so you have run yourself in debt fifty-two pounds ten shillings!'—'Within a very trifle,' Sir.—'Ay, ay, I mean so. Fifty guineas is the sum you want; and perhaps you would think it hard if I refused lending it?'—'I should indeed.'—'I know you would. Let me see.' (going to the closet) 'can you change me a hundred pound note?'—'Who, I, Sir? You surprize me!'—'Here, John!' (enters John) 'get change for a hundred pound note: I want to lend this gentleman some money—Or—no, no; I shan't want you.' (Exit John.) 'I believe I have forty guineas in my pocket. You may get the other ten somewhere else. One, two, three—Ay, there are just forty guineas. And pray, Sir, when do you intend to pay me?'—'I had rather be excused, Sir, from taking any; I did not expect to be so mortified.'—'Extravagance, Sir, is the sure road to mortification. I must deal plainly with you. He that lends his money has a right to deal plainly. You began the world with about two thousand

'thousand pounds in your pocket.'—'Seventeen hundred, Sir.'—'And those fifteen hundred pounds, I think, last of you about five years.'—'True, Sir.'—'Five times three are fifteen—Ay, you had at the rate of about three hundred and fifty pounds a year. After this, as you tell me yourself, you turned curate; and because forty pounds a year was an immense sum, you very prudently fell in love, and married a beggar. Do you think, Sir, that if I had intended to marry a beggar, I should have spent my fortune as I did? No, Sir; I married a woman of fortune, great fortune; and so might you—What hindered you? But I say nothing against your wife. I hope you are both heartily sorry that you ever saw one another's faces. Are your children boys or girls?'—'Girls, Sir.'—'And I suppose I am to portion them? But I must tell you once for all, Sir, that this is the last sum you must expect from Mr. I have proportioned my expenses to my estate, and will not be made uneasy by the extravagance of any man living. I have two thousand a year, and I spend two thousand. If you have but forty, I see no occasion for your spending more than forty. I have a sincere regard for you, and I think my actions have proved it; but a gentleman, who knows you very well, told me yesterday, that you were an expen-

'five, thoughtless, extravagant young fellow.'

I know not to what length my friend would have extended his harangue; but as I had already heard enough, I laid the forty guineas upon the table; and, like Lady Townly in the play, taking a great gulp, and swallowing a wrong word or two, left the room without speaking a syllable.

I have now laid aside my tragedy, and am writing a comedy, called *The Friend*. I do not know that I have wit enough for such a performance; but if it be damned, it is no more than the author (though a parson) will consent to be, if ever he makes a second attempt to borrow money of a friend.

Your taking proper notice of this letter will oblige your humble servant and admirer,

T. H.

To gratify my correspondent, I have published his letter in the manner I received it. But I must entreat, the next time I have the favour of hearing from him, that he will contrive to be a little more new in his subject: for I am fully persuaded that ninety-nine out of every hundred, as well clergy as laity, who have borrowed money of their friends, have been treated exactly in the same manner.

Nº IV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1753.

TO the entertainment of my fair readers, and to recommend to them an old-fashioned virtue called Prudence, I shall devote this and a following paper. If the story I am going to tell them should deserve their approbation, they are to thank the husband and wife from whom I had it; and who are desirous, this day, of being the readers of their own adventures.

An eminent merchant in the city, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Wilson, was married to a lady of considerable fortune and more merit. They lived happily together for some years, with nothing to disturb them but the want of children. The husband, who saw himself richer every day, grew impatient for an heir; and as time rather lessened than increased the hopes of one, he became by degrees indifferent,

and at last averse to his wife. This change in his affection was the heaviest affliction to her; yet so gentle was her disposition, that she reproached him only with her tears; and seldom with those, but when upbraidings and ill-usage made her unable to restrain them.

It is a maxim with some married philosophers, that the tears of a wife are apt to wash away pity from the heart of a husband. Mr. Wilson will pardon me if I rank him, at that time, among these philosophers. He had lately hired a lodging in the country, at a small distance from town, whither he usually retired in the evening, to avoid (as he called it) the persecutions of his wife.

In this cruel separation, and without complaint, she passed away a twelvemonth; seldom seeing him but when business required his attendance at home,

...wards knocking at the door of a genteel house over-against her, which was opened by a servant in livery, and immediately shut, without a word being spoken. As the manner of his entrance, and her not knowing he had an acquaintance in the street, a little alarmed her, she enquired of the shop woman if she knew the gentleman who lived in the opposite house. 'You have just seen him go in, Madam,' replied the woman. 'His name is Roberts, and a mighty good gentleman, they say, he is. His lady—' At those words Mrs. Wilson changed colour; and interrupting her—'His lady, Madam!—I thought that—Will you give me a glass of water? This walk has so tired me—Pray give me a glass of water—I am quite faint with fatigue.' The good woman of the shop ran herself for the water; and by the additional aid of some hartshorn that was at hand, Mrs. Wilson became, in appearance, tolerably composed. She then looked at the threads she wanted; and having ordered a coach might be sent for—'I believe,' said she, 'you were quite frightened to see me look so pale; but I had walked a great way, and should certainly have fainted if I had not been led into your shop.—But you were telling of the gentleman over the way I fancied I knew him; but his name is Roberts, von G—'

decided, ly t this A the l a you of th was a mann clafs o without counte ty adon choly t looking at last pe some co avoid him him cour pardon t his curio and the it.

It is c whose n woman's affliction nuate itt Wilfon easy ad suaded t and to a





‘As he was only a lieutenant, and his commission all his fortune, I married him against a mother’s consent, for which she has disclaimed me. How I loved him, or he me, as he is gone for ever from me, I shall forbear to mention, though I am unable to forget. At my return to England, (for I was the constant follower of his fortunes) I obtained, with some difficulty, the allowance of a subaltern’s widow, and took lodgings at Chelsea.

‘In this retirement I wrote to my mother, acquainting her with my lots and poverty, and desiring her forgiveness for my disobedience; but the cruel answer I received from her determined me, at all events, not to trouble her again.

‘I lived upon this slender allowance with all imaginable thrift, till an old officer, a friend of my husband, discovered me at church, and made me a visit. To this gentleman’s bounty I have long been indebted for an annuity of twenty pounds, in quarterly payments. As he was punctual in these payments, which were always made me the morning they became due, and yesterday being quarter-day, I wondered I never saw him, nor heard from him. Early this morning I walked from Chelsea to enquire for him at his lodgings in Pall Mall; but how shall I tell you, Sir, the news I learnt there?—This friend! this generous and disinterested friend! was killed yesterday in a duel in Hyde Park.’ She stopped here to give vent to a torrent of tears, and then proceeded. ‘I was so stunned at this intelligence, that I knew not whither to go. Chance, more than choice, brought me to this place; where if I have found a bene-

factor—and indeed, Sir, I have need of one—I shall call it the happiest accident of my life.’

The widow ended her story, which was literally true, in so engaging and interesting a manner, that Willson was gone an age in love in a few minutes. He thanked her for the confidence she had placed in him, and swore never to desert her. He then requested the honour of attending her home; to which she readily consented, walking with him to Buckingham Gate, where a coach was called, which conveyed them to Chelsea. Willson dined with her that day, and took lodgings in the same house, calling himself Roberts, and a single man. These were the lodgings I have mentioned before; where, by unbounded generosity and constant assiduities, he triumphed in a few weeks over the honour of this fair widow.

I shall stop a moment here, to caution those virtuous widows who are my readers, against too hasty a disbelief of this event. If they please to consider the situation of this lady, with poverty to alarm, gratitude to incite, and a handsome fellow to inflame, they will allow that in a world near six thousand years old, one such instance of frailty, even in a young and beautiful widow, may possibly have happened. But to go on with my story.

The effects of this intimacy were soon visible in the lady’s shape; a circumstance that greatly added to the happiness of Willson. He determined to remove her to town; and accordingly took the house near St. James’s, where Mrs. Willson had seen him enter, and where his mistress, who passed in the neighbourhood for his wife, at that time lay-in.

NO V. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1753.

CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF MRS. WILSON.

I Return now to Mrs. Willson, whom we left in a hackney-coach, going to her own house, in all the misery of despair and jealousy. It was happy for her that her constitution was good, and her resolution equal to it; for she has often told me, that she passed the night of

that day in a condition little better than madness.

In the morning her husband returned; and as his heart was happy, and without suspicions of a discovery, he was more than usually complaisant to her. She received his civilities with her accustomed cheerfulness; and finding that business would detain him in the city for some hours, she determined, what-

ever

ever distressed it might occasion her, to pay an immediate visit to his mistress, and to wait there till she saw him. For this purpose she ordered a coach to be called, and in her handsomest undress, and with the most composed countenance, she drove directly to the house. She enquired at the door if Mr. Roberts was within; and being answered 'No,' but that he dined at home, she asked after his lady, and if she was well enough to see company; adding, that as she came a great way, and had business with Mr. Roberts, she should be glad to wait for him in his lady's apartment. The servant ran immediately up stairs, and as quickly returned with a message from his mistress, that she would be glad to see her.

Mrs. Wilson confesses, that at this moment, notwithstanding the resolution she had taken, her spirits totally forsook her, and that she followed the servant with her knees knocking together, and a face paler than death. She entered the room where the lady was sitting, without remembering on what errand she came; but the sight of so much beauty, and the elegance that adorned it, brought every thing to her thoughts, and left her with no other power than to fling herself into a chair, from which she instantly fell to the ground in a fainting fit.

The whole house was alarmed on this occasion, and every one busied in assisting the stranger; but most of all the mistress, who was indeed of a humane disposition, and who, perhaps, had other thoughts to disturb her than the mere feelings of humanity. In a few minutes, however, and with the proper applications, Mrs. Wilson began to recover. She looked round her with amazement at first, not recollecting where she was; but seeing herself supported by her maid, to whose care she was so much obliged, and who in the tenderest manner was enquiring how she did, she felt herself relapsing into a second fit. It was now that she exerted all the courage she was mistress of, which, together with a flood of tears that came to her relief, enabled her, when the servants were withdrawn, to begin as follows—

'I am, indeed, Madam, an unfortunate woman, and subject to these fits; but will never again be the occasion of trouble in this house. You are

'a lovely woman, and deserve to be happy in the best of husbands. I have a husband too, but his affections are gone from me. He is not unknown to Mr. Roberts, though unfortunately I am. It was for his advice and assistance that I made this visit; and not finding him at home, I begged admittance to his lady, whom I longed to see and to converse with.'—'Me, Madam!' answered Mrs. Roberts, with some emotion, 'had you heard any thing of me?'—'That you were such as I have found you, Madam,' replied the stranger, 'and had made Mr. Roberts happy in a fine boy. May I see him, Madam? I shall love him for his father's sake.'—'His father, Madam!' returned the mistress of the house, 'his father, did you say? I am mistaken, then; I thought you had been a stranger to him.'—'To his person, I own,' said Mrs. Wilson, 'but not to his character; and therefore I shall be fond of the little creature. If it is not too much trouble, Madam, I beg to be obliged.'

The importunity of this request, the fainting at first, and the settled concern of this unknown visitor, gave Mrs. Roberts the most alarming fears. She had, however, the presence of mind to go herself for the child, and to watch without witness the behaviour of the stranger. Mrs. Wilson took it in her arms, and bursting into tears, said—'Tis a sweet boy, Madam; would I had such a boy! Had he been mine, I had been happy!' With these words, and in an agony of grief and tenderness, which she endeavoured to restrain, she kissed the child, and returned it to its mother.

It was happy for that lady that she had an excuse to leave the room. She had seen and heard what made her shudder for herself, and it was not till some minutes, after having delivered the infant to its nurse, that she had resolution enough to return. They both seated themselves again, and a melancholy silence followed for some time. At last, Mrs. Roberts began thus—

'You are unhappy, Madam, that you have no child; I pray Heaven that mine be not a grief to me. But I console you, by the goodness that appears in you, to acquaint me with your story. Perhaps it concerns me; I have a prophetic heart that tells me it does.'

'But whatever I may suffer, or whether I live or die, I will be just to you.'

Mrs. Wilton was so affected with this generosity, that she possibly had discovered herself, if a loud knocking at the door, and immediately after it the entrance of her husband into the room, had not prevented her. He was moving towards his mistress with the utmost cheerfulness, when the sight of her visitor fixed him to a spot, and struck him with an astonishment not to be described. The eyes of both ladies were at once riveted to his, which so increased his confusion, that Mrs. Wilton, in pity to what he felt, and to relieve her companion, spoke to him as follows. 'I do not wonder, Sir, that you are surprized at seeing a perfect stranger in your house; but my business is with the master of it; and if you will oblige me with a hearing in another room, it will add to the civilities which your lady has entertained me with.'

Wilton, who expected another kind of greeting from his wife, was so revived at her prudence, that his powers of motion began to return; and quitting the room, he conducted her to a parlour below stairs. They were no sooner entered into this parlour, than the husband threw himself into a chair, fixing his eyes upon the ground, while the wife addressed him in these words.

'How I have discovered your secret, or how the discovery has tormented me, I need not tell you. It is enough for you to know that I am miserable for ever. My business with you is short; I have only a question to ask, and to take a final leave of you in this world. Tell me truly, then, as you shall answer it hereafter, if you have seduced this lady under false appearances, or have fallen into guilt by the temptations of a wanton?'—'I shall answer you presently,' said Wilton; 'but first I have a question for you. Am I discovered to her? And does she know it is my wife I am now speaking to?'—'No, upon my honour,' she replied; 'her looks were so amiable, and her behaviour to me so gentle, that I had no heart to distrust her. If she has guessed at what I am, it was only from the concern she saw me in, which I could not hide from her.'—'You have acted nobly,

'then,' returned Wilton, 'and have opened my eyes at last to see and to admire you. And now, if you have patience to hear me, you shall know all.'

He then told her of his first meeting with this lady, and of every circumstance that had happened since; concluding with his determinations to leave her, and with a thousand promises of fidelity to his wife, if she generously consented, after what had happened, to receive him as a husband.—'She must consent,' cried Mrs. Roberts, who at that moment opened the door, and burst into the room; 'she must consent. You are her husband, and may command it.—For me, Madam,' continued she, turning to Mrs. Wilton, 'he shall never see me more. I have injured you through ignorance, but will atone for it to the utmost. He is your husband, Madam, and you must receive him. I have listened to what has passed, and am now here to join my entreaties with his, that you may be happy for ever.'

To relate all that was said upon this occasion would be to extend my story to another paper. Wilton was all submission and acknowledgment; the wife cried and doubted; and the widow vowed an eternal separation. To be as short as possible, the harmony of the married couple was fixed from that day. The widow was handsomely provided for; and her child, at the request of Mrs. Wilton, taken home to her own house; where at the end of a year she was so happy, after all her distresses, as to present him with a sister, with whom he is to divide his father's fortune. His mother retired into the country, and two years after was married to a gentleman of great worth; to whom, on his first proposal to her, she related every circumstance of her story. The boy pays her a visit every year, and is now with his sister upon one of these visits. Mr. Wilton is perfectly happy in his wife, and has sent me, in his own hand, this moral to his story—

'That though prudence and generosity may not always be sufficient to hold the heart of a husband, yet a constant perseverance in them will, one time or other, most certainly regain it.'

N^o VI. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1753.

TOTUM MUNDUM AGIT NISTRIO.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS you have chosen the whole world for your province, one may reasonably suppose that you will not neglect that epitome of it, the Theatre. Most of your predecessors have bestowed their favourite pains upon it: the learned and the critics (generally two very distinct denominations of men) have employed many hours and much paper in comparing the ancient and modern stage. I shall not undertake to decide a question which seems to me so impossible to be determined, as which have most merit, plays written in a dead language, and which we can only read; or such as we every day see acted inimitably, in a tongue familiar to us, and adapted to our common ideas and customs. The only preference that I shall pretend to give to the modern stage over Greece and Rome, relates to the subject of the present letter: I mean the daily progress we make towards nature. This will startle any bigot to Euripides, who perhaps will immediately demand, whether Juliet's nurse be a more natural gossip than Electra's or Medea's. But I did not hunt at the representation of either persons or characters. The improvement of nature, which I had in view, alluded to those excellent exhibitions of the animal or inanimate parts of the creation, which are furnished by the worthy philosophers Rich and Garrick; the latter of whom has refined on his competitor, and having perceived that art was become so perfect that it was necessary to mimic it by nature, he has happily introduced a cascade of real water.

I know there are persons of a systematic turn, who affirm that the audience are not delighted with this beautiful water-fall, from the reality of the element, but merely because they are pleased with the novelty of any thing that is out of its proper place. Thus they tell you that the town is charmed with a genuine cascade upon the stage, and was in raptures last year with one

of tin at Vauxhall. But this is certainly prejudice: the world, Mr. Fitz-Adam, though never sated with show, is sick of fiction. I foresee the time approaching, when delusion will not be suffered in any part of the drama: the inimitable Serpent in Orpheus and Eurydice, and the amorous Ottrich in the Sorcerer, shall be replaced by real monsters from Afric. It is well known that the pantomime of the Genii narrowly escaped being damned, on my Lady Maxim's observing very judiciously, 'that the brick-kiln was horribly executed, and did not smell at all like one.'

When this entire castigation of improprieties is brought about, the age will do justice to one of the first reformers of the stage, Mr. Cibber, who attempted to introduce a taste for real nature in his Cæsar in Egypt, and treated the audience with real—*not swans* indeed, for that would have been too bold an attempt in the dawn of truth, but very personable geese. The inventor, like other original geniuses, was treated ill by a barbarous age: yet I can venture to affirm, that a stricter adherence to reality would have saved even those times from being shocked by absurdities, always incidental to fiction. I myself remember, how, much about that æra, the great Senefino, representing Alexander at the siege of Oxydrace, so far forgot himself in the heat of conquest, as to stick his sword in one of the pasteboard stones of the wall of the town, and bore it in triumph before him as he entered the breach: a puerility so renowned a general could never have committed, if the ramparts had been built, as in this enlightened age they would be, of actual brick and stone.

Will you forgive an elderly man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if he cannot help recollecting another passage that happened in his youth, and to the same excellent performer? He was stepping into Armida's enchanted bark; but treading short, (as he was more attentive to the accompaniment of the orchestra than to the breadth of the shore) he fell prostrate, and lay for

for some time in great pain, with the edge of a wave running into his side. In the present state of things, the worst that could have happened to him would have been drowning; a fate far more becoming Rinaldo, especially in the sight of a British audience!

If you will allow me to wander a little from the stage, I shall observe that this pursuit of nature is not confined to the theatre, but operates where one should least expect to meet it, in our fashions. The fair part of the creation are shedding all covering of the head, displaying their unveiled charming tresses, and if I may say so, are daily moulting the rest of their cloaths. What lovely fall of shoulders, what ivory necks, what snowy breasts, in all the pride of nature, are continually divested of art and ornament!

In gardening, the same love of nature prevails. Clipped hedges, avenues, regular platforms, straight canals, have been for some time very properly exploded. There is not a citizen who does not take more pains to torture his acre and half into irregularities, than he formerly would have employed to make it as formal as his cravat. Kent, the friend of nature, was the Calvin of this reformation; but like the other champion of truth, after having routed tinsel and trumpery, with the true zeal of the founder of a sect, he pushed his discipline to the deformity of holiness; not content with banishing symmetry and regularity, he imitated Nature even in her blemishes, and planted dead trees and mole-hills, in opposition to parterres and quincunxes.

The last branch of our fashions into which the close observation of nature has been introduced, is our desserts; a subject I have not room now to treat at large, but which yet demands a few words, and not improperly in this paper, as I see them a little in the light of a pantomime. Jellies, biscuits, sugar-plumbs, and creams, have long given way to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chinese, and shepherdesses of Saxonia. But these, unconnected, and only seeming to wander among groves of curled paper and silk flowers, were soon discovered to be too insipid and unmeaning. By degrees, whole meadows of cattle, of the same brittle ma-

terials, spread themselves over the whole table: cottages rose in sugar, and temples in barley-sugar; pigmy Neptunes, in cars of cockle-shells, triumphed over oceans of looking-glass, or seas of silver tissue; and at length the whole system of Ovid's Metamorphosis succeeded to all the transformations which Chloe and other great professors had introduced into the science of hieroglyphic eating. Confectioners found their trade moulder away, while toy-men and china-shops were the only fashionable purveyors of the last stage of polite entertainments. Women of the first quality came home from Chenevix's laden with dolls and babies, not for their children, but their housekeeper. At last, even these puerile puppet-shows are sinking into disuse, and more manly ways of concluding our repasts are established. Gigantic figures succeeded to pigmies. And if the present taste continues, Ryfbrack and other neglected statuary, who might have adorned Grecian salons, though not Grecian desserts, may come into vogue. It is known that a celebrated confectioner (so the architects of our desserts still humbly call themselves) complained, that after having prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses eighteen feet high, his lord would not cause the ceiling of his parlour to be demolished to facilitate their entrée: 'Imaginez vous,' said he, 'que mi lord n'a pas voulu faire oter le plafond!'

I shall mention but two instances of glorious magnificence and taste in desserts, in which foreigners have surpassed every thing yet performed in this sumptuous island. The former was a duke of Wirtemberg, who so long ago as the year thirty-four gave a dessert, in which was a representation of Mount Ætna, which vomited out real fire-works over the heads of the company, during the whole entertainment. The other was the intendant of Gascony, who, on the late birth of the Duke of Burgundy, among other magnificent festivities, treated the noblesse of the province with a dinner and a dessert, the latter of which concluded with a representation, by wax figures moving by clock-work, of the whole labour of the Dauphinesse, and the happy birth of an heir to their monarchy. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

JULIO.

never is a frequenter of public assemblies, or joins in a party at cards in the families, will give evidence to the truth of this complaint. I am, for my part, a lover of the game of cards, and should oftener be seen in places where it is played for trifles, than not offended at the manners of the players. How common is it with the people, at the conclusion of every successful hand of cards, to burst into sallies of fretful complaints of an amazing ill fortune, and the want of an invariable success of their wits! They have such excellent ideas as to be able to recount every day have lost for six months success, and yet are so extremely forgetful the same time as not to recollect the game that they have won: they put them in mind of any extraordinary success that you have been in, they acknowledge it with thanks, and assure you, upon their oath, that in a whole twelve-month's play they never rose winners but, that

these Growlers (a name which the boys call the men of this class) content themselves with giving histories of their own ill

extraordinary reversions of success, succeeded by misfortune, fits of melancholy, fits of immoderate fits of ill-fortune, eastward from the territories of the territories we shall see N. querade, and speaking the language of the language.

For the entertainment because polite want of entertainment a conversation ago at an Assembly between two friends one of which had been of eighteen years her mother's child.

'Five trumps
'lost four by
'Madam, you
'whole course of
'Now and then
'Not in the
'ter, I believe:

'tremely young
'trumps—Well!
'—You are
'dam.
'A...

'disposed!' I observed that Miss blushed, and looked down; but I was ignorant of the reason, till all at once her mamma's good fortune changed, and her adversary, by holding the four honours in her own hand, and by the assistance of her partner, won the game at a deal.

'And now, Madam,' cried the patient lady, 'is it you or I who have bargained with the devil? I declare it upon my honour, I never won a game against you in my life. Indeed, I should wonder if I had, unless there had been a curtain between you and your partner. But one has a fine time on't, indeed! to be always losing, and yet always to be baited for winning; I defy any one to say, that I ever rose a winner in my born days. There was last summer at Tunbridge! did any human creature see me so much as win a game? And ask Mr. A, and Sir Richard B, and Dean C, and Lord and Lady D, and all the company at Bath this winter, if I did not lose two or three guineas every night at half-crown whist, for two months together. But I did not fret and talk of the devil, Madam; no, Madam; nor did I trouble the company with my losses, nor play the after-game, nor say provoking things—No, Madam; I leave such behaviour to ladies that:—'

'Lord! my dear, how you heat yourself! You are absolutely in a passion. Come, let us cut for partners.'

Which they immediately did; and happening to get together, and to win the next game, they were the best company, and the civilest people, I ever saw.

Many of my readers may be too ready to conceive an ill opinion of these ladies; but I have the pleasure of assuring them, from undoubted authority, that they are in all other respects very excellent people, and so remarkable for patience and good-humour, that one of them has been known to lose her husband, and both of them their reputations, without the least emotion or concern.

To be serious on this occasion, I have many acquaintance of both sexes, who, though really good-natured and worthy

people, are violating every day the laws of decency and politeness by these outrageous follies of petulance and impertinence.

I know of no other reason for a man's troubling his friends with a history of his misfortunes, but either to receive comfort from their pity, or advantage from their charity. If the Growler will tell me that he reaps either of these benefits by disturbing all about him; if he will assure me of his having raised compassion in a single breast, or that he has once induced his adversary to change hands with him out of charity; I shall allow that he acts upon principles of prudence, and that he is not a most teasing, ridiculous, and contemptible animal.

I would not be understood to hint at gaming in this paper. I am glad to find that destructive passion attacked from the stage, and with success to the attempt. Nor do I condemn the custom of playing at cards for small sums, in those whose tempers and circumstances are unhurt by what they lose: on the contrary, I look upon cards as an innocent and useful amusement, calculated to interrupt the formal conversations and private cabals of large companies, and to give a man something to do who has nothing to say. My design at present is to signify to these Growlers and Fretters, that they are public as well as private nuisances; and to caution all quiet and civilized persons against cutting in with them at the same tables, or replying to their complaints but by a laugh of contempt.

I shall conclude this paper with acquainting my readers that, in imitation of the great Mr. Hoyle, I am preparing a book for the press, intitled, *Rules of Behaviour for the Game of Whist*, shewing, through an almost infinite variety of good and bad hands, in what degree the muscles of the face are to be contracted or extended; and how often a lady may be permitted to change colour, or a gentleman to bite his lips, in the course of the game. To which will be added, for the benefit of all cool and dispassionate players, an exact calculation of the odds against Growlers and Fretters.

N^o VIII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1753.

DATE OBOLUM BELISARIO.

A Philosopher, as I am, who contemplates the world with serious reflection, will be struck with nothing in it more than it's vicissitudes. If he has lived any time, he must have had ample opportunities of exercising his meditations on the vanity of all sublunary conditions. The changes of empires, the fall of ministers, the exaltation of obscure persons, are the continual incidents of human comedy. I remember that one of the first passages in history which made an impression upon me in my youth, was the fate of Dionysius, who, from being monarch of Sicily, was reduced to teach school at Corinth. Though his tyranny was the cause of his ruin, (if it can be called ruin to be deprived of the power of oppression, and to be taught to know one's self) I could not help feeling that sort of superstitious pity which always attends royalty in distress. Who ever perused the stories of Edward the Second, Richard the Second, or Charles the First, but forgot their excesses, and sighed for their catastrophe? In this free-spirited island there are not more hands ready to punish tyrants, than eyes to weep their fall. It is a common case; we are Romans in resisting oppression, very women in resisting oppressors!

If (and I think it cannot be contested) there is generosity in these sensations, ought we not doubly to feel such emotions, in cases where regal virtue is become the sport of fortune? This island ought to be as much the harbour of afflicted majesty, as it has been the scourge of offending majesty: and while every throne of arbitrary power is an asylum for the martyrs of so bad a cause, Britain ought to shelter such princes as have been victims for liberty—whenever so great a curiosity is seen, as a prince contending on the honest side.

How must I blush then for my countrymen, when I mention a monarch! an unhappy monarch! now actually suffered to languish for debt in one of the common prisons of this city! A monarch, whose courage raised him to a

throne, not by a succession of ambitious bloody acts, but by the voluntary election of an injured people, who had the common right of mankind to freedom, and the uncommon resolution of determining to be free! This prince Theodore, King of Corsica! a man whose claim to royalty is as indisputable as the most ancient titles to any monarch can pretend to be; that is, the choice of his subjects; the only kind of title, allowed in the excellent Gothic constitutions, from whence we derive our own the same kind of title which endeared the present royal family to Englishmen and the only kind of title against which perhaps, no objection can lie.

This prince, (on whose history I shall not at present enlarge) after having bravely exposed his life and crown in defence of the rights of his subjects miscarried, as Cato and other patriotic heroes did before him. For many years he struggled with fortune, and left no means untried, which indefatigable policy or sollicitation of succours could attempt, to recover his crown. At last when he had discharged his duty to his subjects and himself, he chose this country for his retirement, not to indulge voluptuous inglorious ease, but to enjoy the participation of those blessings which he had so vainly endeavoured to fix to his Corsicans. Here for some months he bore with more philosophic dignity the loss of his crown than Charles the Fifth, Casimir of Poland or any of those visionaries, who wantonly resigned theirs to partake the sluggish indolence, and at length the disquiet of a cloister. Theodore, though resigned to his fortunes, had none of the contemptible apathy which almost lifted our James the Second to the supreme honour of monkish sainthood. It is recorded of that prince, that talking to his courtiers at St. Germain, he wished for a speedy peace between France and Great Britain—'For then,' said he, 'we shall get English horses easily.'

The veracity of an historian obliges me not to disguise the situation of his Corsican majesty's revenue, which has
reduced

ed him to be a prisoner for debt in King's Bench; and so cruelly has he exercised her rigours upon him, that session of parliament he was exhibited before a committee of the House on the hardships to which he was in that goal had been subject. It is not till nature make sport with misfortunes! His majesty had nothing to blush at, nothing to palliate, no recrimination of his distresses. Debts on his civil list were owing; misapplication, no improvidence on his own, no corruption of his ministers, no indulgence to favourites or flatterers. His diet was philosophic, his dress humble, his robes decent; yet his teacher, his landlady, and his tailor, not continue to supply an establishment which had no demerits to support, no taxes to maintain it, no excise, no lotteries to provide funds for deficiencies and emergencies.

Nation so generous, so renowned for its efforts it has always made in the common cause of liberty, can only want reminding of this distressed king, and that him it's protection and comfort. If political reasons forbid the espousal of his cause, pity commands the assistance which private friendship can lend him. I do not mean at all that our gallant youth should offer themselves as volunteers in his service; nor do I expect to have a small regiment out at the expence of particular officers to convey him and his hopes to Africa. The intention of this pamphlet is merely to warm the benevolence of countrymen in behalf of this captive. I cannot think it would beneath the dignity of majesty to accept of such a supply as might be offered by that honorary (and to this country peculiar) method of raising a list, a benefit play. The method of the Grecian age; nor would it monarchs have blushed to receive a tribute from genius and art. Let us build, that the same humane and generous age raised a monument to Shakspeare, a fortune for Milton's grandsons, and a subsidy for a captive by dramatic performances! I have heard but the munificent managers of theatres will gladly contribute their parts. That incomparable actor so exquisitely touches the passions distresses of self-dethroned Lear, (a which from some similitude of cir-

cumstances I should recommend for the benefit) will, I dare say, willingly exert his irresistible talents in behalf of fallen majesty, and be a competitor with Louis le Grand for the fame which results from the protection of exiled kings. How glorious will it be for him to have the King's Bench as renowned for Garrick's generosity to King Theodore, as the Savoy is for Edward the Third's treatment of King John of France!

In the mean time, not to confine this opportunity of benevolence to so narrow a sphere as the theatre, I must acquaint my readers, that a subscription for a subsidy for the use of his Corsican majesty is opened at Tully's Head in Pall Mall; where all the generous and the fair are desired to pay in their contributions to Robert Doddsley, who is appointed high treasurer and grand librarian of the island of Corsica for life—polts which, give me leave to say, Mr. Doddsley would have disdained to accept under any monarch of arbitrary principles.

A bookseller of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have been lord-treasurer to a king.

I am under some apprehensions that the intended subscription will not be so universal as for the honour of my country I wish it. I foresee, that the partisans of indefeasible hereditary right will withhold their contributions. The number of them is indeed but small and inconsiderable; yet, as it becomes my character, as a citizen of the world, to neglect nothing for the amendment of the principles and morals of my fellow-creatures, I shall recommend one short argument to their consideration; I think I may say, to their own conviction. Let them but consider, that though Theodore had such a flaw, in their estimation, in his title, as to have been elected by the whole body of the people, who had thrown off the yoke of their old tyrants; yet, as the Genoese had been the sovereigns of Corsica, these gentlemen of monarchic principles will be obliged, if they condemn King Theodore's cause, to allow divine hereditary right in a republic; a problem in politics, which I leave to be solved by the disciples of the exploded Sir Robert Filmer: at the same time declaring, by my censorial authority, all persons to be Jacobites who neglect to bring in their free gift for the use of his majesty of Corsica. And I particularly charge and command

command all lovers of the glorious and immortal memory of King William, to see my orders duly executed; and I recommend to them to let an example of liberality in behalf of the popular monarch whose cause I have espoused, and whose deliverance I hope I have not attempted in vain.

N. B. Two pieces of King Theodore's

coin, struck during his reign, are hands of the high treasurer aforesaid will be shewn by the proper officer the exchequer of Corfica, during the subscription continues of Tully's Head above-mentioned: are very great curiosities, and I meet with in the most celebrated tions of this kingdom.

Nº IX. THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1753.

I Am that unfortunate man, Ma-'dam,' was the saying of a gentleman who stopped and made a low bow to a lady in the Park, as she was calling to her dog by the name of Cuckold.

What a deal of good might be expected from these essays, if every man who should happen to read his own character in them, would as honestly acknowledge it as this gentleman! But it is the misfortune of general satire, that few persons will apply it to themselves, while they have the comfort of thinking that it will fit others as well. It is therefore, I am afraid, only furnishing bad people with scandal against their neighbours; for every man flatters himself that he has the art of playing the fool or knave so very secretly, that, though he sees plainly how all else are employed, no mortal can have the cunning to find him out.

Thus a gentleman told me yesterday—That he was very glad to see a particular acquaintance of his exposed in the third number of the *WORLD*. 'The parson who wrote that letter,' continued he, 'was determined to speak plainly; for the character of my friend was so strongly marked, that it was impossible to mistake it.' He then proceeded to inform me that he had read Seneca, by observing—That there should be no mixture of levity and reproof in the obligations we confer; on the contrary, if there should be only occasion for the gentlest admonition, it ought to be deferred to another season; 'For men,' added he, 'are much more apt to remember injuries than benefits; and it is enough if they forgive an obligation that has the nature of an offence.'

My reader may possibly be surprised, when I tell him, that the man who could commit to memory those maxims of Seneca, and who could rejoice to see such

a character exposed as the curate: in my third paper, is an old ba with an estate of three thousand a year, and fifty thousand in ready money; who never was known to guinea in his life, without making himself more miserable by the than he had been before by his But it is the peculiar talent of the gentleman to wound himself by pro in the sportsman's phrase, to know self down by the recoiling of a gun. I remember he told me for ago, after having harangued very edly upon the detestable sin of av That the common people of a county in England were the most vetous and brutal in the whole 'I will give you an instance,' 'About three years ago, by a accident, I fell into a well county, and was absolutely a few minutes of perishing, but could prevail on an unconscious of a labourer, who happened within hearing of my cries, me out for half a crown. Th was so rapacious as to insist crown for above a quarter of and I verily believe he would abated me a single farthing, not seen me at the last gasp, and mined to die rather than submit to extortion.'

But to return to my subject. are objections to general satire thing may also be said against abuse; which, though it is a writing that requires a smaller of parts, and is sure of having many admirers as readers, is not less subject to great difficulties; absolutely necessary, that the author undertakes it should have no certain evils, common to hum which are known by the names

and shame. In other words, he must be insensible to a good kicking, and have no memory of it afterwards. Now, though a great many authors have found it an easy matter to arrive at this excellence, with me the task would be attended with great labour and difficulty; as it is my misfortune to have contracted, either by the prejudice of education, or by some other means, an invincible aversion to pain and dishonour. I am very sensible that I may hurt myself as a writer by this confession; but it was never any pleasure of mine to raise expectations with a design to disappoint them: and, though it should lose me the major part of my readers, I hereby declare, that I never will indulge them with any personal abuse; nor will I so much as attack any of those fine gentlemen, or fine ladies, who have the honour of being single, in any, one character, be it ever so ridiculous.

But if I had every requisite for this kind of writing, there are certain people in town whom it would be ingratitude in me to attack. The matters of both the theatres are my good friends; for which reason I forbear to say, that half the comedies in their catalogue ought to be damned for wickedness and inelucency. But I not only keep this to myself, but have also been at great trouble and pains to suppress a passage bearing very hard against them in a book, which will speedily be published, called *The Progress of Wit*. The author of this book, who, luckily for the theatres, happens to be a particular friend of mine, is a very great joker; and, as I often tell him, does a vast deal of mischief, without seeming to intend it. The passage which I prevailed with him to suppress, stood at the beginning of the thirteenth chapter of this book, and was exactly as follows—

'As it was now clear to all people of fashion that men had no souls, the business of life was pleasure and amusement; and he that could best administer to these two was the most useful member to society. From hence arose those numerous places of resort and recreation, which men of narrow and splenetic minds have called the pests of the public. The most considerable of which places, and which are at this day in the highest reputation, were the *Bagnios* and the *Theatres*. The *Bagnios* were constantly under the di-

rection of discreet and venerable matrons, who had passed their youths in the practice of those exercises which they were now preaching to their daughters: while the management of the Theatres was the province of the men. The natural connection between these houses made it convenient that they should be erected in the neighbourhood of each other; and indeed the harmony subsisting between them inclined many people to think that the profits of both were divided equally by each. But I have always considered them as only playing into one another's hands, without any nearer affinity than that of the schools of Westminster and Eton to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. At the Play-house, young gentlemen and ladies were instructed by an Ethieridge, a Wycherley, a Congreve, and a Vanbrugh, in the rudiments of that science which they were to perfect at the Bagnio, under a Needham, a Haywood, a Haddock, and a Roberts.'

Thus much had my friend, in his *Progress of Wit*, thought proper to observe upon the looseness of the stage. But as the whole passage is suppressed, the managers will have nothing to fear from the publication of that performance.

It were to be wished, indeed, that those gentlemen would have done entirely both with tragedy and comedy, and resolve at once to entertain the town only with Pantomime. That great advantages would accrue from it, is beyond dispute; people of taste and fashion having already given sufficient proof that they think it the highest entertainment the stage is capable of affording: the most innocent, we are sure it is; for where nothing is said, and nothing meant, very little harm can be done. Mr. Garrick, perhaps, may start a few objections to this proposal; but with those universal talents which he so highly possesses, it is not to be doubted but he will, in time, be able to handle the wooden sword with as much dignity and dexterity as his brother Lum. He will also reap another advantage from this kind of acting; as he will have fewer enemies, by bringing the finest Harlequin of the age, than he has at present by being the greatest Actor of any age or country.

TO THE PUBLIC.

WHEREAS some gentlemen have doubted whether the subscription for the use of King Theodore was really intended to be carried on, I am ordered to acquaint the public, that Mr. Fitz-Adam was not only in earnest in pro-

moting such a contribution, but has already received some noble benefactions for that purpose; and he will take care to apply the subsidy in the most uncorrupt manner to the uses for which it was designed, and to the honour and dignity of the crown of Corsica.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

N^o X. THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1753.

THE great men who introduced the Reformation into these kingdoms, were so sensible of the necessity of maintaining devotion in the minds of the vulgar by some external objects, by somewhat of ceremony and form, that they refrained from entirely ripping off all ornament from the drapery of religion. When they were purging the calendar of legions of visionary saints, they took due care to defend the niches of real martyrs from profanation. They preserved the holy festivals, which had been consecrated for many ages to the great luminaries of the Church; and at once paid proper obsequence to the memory of the good; and fell in with the popular humour, which loves to rejoice and mourn at the discretion of the almanack.

In so enlightened an age as the present, I shall perhaps be ridiculed if I hint, as my opinion, that the observation of certain festivals is something more than a mere political institution. I cannot, however, help thinking, that even nature itself concurs to confirm my sentiment. Philosophers and freethinkers tell us, that a general system was laid down at first, and that no deviations have been made to accommodate it to any subsequent events, or to favour and authorize any human institutions. When the reformation of the calendar was in agitation, to the great disgust of many worthy persons, who urged how great the harmony was in the old establishment, between the holidays and their attributes, (if I may call them so) and what a confusion would follow if Michaelmas-day, for instance, was not to be celebrated when stubble-goose are in their highest perfection; it was replied, that such a propriety was merely imaginary, and would be lost of itself, even without any alteration of the calendar by authority: for if the errors in it were suf-

fered to go on, they would in a certain number of years produce such a variation, that we should be mourning for good King Charles on a false thirteenth of January, at a time of the year when our ancestors used to be tumbling over head and heels in Greenwich Park in honour of Whitsun-tide; and at length by chusing king and queen for Twelfth-night, when we ought to be admiring the London Prentice at Bartholomew-fair.

Cogent as these reasons may seem, yet I think I can confute them from the testimony of a standing miracle, which not having submitted to the fallible authority of an act of parliament, may well be said to put a supernatural negative on the wisdom of this world. My readers, no doubt, are already aware that I have in my eye the wonderful Thorn of Glasstonbury, which, though hitherto regarded as a trunk of Popish imposture, has notably exerted itself as the most Protestant plant in the universe. It is well known that the correction of the calendar was enacted by Pope Gregory the Thirteenth, and that the reformed churches have with a proper spirit of opposition adhered to the old calculation of the Emperor Julius Cæsar, who was by no means a Papist. Near two years ago the Popish calendar was brought in; (I hope by persons well affected!) certain it is, that the Glasstonbury Thorn has preserved it's inflexibility, and observed it's old anniversary. Many thousand spectators visited it on the parliamentary Christmas day—Not a bud was there to be seen! On the true Nativity it was covered with blossoms. One must be an infidel indeed to spurn at such authority. Had I been consulted, (and mathematical studies have not been the most inconsiderable of my speculations) instead of turning the calendar topsy-turvy, by fantastic calculations,

tions, I should have proposed to regulate the year by the infallible Somerfetshire Thorn, and to have reckoned the months from Christmas-day, which should always have been kept as the Glastonbury Thorn should blow.

Many inconveniencies, to be sure, would follow from this system; but as holy things ought to be the first consideration of a religious nation, the inconveniencies should be overlooked. The thorn can never blow but on the true Christmas-day; and consequently the apprehension of the year's becoming inverted by sticking to the Julian account can never hold. If the course of the sun varies, astronomers may find out some way to adjust that: but it is preposterous, not to say presumptuous, to be celebrating Christmas-day, when the Glastonbury Thorn, which certainly must know times and seasons better than an almanack-maker, declares it to be hereby.

Nor is Christmas-day the only jubilee which will be morally disturbed by this innovation. There is another anniversary of no less celebrity among Englishmen, equally marked by a marvellous concurrence of circumstances, and which I venture to prognosticate will not attend the erroneous calculation of the present system. The day I mean is the first of April. The oldest tradition affirms, that such an inauguration attends the first day of that month, as no forefight can escape, no vigilance can defeat. Deceit is successful on that day out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. Grave citizens have been bit upon it; usurers have lent their money on bad security; experienced matrons have married very disappointing young fellows; mathematicians have missed the longitude; alchymists the philosopher's stone; and politicians preferment, on that day.

What confusion will not follow, if the great body of the nation are disappointed of their peculiar holiday! This country was formerly disturbed with very fatal quarrels about the celebration of Easter; and no wise man will tell me that it is not as reasonable to fall out for the observance of April-fool-day. Can any benefits arising from a regular calendar make amends for any occasion of new sects? How many warm men may repent an attempt to play them off on a false first of April, who would

have submitted to the custom of being made fools on the old computation! If our clergy come to be divided about Folly's anniversary, we may well expect all the mischiefs attendant on religious wars; and we shall have reason to wish that the Glastonbury Thorn would declare as remarkably in favour of the true April-fool-day, as it has in behalf of the genuine Christmas.

There are many other inconveniencies which I might lament very emphatically, but none of weight enough to be compared with those I have mentioned. I shall only hint at a whole system overturned by this revolution in the calendar, and no provision, that I have heard of, made by the legislature to remedy it. Yet, in a nation which bestows such ample rewards on new-year and birthday odes, it is astonishing that the late act of parliament should have overlooked that useful branch of our poetry, which consists in couplets, saws, and proverbs, peculiar to certain days and seasons. Why was not a new set of distichs provided by the late reformers? Or at least a clause inserted in the act, enjoining the poet-laureat, or some beneficial genius, to prepare and new cast the established rhimes for public use? Were our astronomers so ignorant as to think that the old proverbs would serve for their new-fangled calendar? Could they imagine that St. Swithin would accommodate his rainy planet to the convenience of their calculation? Who that hears the following verses, but must grieve for the shepherd and husbandman, who may have all their prognostics confounded, and be at a loss to know beforehand the fate of their markets? Ancient sages sung—

If St. Paul be fair and clear,
Then will betide a happy year;
But if it either snow or rain,
Then will be dear all kind of grain:
And if the wind doth blow aloft,
Then wars will vex the realm full oft.

I have declared against meddling with politics, and therefore shall say nothing of the important hints contained in the last lines: yet, if certain ill-boding appearances abroad should have an ugly end, I cannot help saying that I shall ascribe their evil tendency to our having been lulled asleep by resting our faith on the calm weather on the pretended Conversion of St. Paul; whereas it was very
D blustering

acquaintance on each of those days; how often, and in what manner, they make or are made fools; how they miscarry in attempts to sur-

Nº XI. THURSDAY,

IF we are to believe, universally, that virtue leads directly to happiness, and vice to punishment, in this world, I am afraid we shall form very erroneous opinions of the people we converse with; as every melancholy face will appear to be produced by a bad heart, and every chearful face by a good one. But there will be no discouragement to virtue to say, that the reverse of this is much nearer the case; nay, so obstinate am I in this opinion, that I seldom see a countenance of sincere and settled grief, without concluding it to be the effect of some eminent degree of virtue. If sickness and bodily pain were, indeed, all the misfortunes incident to our species, it might be said, with some degree of truth, that virtue was generally its own immediate reward, as one will allow that temperance and sobriety lead more directly to ease and ease than riot and debauchery, while we have affections that spring from our own happiness.

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If the receive an in it, the the auth wrote at concern the

ness, which is always sure to engage pursuit and endear possession.

But, as if some other power had a malicious design to set this pair at variance, notwithstanding the seeming desire of Jupiter to unite them, Felicia became insensible to every thing but virtue, while the Passions of Man generally hurried him in a pursuit of her by the means of vice. With this difference in their natures it was impossible for them to agree; and in a short time they became almost strangers to each other. Reason would have gone over to the side of Felicia, but some particular Passion always opposed him; for, what was almost incredible, though Reason was a sufficient match for the whole body of Passions united, he was sure to be subdued if singly encountered.

Jupiter laughed at the folly of Man, and gave him Woman. But as her frame was too delicately composed to endure the perpetual strife of Reason and the Passions, he confined the former to Man, and gave up Woman to the government of the latter without controul.

Felicia, upon this new creation, grew again acquainted with Man. She made him a visit of a month, and at his entreaty would have settled with him for ever, if the jealousy of Woman had not driven her from his roof.

From this time the Nymph has led a wandering life, without any settled habitation. As the world grew peopled, she paid her visits to every corner of it; but though millions pretended to love her, not a single mortal had constancy to deserve her. Ceremony drove her from court, Avarice from the city, and Want from the cottage. Her delight, however, was in the last of these places, and there it was that she was most frequently to be found.

Jupiter saw with pity the wanderings of Felicia, and in a fortunate hour caused a mortal to be born, whose name was Bonario, or Goodness. He endowed him with all the graces of mind and body; and at an age when the soul becomes sensible of desires, he breathed into him a passion for the beautiful Felicia. Bonario had frequently seen her in his early visits to Wisdom and Devotion; but as lightness of belief, and an over-fondness of mankind, were failings inseparable to him, he often suffered himself to be led astray from Felicia, till *Reflection, the common friend of*

both, would set him right, and reconduct him to her company.

Though Felicia was a virgin of some thousand years old, her coyness was rather found to increase than to diminish. This, perhaps, to mortal old maids, may be matter of wonder; but the true reason was, that the beauty of Felicia was incapable of decay. From hence it was, that the sickleness of Bonario made her less and less easy of access. Yet such was his frailty, that he continually suffered himself to be enticed from her, till at last she totally withdrew herself. Reflection came only to upbraid him. Her words, however, were of service; as, by shewing him how he had lost Felicia, they gave him hopes that a contrary behaviour might in time regain her.

The loss of happiness instructs us how to value it. And now it was that Bonario began in earnest to love Felicia, and to devote his whole time to a pursuit of her. He enquired for her among the Great, but they knew her not. He bribed the Poor for intelligence, but they were strangers to her. He sought her of Knowledge, but she was ignorant of her; of Pleasure, but she mistook him. Temperance knew only the path she had taken; Virtue had seen her upon the way; but Religion assured him of her retreat, and sent Constancy to conduct him to her.

It was in a village, far from town, that Bonario again saw his Felicia; and here he was in hopes of possessing her for ever. The coyness with which she treated him in his days of folly, time, and the amendment it had wrought in him, began to soften. He passed whole days in her society, and was rarely denied access to her, but when Passion had misguided him.

Felicia lived in this retreat, with the daughter of a simple villager, called Innocence. To this amiable rustic did Bonario apply for intercession, upon every new offence against Felicia; but too impatient to delay, and out of humour with his advocate, he renewed his acquaintance with a court lady, called Vice, who was there upon a visit, and engaged her to solicit for him. This behaviour so enraged Felicia, that she again withdrew herself; and, in the warmth of her resentment, sent up a petition to Jupiter, to be recalled to heaven.

Jupiter. upon this petition, called a
D 2 council

council of the gods; in which it was decreed—That while Bonario continued upon earth, Felicia should not totally depart from it; but as the nature of Bonario was fickle and imperfect, his admission to her society should be only oc-

casional and transient. That the trials should be deferred till the next: Bonario should be changed by and that afterwards they should inseparably united in the regions of mortality.

Nº XII. THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1753

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IT is a great abuse of language, according to Mr. Locke, to make use of words to which we have no fixed and determinate ideas. There is a still greater, Mr. Fitz-Adam, which is the almost continually using words to which we have no ideas at all. I shall only instance in the poor monosyllable *Taste*. Who has not heard it frequently pronounced by the loveliest mouths in the world, when it has evidently meant nothing?

I would not be thought to require, like an ill-bred logician, that every pretty woman, or even every pretty man, who makes use of the word *Taste*, would define what they mean by it; that would be too cruel; but I should rather chide, when they are really conscious to themselves that they are going to utter it without any idea annexed, that they would be so good as to change it for the word *Whim*. However, as my recommendation will, I am sure, have no weight, unless it should be backed by your censorial authority, I shall leave them at present in the full possession of their favourite word, and proceed to the subject of my letter.

You rallied very humourously, a few weeks ago, some of the reigning follies of this various island, under the name of our approaches to nature. I hope you have likewise taken notice, how desirous we are of returning to our primitive ignorance, under the notion of *Taste*; a name which we are fond of giving to every new folly which starts up, and to every old exploded absurdity which we are charitably pleased to revive. Let but that commanding word go forth, and noameleon catches his colours quicker than we are ready to imbine follies from each other. Whereas *Taste*, in my opinion, ought to be applied to nothing but what has as strict

rules annexed to it, though perhaps perceptible by the vulgar, as *A* among the critics, would require Dominichino, among the practisers. People may have freaks, caprices, persuasions, a second sight, if they please; but can have no *Taste* which has foundation in nature, and which frequently, may be accounted for.

From a thousand instances of creative inclinations, I shall select two, which have been, and still are, notorious and general. A few years ago every thing was Gothic; our houses, our book-cases, and our churches were all copied from some parts of our old cathedrals. The architecture, where, as Dryden

Firm Doric pillars found the lower
The gay Corinthian holds the higher
And all below is strength, and all above
grace.

that architecture, which was so natural, and polished by the grace, was totally neglected. Tricks and got possession every where. buttresses were to shock you with proportion; or little pillars were port vast weights; while ignorant who knew nothing of centres of were to tremble at their entrance every building, left the roofs shew upon their heads. This, however might seem, and however unwelcome name of *Taste*, was cultivated, mired, and still has it's profusion different parts of England. I something, they say, in it confirms our old Gothic constitution; I rather think, to our modern idleness, which allows every one the privilege of playing the fool, and making himself ridiculous in whatever he pleases.

According to the present whim, every thing is Chinese, or

Chinese taste; or, as it is sometimes more modestly expressed, *partly after the Chinese manner*. Chairs, tables, chimney-pieces, frames for looking-glasses, and even our most vulgar utensils, are all reduced to this new-fangled standard; and without doors so universally has it spread, that every gate to a cow-yard is in T's and Z's, and every hovel for the cows has bells hanging at the corners.

The good people in the city are, I perceive, struck with this novelty; and though some of them still retain the last fashion, the Gothic; yet others have begun to ornament the doors and windows of their shops with the more modern improvements.

Had this taste prevailed in the latter end of Queen Anne's time, the new churches themselves had doubtless been pagodas; nay, it is expected, at present, that the Something which is rising on the building at the Horse-guards, if ever it should come to a conclusion, will terminate at last *partly after the Chinese manner*.

I would beg leave, however, to propose, if our large public buildings are to be executed after Chinese models, that we should pursue the usual methods on such occasions. The inoculation for the small pox, and other such hazardous experiments, were first executed upon condemned criminals. And, in my opinion, an experiment of this kind should first be tried on an hospital, or a county workhouse. I know it will be said, in answer to this, that expediency is chiefly to be studied in edifices of charity. But is expediency to give way to Taste? Is the honour of a nation to be less considered than the particular exigencies of private persons? It is a thousand pities, that the hospitals of Chelsea and of Greenwich are already built; their situations are the very spots one would have chosen for a trial of this sort. What numbers of little lakes might have been let in from the Thames, to wander among the pavilions? and how commodiously might we have passed from ward to ward by bridges adorned with triumphal arches!

The encouragement of this taste may be worthy of the consideration of those gentlemen who have great possessions in the Isle of Ely, or the Fens of Lincolnshire. A Chinese town, happily situated, may attract inhabitants, and make estates

in those countries extremely desirable. Marshy grounds, which are now avoided, will become, by this means, the most sought after of any; and we may live to see the Hundreds of Essex crowded with villas. But I only hint these things to those whom they concern, and whose interest it may be to pursue them farther. My intention, you perceive, is to make Taste useful to somebody at least, and to assign proper places for the exercise of our improved talents.

But while I am promoting the interest and entertainment of some of his majesty's subjects, I would not wilfully offend others, who may be a little infatuated through their zeal to their country. Many good patriots have been greatly alarmed at the spreading of the French language and the French fashions so universally over Europe; and have apprehended, perhaps too justly, that their modes of religion and government might insinuate themselves in their turns. If any pious Englishman should have the same fears with regard to the Chinese customs and manners, I have the satisfaction to inform him, that nothing of that kind can reasonably be dreaded. We may rest secure that our firm faith will never be staggered by the tenets of Fohi, nor our practice vitiated by the morals of Confucius; at least, we may be certain, that the present innovations are by no means adequate to such an effect; for, on a moderate computation, not one in a thousand of all the stiles, gates, rails, pales, chairs, temples, chimney-pieces, &c. &c. &c. which are called Chinese, has the least resemblance to any thing that China ever saw; nor would an English church be a less uncommon sight to a travelling mandarin, than an English pagoda. I think it necessary to say thus much, in order to quiet the scruples of conscientious persons, who will doubtless be more at ease, when they consider that our Chinese ornaments are not only of our own manufacture, like our French silks, and our French wines; but, what has seldom been attributed to the English, of our own invention.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,
H. S.

TO THE PUBLIC.

WHEREAS a subscription for a subsidy for the use of King Theobald was opened

opened at Tully's Head, in Pall Mall, the twenty-second of last month; this is to give notice that, by order of Mr. Fitz-Adam, the said subscription will

be closed on Tuesday the twenty-seventh of this instant March; at which time the subsidy will be paid in.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

N^o XIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1753.

I Shall make no apology for the following letters, or my own answers to them; having been always of opinion that works of criticism are the chief strength and ornament of a public paper.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THOUGH you set out with a good grace in the World, I cannot help thinking that a paper now-and-then upon religion might be very entertaining. I am an officer in country quarters; and as the chaplain to the regiment happens to live altogether in town, I have no opportunity of knowing any thing of that affair, but from what I hear at church. I am, &c.

A. Z.

TO MR. A. Z.

SIR,

THAT no officer in quarters may be under the necessity of going to church, the World, for the future, shall be a religious one. I am, &c.

A. FITZ-ADAM.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Belong to a club of very serious clergymen, and am glad (so is every one of us) that you do not intend to meddle with religion in your paper. It is certainly a subject of too much dignity and importance to be treated of in essays, which seem devoted to humour and the ridicule of folly. In the name of the whole club, I am, &c.

J. C.

TO MR. J. C.

SIR,

AS it will be always my ambition to stand well with the clergy, they may assure themselves that the World shall have no religion in it. I am, &c.

A. FITZ-ADAM.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Cannot help being offended at your want of correctness in a paper, which, in other respects, deserves approbation. In number I. you say—'WARN men to goodness.' The verb *warn* is unwarrantable in this place: we are warned *by* or *from*, but not *to*—The word should be *incite*; and so I have corrected it in my own paper. In number III. line 2. you have the colloquial barbarism of doing a thing *by* a man instead of *to*. I cannot express how much I am hurt at so vulgar an impropriety. In number VI. page 17, the verb *display* is used instead of it's participle *displaying*. Perhaps it is only an error of the press: pray be careful for the future. I am willing to hope that these gross mistakes are only owing to inadvertency. If so, I rest your admirer,

PHILOLOGOS.

TO PHILOLOGOS.

SIR,

I Shall be very careful of mistakes for the future; and do assure you, upon my veracity, that they have hitherto proceeded from nothing but inadvertency. I am Sir, your obliged servant,

A. FITZ-ADAM.

TO ADAM FITZ-ADAM, ESQ.

DEAR FITZ,

LORD**** and I laid hold of a d—d prig of a university fellow yesterday, and carried him to our club where, when the claret began to mount your paper of the World happened to come upon the tapis. 'That same Mr 'Fitz-Adam,' says he, 'is a very inaccurate writer; peradventure I shall take an opportunity of telling him so in a short time.' But, dear Fitz, if the prig should really send you a letter, smoke the parson, and be witty! Your inaccuracies, as he calls them, are

th

the characteristics of a polite writer: by these alone our club is sure that you are a man of fashion. Away with pedantry and the grammar! Write like a gentleman, and with Pope, in his Essay upon Criticism—

Snatch a grace beyond the reach of nature.

Yours,
A. B.

TO MR. A. B.

SIR,

IN compliance with your advice, I shall avoid the pedantry of grammar, and be perfectly the gentleman in my future essays. I am, your most obedient,

A. FITZ-ADAM.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Do not write to you to have the pleasure of seeing myself in print: it is only to give you a little friendly advice. Take care of novels: the town swarms with them. That foolish story of Mrs. Wilson, in your fourth and fifth papers, made me cry out that the World was at an end! Yours,

TOM TELL-TRUTH.

TO MR. TELL-TRUTH.

SIR,

I Thank you for the caution, and will write no more novels. Your most humble servant,

A. FITZ-ADAM.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOUR predecessor, the Spectator, did not think his labours altogether useless, which were dedicated to us women. Those elegant moral tales, which make their appearance so frequently in his works, are so many proofs of his regard for us. From the fourth and fifth numbers of the World, we have the pleasure of hoping that the Spectator is revived among us. The story of Mrs. Wilson is a lesson of instruction to every woman in the kingdom, and has given the author of it as many friends as he has readers among the sex. I am, Sir, your real admirer and humble servant,
L. B.

TO MISS L. B.

MADAM,

AS it will be always my chief happiness to please the ladies, I shall devote my future papers entirely to novels. Your obliged and most obedient servant,
A. FITZ-ADAM.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IF a plain grave man may have leave to tell you a little truth, I must inform you, that though I like your *manner* very much, I have great objections to your *matter*. He who only skims surfaces will gather nothing but straws. If you are the philosopher you would have us think you, give us something that may rest upon the memory, and improve while it entertains.

I am, &c.

AMICUS.

TO AMICUS.

SIR,

THE World, for the future, shall be grave and philosophical; the *matter* shall be regarded and not the *manner*. I am, &c.

A. FITZ-ADAM.

A MONSIEUR FITZ-ADAM.

JE suis enchanté, mon cher Monsieur, de votre Monde. Depuis deux ans que je suis à Londres, j'ai appris assez d'Anglois pour l'entendre parfaitement, mais je ne suis pas si habile que Voltaire, pour l'écrire. Vous avez saisi tout à fait l'esprit François; tant d'enjouement, de légèreté, et de vivacité!—Parbleu c'est charmant! Donnez nous de temps en temps un vaudeville, ou quelque petite chanson à boire, et je me croirai à Paris. Le seul petit défaut que vous avez, c'est que vous sentez trop le Monde sage, il ne vous manque qu'un peu du Monde fou, pour plaire à tout le Monde, et surtout à celui qui a l'honneur d'être, Monsieur, votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

DOURILLAC.

A MONSIEUR DOURILLAC.

VOUS pouvez conter, Monsieur, qu'il n'y a rien au Monde que je ne fasse pour captiver la bien-veillance d'un si aimable

aimable homme. Tout ce qu'il a de gai, de volatile, et même évaporé coulera désormais de ma plume. J'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur, votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

FITZ-ADAM.

I have many more letters written in the same spirit of criticism, and consequently many more opinions of my own; but as these may be thought sufficient at one time, I shall borrow an old fable, and conclude this paper.

An old man and a little boy were driving an ass to the next market to sell. 'What a fool is this fellow,' says a man upon the road, 'to be trudging it on foot with his son, that his ass may go light!' The old man, hearing this, set his boy upon the ass, and went whistling by the side of him. 'Why, sirrah!' cries a second man to the boy, 'is it fit for you to be riding, while your poor old father is walking on foot?' The father, upon this rebuke, took down his boy from the ass, and mounted himself. 'Do you see,' says a third, 'how the lazy old knave rides

along upon his beast, while the little boy is almost crippled with it?' 'ing?' The old man no sooner said this, than he took up his son behind him. 'Pray, honest friend,' says a third man, 'is that ass your own?'—'Yes,' says the man. 'One would not have thought so,' replied the other, 'by your riding him so unmercifully. Your son are better able to carry a poor beast than he you.'—'And to please,' says the owner; and going with his son, they tied the ass together, and by the help of the pole endeavoured to carry him upon their shoulders over the bridge that led to the town. This was so entertaining to the people that they ran in crowds to look at it; till the ass, conceiving a dislike to the over-complaisance of his riders, burst asunder the cords that tied him to the pole, and tumbled into the river. The poor old man mounted his way home, ashamed and vexed that by endeavouring to please everybody, he had pleased nobody, and his ass into the bargain.

Nº XIV. THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1753.

I Do not doubt but it is already observed that I write fewer letters to myself than any of my predecessors. It is not from being less acquainted with my own merit, but I really look upon myself as super or to such the arts of fame. Compliments, which I should be obliged to shroud under the name of a third person, have very little relish for me. If I am not considerable enough to pronounce *ex cathedra*, that I Adam Fitz-Adam know how to rally the follies, and decide upon the customs of the world with more wit, humour, learning, and taste, than any man living, I have in vain undertaken the scheme of this paper. Who would be regulated by the judgment of a man who is not the most self-sufficient person alive? Why did all the pretty women in England, in the reign of Queen Anne, submit the government of their fans, hoods, loops, and patches, to the Spectator, but because he pronounced himself the best critic in fashions? Why did half the na-

tion imbibe their politics from the man, but because Caleb d'Anversured them that he understood the nature of government, and the constitution of his country, better than any minister or patriot of his time? Throned as I am, a perfect good opinion of my own abilities, I scorn to take the satisfaction of praising myself—(and (to be able for once) I own, if there is any deficiency of writing of which I am not a perfect master, it is the epistolary deficiency in this particular is) common to me with the greatest. I can even go farther, and declare it is the fair part of the creation excels in that province. Ease, and affectation, the politest expressions of the happiest art of telling news or the most engaging turns of sentiment, are frequently found in women, who have lived in it at all above the vulgar; while, on the other side, orators write affectedly, misters obscurely, poets floridly, I

men pedantically, and soldiers tolerably, when they can spell. One would not have one's daughter write like Eloïsa, because one would not have one's daughter feel what she felt; yet who ever wrote so movingly, so to the heart? The amiable Madame de Sevigné is the standard of early engaging writing: to call her the pattern of elegant writing will not be thought an exaggeration, when I refer my readers to her accounts of the death of Marshal Turenne. Some little fragments of her letters, in the appendix to Ramsay's life of that hero, give a stronger picture of him than the historian was able to do in his voluminous work. If this fair-one's epistles are liable to any censure, it is for a fault in which she is not likely to be often imitated, the excess of tenderness for her daughter.

The Italians are as proud of a person of the same sex: Lucretia Gonzaga was so celebrated for the eloquence of her letters, and the purity of her style, that her very notes to her servants were collected and published. I have never read the collection: and indeed one or two letters that I have met with, have not entirely all the delicacy of Madame de Sevigné. In one to her footman, the Signora Gonzaga reprehends him for not readily obeying dame Lucy, her housekeeper; and in another, addressed to the same Mrs. Lucy, she says—'If Livia will not be obedient, turn up her coats, and whip her till her flesh be black and blue, and the blood run down to her heels.' To be sure this sounds a little oddly to English ears, but may be very elegant, when modulated by the harmony of Italian liquids.

Several worthy persons have laid down rules for the composition of letters; but I fear it is an art which only nature can teach. I remember in one of those books (as it was written by a German) there was a strict injunction not to mention yourself before you had introduced the person of your correspondent; that is, you must not use the monosyllable *I* before the pronoun *You*. The Italians have stated expressions to be used by different ranks of men, and know exactly when to subscribe themselves the devoted, or the most devoted, slave of the illustrious or most eminent persons to whom they have the honour to write. It is true, in that country, they have so

clogged correspondence with forms and civilities, that they seldom make use of their own language, but generally write to one another in French.

Among many instances of beautiful letters from ladies, and of the contrary from our sex, I shall select two, which are very singular in their kind. The comparison, to be sure, is not entirely fair; but when I mention some particulars of the male author, one might expect a little more elegance, a little better orthography, a little more decorum, and a good deal less absurdity, than seem to have met in one head, which had seen so much of the world, which pretended so much to literature, and which had worn so long one of the first crowns in Europe. This personage was the Emperor Maximilian, grandfather to Charles the Vth. His reign was long, sometimes shining, often unprosperous, very often ignominious. His fickleness, prodigality, and indigence, were notorious. The Italians called him *Pocidauari*, or the *pennylefs*; a quality no more habitual to him, than his propensity to repair his shattered fortunes by the most unbecoming means. He served under our Henry the Eighth, as a common soldier, at the siege of Terouenne, for a hundred crowns a day: he was bribed to the attempt against Pisa, and bribed to give it over. In short, no potentate ever undertook to engage him in a treaty without first offering him money. Yet this vagabond monarch, as if the annals of his reign were too glorious to be described by a plebeian pen, or as if they were worthy to be described at all, took the pains to write his own life in Dutch verse. There was another book of his composition in a different way, which does not reflect much more lustre upon his memory than his own Dutch epic; this was what he called his *livre rouge*, and was a register of seventeen mortifications which he had received from Louis the Twelfth of France, and which he intended to revenge on the first opportunity. After a variety of thefts, breach of promises, alliances, and treaties, he almost duped his vain contemporary Henry the Eighth, with a proposal of resigning the empire to him, while himself was meditating, what he thought, an accession of dignity even to the imperial diadem: in short, in the latter part of his life, Maximilian took it into

his

his head to canvas for the papal Tiara. Several methods were agitated to compass this object of his ambition: one, and not the least ridiculous, was to pretend that the patriarchal dignity was included in the imperial; and by virtue of that definition, he really assumed the title of Pontifex Maximus, copying the pagan lords of Rome on his way to the sovereignty of the Christian church. Money he knew was the surest method, but the least at his command; it was to procure a supply of that necessary ingredient that he wrote the following letter to his daughter Margaret, Duchess Dowager of Savoy, and Governess of the Netherlands.

TRES chiere et tres amée sŷlle, j'entendu l'avis que vous m'avez donné par Guyllain Pangun notre garderober, dont avons encore mieux pensé. Et ne trouvons point pour nulle raison bon que nous nous devons franchement marier, mes avons plus avant mys notre deliberation et volenté de james plus hanter facin nue. Et envoyons demain Monf. de Gurce Eveŷque à Rome devers le pape pour trouver faŷon que nous puyŷŷans accorder avec ly de nous prendre pour ung coadjuteur, afin que apres sa mort poutons estre assuré de avoer le papat, et devenir preŷter, et apres estre ŷaint, et que yl vous ŷera de neceŷŷité que apres n'a mort vous ŷerés contrainct de me adorer, dont je me troveré bien glorioŷ. Je envoie ŷur ce ung poŷte de vers le roy d'Aragon pour ly brier qu'y nous vuelle ayder pour à ce parvenir, dont il eŷt auŷŷy content, moynant que je reŷigne l'empire à notre comun ŷyls Charls, de ŷela auŷŷy je me ŷuys contenté. Je commence auŷŷy praŷtiker les Cardinaulx, dont ii C. ou iii C. mylle ducats me ŷerunt ung grand ŷervice, avecque la partialité qui eŷt déŷa entre eos. Le roy d'Aragon à mandé à ŷon ambaxadeur que yl veulnt favourier le pppar a nous. Je vous prie, tenés cette matiere empuŷcret, eŷŷi bien en bien jours je creins que yl faut que tout le monde le ŷache, car bien mal eŷŷi poŷŷible de praŷtiker ung tel ŷy grand matiere ŷecretement pour laquell yl faut avoer de tant de gens et de argent, ŷuccurs et pra-

tike, et a D'ù, ŷaet de la main bon pere Maximilianus futur lex viii jour de ŷetembre. Le encor les vyevers dubis, et a longement ŷyvre.

This curious piece, which is poŷŷible to tranŷlate. (ŷer what I can give an adequate idea of a old German French?) is to be the fourth volume of Letters XIIth, printed at Bruŷŷels by J pens in 1712. It will be ŷuffiŷy inform ŷuch of my readers as deŷterland French, that his impetŷŷy acquaints his beloved daughter he deŷigns never to frequent women any more, but to uŷe all deavours to procure the papacy then to turn prieŷt, and at laŷt a ŷaint, that his dear daughter obliged to pray to him, which reckon matter of exceeding great expreŷŷes great want of two hundred thouŷand ducats to the buŷineŷŷ, which he deŷires kept very ŷecret, though he doubts but all the world will know two or three days; and concludes ŷigning himŷelf *future Pope*.

As a contraŷt to this ŷerapical folly, I ŷhall preŷent my with the other letter I mention was written by the Lady Anne of the Earls of Dorŷet and Pe (the life of the former of whom I wrote) and heiress of the gre of Caŷford-Cumberland, from among many noble reverŷions, joyed the borough of Appleby. ŷeph Williamŷon, ŷecretary of Charles the Second, wrote to candidate to her for that borough brave counteŷŷ, with all the ŷpiritanceŷŷors, and with all the eloquent independent Greece, returned conic anŷwer.

I Have been bullied by an uŷ I have been neglected by a co I will not be dictated to by a your man ŷhan't ŷtand.

ANNE, DORSET, PEM and MONTG

N^o XV. THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1753.

IT has been imagined, that if an ancient inhabitant of this island, some old Saxon for example, or even in later times, a subject of one of our Harry's or our Edward's, could rise from his grave, and take a survey of the present generation, he would never suspect us to be the descendants of his contemporaries; but would stare about with surprize, and be apt to fancy himself among a nation of foreigners, if not among a race of animals of a different species. I have sometimes thought that such a person would be no less puzzled to know his country again, than his countrymen; such a change would he find in the natural face of England, as well as in the manners of it's inhabitants. The great increase of public and private buildings, the difference of architecture, the frequent navigation of rivers, and, above all, the introduction and whimsical variations of Gardening, have contributed so effectually to new-dress our island, which before was covered with rude forests and extended marshes, that it would require some time and pains to discover her ancient features under so total a disguise. This is more particularly the case with the counties adjacent to London, over which the genius of Gardening exercises his power so often and so wantonly, that they are usually new-created once in twenty or thirty years, and no traces left of their former condition. Nor is this to be wondered at; for Gardening, being the dress of Nature, is as liable to the caprices of fashion, as are the dresses of the human body; and there is a certain mode of it in every age, which grows antiquated, and becomes obsolete and ridiculous in the next. So that were any man of taste now to lay out his ground in the style which prevailed less than half a century ago, it would occasion as much astonishment and laughter, as if a modern beau should appear in the drawing-room in red stockings, or introduce himself into a polite assembly in one of my Lord Foppington's perriwigs.

What was the prevailing mode in Milton's days, may be guessed from a passage in his *Ilpenferoso*, where he describes *Retired Leisure taking his delight*

in *trim gardens*. The practice, it seems, was to embroider and flourish over the ground with *curious knots of flowers*, as the same poet calls them in another part of his works; and in this there was something of cheerfulness and gaiety at least, though the judicious eye could not help being displeased with the fantastic quaintness of the design.

James the Second was deposed, and the immortal King William came to the crown of these kingdoms; an æra as remarkable in the annals of Gardening, as in those of government; but far less auspicious in the former instance. The mournful family of Yews came over with the House of Orange; the sombre taste of Holland grew into vogue; and straight canals, rectilinear walks, and rows of clipped evergreens, were all the mode. It was the compliment which England paid her new love, to wear the dress of a Dutch morast. The royal gardens of Kensington, Hampton Court, and Richmond, set the same example; and good Whigs distinguished their loyalty by fetching their plans from the same country which had the honour of producing their king; a country never greatly celebrated for taste in any instance, and least of all in the article now under consideration. But such were the errors of the times; our connoisseurs, in their zeal, all became Mynheers; and it would probably have been then esteemed as great a mark of dissaffection, to have laid out ground different from the true Belgic model, as it would be now to wear a white rose on the tenth of June.

This Dutch absurdity, like all other follies, had it's run, and in time expired. The great Kent appeared at length in behalf of Nature; declared war against the taste in fashion, and laid the axe to the root of artificial ever greens. Gardens were no longer filled with yews in the shape of giants, Noah's Ark cut in holly, St. George and the Dragon in box, cypress lovers, laurelure beauties, and all that race of north-bound monsters, which flourish till long and looked to tremendous round the edges of every grass plot. At the same time, the dull uniformity of designing was banished; high walls, excluding the country,

try, were thrown down; and it was no longer thought necessary that every grove should nod at a rival, and every walk be paired with a twin-brother. The great master above-mentioned, truly the disciple of Nature, imitated her in the agreeable wildness and beautiful irregularity of her plans; of which there are some noble examples still remaining, that abundantly shew the power of his creative genius.

But it is our misfortune that we always run beyond the goal, and are never contented to rest at that point where perfection ends, and excess and absurdity begin. Thus our present artists in Gardening far exceed the wildness of Nature; and, pretending to improve on the plans of Kent, distort their ground into irregularities the most offensive that can be imagined. A great comic painter has proved, I am told, in a piece every day expected, that the line of beauty is an S. I take this to be the unanimous opinion of all our professors of horticulture, who seem to have the most idolatrous veneration for that crooked letter at the tail of the alphabet. Their land, their water, must be serpentine; and, because the formality of the last age ran too much into right lines and parallels, a spirit of opposition carries the present universally into curves and mazes.

It was questioned of some old mathematician, a great bigot to his favourite science, whether he would consent to go to heaven in any path that was not triangular? It may, I think, with equal propriety, be questioned of a modern Gardener, whether he would consent to go thither in any path that is not serpentine? Nothing on earth, at least, can please out of that model; and there is reason to believe, that paradise itself would have no charms for one of these gentlemen, unless it's walks be disposed into labyrinth and meander. In serious truth, the vast multitude of grotesque little villas, which grow up every summer, within a certain distance of London, and swarm more especially on the banks of the Thames, are fatal proofs of the degeneracy of our national taste. With a description of one of those whimsical nothings, and with a few previous remarks upon the owner of it, I shall conclude this paper.

Squire Mushroom, the present worthy possessor of Block Hill, was born at a

little dirty village in Hertfordshire received the rudiments of his education behind a writing-desk, under the eye of his father, who was an attorney. It is not material to relate by what means he broke loose from the bondage of grammar, or by what steps he rose from primæval meanness and obscurity to present station in life. Let it be sufficient to say, that at the age of forty he found himself in possession of a comfortable fortune. Being thus enriched, he was ambitious of introducing himself into the world as a man of taste and pleasure; which purpose, he put an edging lace on his servants' waistcoat, and set into keeping a brace of whores, resolved to have a Villa. Full of this pleasing idea, he purchased an old house, not far distant from the place of his nativity, and fell to building, planting with all the rage of taste, and pulling down the old mansion immediately shot up into Gothic spires, and was plastered with stucco: the walls were notched with battlements; uncouth animals were grinning at one another over the posts; and the hall was fortified with rusty swords and pistols, and a M. head staring tremendous over the doorway. When he had proceeded thus far, he discovered in good time that his house was not habitable; which obliged him to add two rooms entirely new, entirely incoherent with the rest of the building. Thus, while one half of the house signed to give you an old Gothic tower, the other half pretends to you Venetian windows, slices of pilasters, and other parts of Italian architecture.

A Library of books, as it is considered an essential ornament in a modern mansion, was the next object of the squire's attention. I was conducted into this library, soon after it's completion, and could not help observing, with surprise, that all the volumes on the shelves were in duodecimo; at which extraordinary curiosity, I received the following answer, verbatim—'Why, Sir, I'll tell you how that matter came to pass. I ordered my carpenter to tick off a neat fashionable set of cases for the reception of books, and the blundering booby made all the books as you see, of a size, only to be in duodecimo's, as they call the size; he was obliged, you know, to put

'books of a *proper dimension*, and such as would fit the places they were to stand in.'

But the triumph of his genius was seen in the disposition of his gardens, which contain every thing in less than two acres of ground. At your first entrance, the eye is saluted with a yellow serpentine river, stagnating through a beautiful valley, which extends near twenty yards in length. Over the river is thrown a bridge, *partly in the Chinese manner*; and a little ship, with sails spread, and streamers flying, floats in the midst of it. When you have passed this bridge, you enter into a grove perplexed with errors and crooked walks; where, having trod the same ground over and over again, through a labyrinth of horn-beam hedges, you are led into an old hermitage built with roots of trees, which the squire is pleased to call St. Austin's Cave. Here he desires you to repose yourself, and expects encomiums on his taste; after which a second ramble begins through another maze of walks, and the last error is much worse than the

first. At length, when you almost despair of ever visiting day-light any more, you emerge on a sudden in an open and circular area, richly chequered with beds of flowers, and embellished with a little fountain playing in the centre of it. As every folly must have a name, the squire informs you that, *by way of whim*, he has christened this place, *Little Maribon*: at the upper-end of which you are conducted into a pompous, clumsy, and gilded building, said to be a temple, and consecrated to Venus; for no other reason, which I could learn, but because the squire riots here sometimes, in vulgar love, with a couple of orange-wenchies, taken from the purlieus of the play-house.

To conclude; if one wished to see a coxcomb expose himself in the most effectual manner, one would advise him to build a Villa; which is the *chef-d'œuvre* of modern impertinence, and the most conspicuous stage which Folly can possibly mount to display herself to the world.

Nº XVI. THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1753.

IT was very well said by Montaigne, That all external acquisitions receive taste and colour from the internal constitution; as cloaths give warmth, not from their own heat, but by covering and keeping close the heat that is in ourselves.

Every man's experience will prove the truth of this observation; as it will teach him, both from what he feels in himself, and observes in others, that without a disposition for happiness, the benefits and blessings of life are bestowed upon him in vain; and that with it, even a bare exemption from poverty and pain is almost happiness enough.

I am led to this thought by the following letter, which I received near two years ago from a very valuable friend. The reader will perceive that it was not written with a view of publication; but as it presents us with a very natural picture of domestic happiness, and instructs us how an elegant little family may live charitably and within bounds upon an income of only fifty pounds a year, I shall give it to the public exactly as I received it. Those who have feeling hearts

will call it an entertainment; to the rest it is not written.

YORK, JUNE THE 14th, 1751.

DEAR SIR,

THE reason that you have not heard from me for these last five weeks is, that the people where I have been, have engrossed all my time and attention. Perhaps you will be surprized to hear, that I have lived a compleat month with our old friend, the rector of South Green, and his honest wife.

You know with what compassion we used to think of them: that a man who had mixed a good deal with the world, and who had always entertained hopes of making a figure in it, should foolishly, and at an age when people generally grow wise, throw away his affections upon a girl worth nothing; and that she, one of the liveliest of women, as well as the finest, should refuse the many advantageous offers which were made her, and follow a poor parson to his living of fifty pounds a year, in a remote corner of the kingdom. But I have learnt from experience, that we have been paying

the happiest couple of our acquaintance. I am impatient to tell you all I know of them.

The parish of South Green is about seventeen miles from this place, and is in my opinion the most pleasing spot of ground in all Yorkshire. I should have first told you, that our friend, by the death of a relation, was enabled to carry his wife from London with a neat two hundred and fifty guineas in his pocket; with which sum he has converted the old parsonage-house into a little palace, and fourteen acres of glebe into a farm and garden, that even a Pelham or a Southcote might look upon with pleasure.

The house stands upon an eminence within the bending of a river, with about half an acre of kitchen-garden, fenced in with a good old wall, well planted with fruit-trees. The river that almost surrounds this little spot affords them fish at all seasons. They catch trout there, and plenty of them, from two to five pounds weight. Before the house is a little lawn with trees planted in clumps; and behind it a yard well stocked with poultry, with a barn, cow-house, and dairy. At the end of the garden a draw bridge leads you to a small piece of ground, where three or four pigs are kept. Here they are fattened for pork or bacon; the latter they cure for themselves; and in all my life I never eat better.

In the seven years of this retirement they have so planted their little spot, that you can hardly conceive any thing more beautiful. The fields lie all together, with pasture-ground enough for two horses and as many cows, and the rest arable. Every thing thrives under their hands. The hedges, all of their own planting, are the thickest of any in the country; and within every one of them is a sand-walk between a double row of flowering shrubs, hardly ever out of blossom. The produce of these fields supplies them abundantly with the means of bread and beer, and with a surplus yearly for the poor, to whom they are the best benefactors of any in the neighbourhood. The husband brews, and the wife bakes; he manages the farm, and she the dairy; and both with such skill and industry, that you would think them educated to nothing else.

Their house consists of two parlours and a kitchen below, and two bed-

chambers and a servant's room: Their maid is a poor woman's daughter in the parish, whom they took at years old, and have made the best girl imaginable. She is extremely pretty, and might marry herself to a targe; but she loves her mistress so sincerely, that no temptation is enough to prevail upon her to her.

In this sweet retirement they have a boy and a girl; the boy six years and the girl four; both of the prettiest little things that ever were. The girl is the very picture of her mother, with the same softness of temper. The boy is a jolly dog, loves mischief; but if you tell him an interesting story, he will cry for another. The husband and wife constantly go to bed at ten, and rise. The business of the day is completed by dinner-time; and all amusement and pleasure, without set forms. They are almost worshipped by the parishioners, to whom he is not only the spiritual director, the physician, the surgeon, the apothecary, the lawyer, the steward, friend, and the cheerful companion. The best people in the country are fond of visiting them; they call it to go and see the wonders of Yorkshire, and that they never eat so heartily as parson's bacon and greens.

I told you at the beginning of this letter that they were the happiest couple of our acquaintance; and now tell you why they are so. In this place, they love and are delighted with each other. A seven years marriage instead of lessening their affection, encreased them. They wish for nothing more than what their little island affords them; and even of that little they are content. Our friend shewed me his account of expenses, or rather his account of savings; by which it appears that he has saved yearly from fifteen shillings to a guinea, exclusive of about the sum which they distribute among the poor, besides barley, wheat, and other things. The only article of expense is tea; but the doctor says he forbids that, if his wife could forego London education. However, the doctor offers it but to their best comfort, and less than a pound will last them twelve months. Wine they have none, nor will they receive it as a present.

Their constant drink is small-beer and ale, both of which they brew in the highest perfection. Exercise and temperance keep them in perpetual health and good-humour. All the strife between them is who shall please and oblige most. Their favourite amusement is reading: now and then, indeed, our friend scribbles a little; but his performances reach no farther than a short sermon, or a paper of verses in praise of his wife. Every birth-day of the lady is constantly celebrated in this manner; and though you do not read a Swift to his Stella, yet there is something so sincere and tender in these little pieces, that I could never read any of them without tears. In the fine afternoons and evenings, they are walking arm in arm, with their boy and girl, about their grounds; but how cheerful, how happy! is not to be told you. Their children are hardly so much children as themselves. But though they love one another even to dotage, their fondness never appears before company. I never saw either of them so much as playing with the other's hand—I mean only when they have known I was within sight of them: I have stolen upon them unawares indeed, and have been witness to such words and looks as have quite melted me.

With this couple, and in this retirement, I have passed my time since you heard from me. How happily I need not say: come and be a judge yourself; they invite you most heartily.

One thing I had forgot to tell you of them. It makes no part of their happiness that they can compare themselves with the rest of the world, who want minds to enjoy themselves as they do. It rather lessens than increases it. Their own happiness is from their own hearts. They have every thing they wish for in this fifty pounds a year and one another. They make no boast of themselves, nor find fault with any body. They are sorry I am not as happy as they; but are far from advising me to retire as they have done. I left a bank-note of twenty pounds behind me in my room, inclosed in a letter of thanks for their civilities to me; but it was returned me this morning to York, in a manner that pleased me more than all the rest of their behaviour. Our friend thanked me for the favour I intended him; but told me I could bestow it better among the poor: that his wife and he had been looking over the family accounts of last month, and that they found me only a few shillings in their debt; that if I did not think they were a thousand times over-paid by the pleasure I had given them, they would be obliged to me for a pound of tea, and a little of Hardham's snuff, when I got to London.

I hope soon to see you, and to entertain you by the week with the particulars of the parson and his wife. Till then, I am, &c.

Nº XVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1753.

TWICE in every year are solemnized those grand diversions with which our nobility, gentry, and others, entertain themselves at Newmarket; and as this is the vernal season for the celebration of those curious sports and festivals; and as they are, at this time, likely to be held with the utmost splendour and magnificence, I think it may not be improper to amuse my town-readers with one single paper upon the subject.

In this I will endeavour to set forth the usefulness of these anniversary meetings, describing the manner and method of exhibiting such games; and then show what benefit may arise to the kingdom by horse-races in general, on the

one hand; and what detriment may happen from them to the public, on the other, by their spreading too widely over the whole kingdom.

I read in one of the news-papers of last week the following article—'Tis said, that garrets at Newmarket are let at four guineas each for the time of the meeting.—'What!' said I to myself, 'are our principal nobility content to lie in garrets, at such an exorbitant price, for the sake of such amusements? Or are our jockey-gentry, and tradesmen, extravagant enough to throw away their loose corn (as I may properly call it on this occasion) so idly and ridiculously?' To be sure, there is not a more noble diversion

version than this. In its original it was of royal institution, and carried on in the beginning with much honour and integrity; but as the best constitution will always degenerate, I am fearful this may be grown too much into science, wherein the adepts may have carried matters to a nicety, not altogether reconcileable to the blindest notions of integrity; and which may by degrees, by their affecting to become notable in the profession, corrupt the morals of our young nobility. The language of the place is generally to be understood by the rule of contraries. If any one says his horse is a pretty good one, but as slow as a *town-top*, (for families are much in use) you may conclude him to be an exceedingly speedy one, but not so good at *starting*. If he mentions his design of throwing a particular horse soon out of *training*, you may be assured he has a mind to match that horse as soon as he can; and so it is in every thing else they throw out. Foreigners who come here for curiosity, cannot be shown a finer sight than these races, which are almost peculiar to this country: but I must confess that I have been sometimes put a little to the blush at incidents that are pretty pregnant in the place. Every body is dressed so perfectly alike, that it is extremely difficult to distinguish between his Grace and his Groom. I have heard a stranger ask a man of quality, how often he dressed and watered his horses? how much corn, and bread, and hay, he gave them? how many miles he thought he could run in such a number of minutes? and how long he had lived with his master? Those who have been at the place will not be surprized at these mistakes; for a pair of boots, and buckskin breeches, a tustian frock, with a leather belt about it, and a black velvet cap, is the common covering of the whole town: so that, if the inside does not differ, the outside of my lord and his rider are exactly the same. There is another most remarkable affluence, which is this: those who are known to have the most, and perhaps the best, horses of the place, always appear themselves on the very worst, and go to the turf on some ordinary scrub bit, scarce worth five pounds. From persons thus mounted and accoutred, what a surprize must it be to hear a bett offered of an hundred pounds to fifty, and sometimes three hundred

to two, when you would imagine a rider to be scarce worth a groat! circular convention before the rings, at the Devil's Ditch, all a fellows well met; and every one liberty, taylor, distiller, or other to offer and take such bets as he proper; and many thousand pounds usually laid on a side. When the are in sight, and come near Chalk immediately the company all do as if the devil rose out of this ditch drove them, to get to the turning lands, the rest-post, or some other place they chuse, for seeing them made. Now the contention becomes animating. It is delightful to see or sometimes more, of the most useful animals of the creation, striving for superiority, stretching every sinew to obtain the prize, and the goal! to observe the skill and of the riders, who are all distinguished by different colours, of white, green, red, and yellow, sometimes ring or whipping, sometimes ch or pulling, to give fresh breath and rage! and it is often observed that race is won, as much by the deed of the rider, as by the vigour and nefs of the animal.

When the sport is over, the company saunter away towards the Waver before the other horses, left at several stables in the town, are made to take their evening exercise and water. On this delightful spot may see, at once, above a hundred the most beautiful horses in the world all led out in strings, with the and boys upon them, in their liveries, distinguishing each person they belong to. This is a noble sight; it is a piece of grandeur and an expensive one too, which nation can boast of but our own this the crown contributes, not a very handsome allowance for the horses, but also by giving place run for by horses and mares at all ages, in order to encourage them by keeping up the price of them to make the breeders extremely of their race and general gy!

The pedigree of these horses is strictly regarded and carefully into than that of the Knight of They must have no blemish in the family on either side for many generations; their blood must be

pure and untainted, from the great, great, five times great grandfather and grandain, to be attested in the most authentic and solemn manner by the hand of the breeder. It is this care of the breed, and particularly with an eye to their strength, that makes all the world so fond of our horses. Many thousands are carried out of England every year; so that it is become a trade of great consequence, and brings a vast balance of money to this country annually. The French monarch rides no other horses but ours in his favourite diversion of hunting. You may at any time see two or three hundred beautiful English geldings in those great and noble stables at Chantilli. Most of the German princes, and many of their nobility, are desirous of having English horses; and, I dare say, his present M——y of P——a, however military his genius may be, had rather mount an English horse at a *review* of his troops, than a *breach* at any siege in Europe.

The country races over the whole kingdom are what, I confess, give me some little disrelisht to the sport. Every county, and almost the whole of it, is mad during the time of the races. Many substantial farmers go to them with thirty or forty pounds in their pockets, and return without one single farthing. Here they drink, and learn to be vicious, and the whole time is spent in riot and disorder. An honest butcher, that is taken in at a horse-race, is tempted perhaps, in his return, to borrow an ox or a few sheep of his neighbour to make up his losses. An industrious tradesman, or a good farmer, has sometimes turned highwayman to be even with the rogue that bubbled him at the races. Upon the whole, if I consider only how much time is lost to all the labouring men in this kingdom by county races, the damage they occasion is immense. Let us suppose it but a week's labour all

over England; and (if we consider the number of plates in the different metropolis's, besides the lesser country plates) this must be allowed a very moderate computation: and then let those two ingenious gentlemen, Mr. Pond and Mr. Heber, however they may be at variance with each other, join to compute how much the loss must be to the whole kingdom. I dare answer for it, that it must amount to many hundred thousands of pounds. But as my paper was principally designed in honour of horses, I will not be led to urge any thing against them. Horses of all kinds have ever been held in the highest esteem. Darius was chosen king of Persia by the neighing of his horse. I question if Alexander himself had pushed his conquests half so far, if Bucephalus had not stooped to take him on his back. An emperor of Rome made his horse a consul; and it will be readily owned, that the dignity was as properly conferred upon the beast, as the imperial diadem upon his master.

I shall conclude this paper with a short extract from Churchill's Collection of Voyages.

'In Morocco the natives have a great respect for horses that have been the pilgrimage of Mecca, where Mahomet was born; they are called Hadgis, or saints. Such horses have their necks adorned with strings of beads and relics, being writings wrapt up in cloth of gold or silk, containing the names of their prophet: and when these horses die, they are buried with as much ceremony as the nearest relations of their owners. The King of Morocco has one of them, whom he causes to be led before him when he goes abroad, very richly accoutred, and covered with these writings; his tail being held up by a Christian slave, carrying in one hand a pot and a towel, to receive the dung and wipe the posteriors.'

Nº XVIII. THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1753.

THE following letter had appeared earlier in the World, if it's length, or (what at present happens to be the same thing) it's merit, had not been so great. I have been trying to shorten it, without robbing it of beauties: but after many unsuccessful attempts, I find

that the spirit of it is (as the human soul is imagined to be by some ancient philosophers) *totus in toto, et totus in qualibet parte*. I have therefore chinged the form of my paper, chusing rather to present my readers with an extraordinary half-sheet, than to keep from them

wends. The law is intended to
e progress of crimes by punishing
your paper seems calculated to
the course of follies by exposing

May you be more successful in
ter than the law is in the former!
n this principle I shall lay my case
before you, and desire your pub-
of it as a warning to others.
h it may seem ridiculous to many
readers, I can assure you, Sir,
is a very serious one to me, not-
nding the ill-natured comfort
I might have, of thinking it of
ery common one.

a gentleman of a reasonable pa-
late in my county, and serve as
of the shire for it. Having what
a very good family-interest, my
incumbered my estate with a
e of only five thousand pounds;
have not been able to clear, be-
ged, by a good *place* which I
since, to live in town, and in
best company, nine months in

I married suitable to my cir-
es. My wife wanted neither
beauty, nor understanding.
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ed to good-nature and good-
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couple or me
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trouble in the journey, and many inconveniencies in consequence of it: that I had not observed many men of my age considerably improved by their travels; but that I had lately seen many women of her's, become very ridiculous by their's; and that for my daughter, as she had not a fine fortune, I saw no necessity of her being a fine lady. Here the girl interrupted me, with saying—'For that very reason, papa, I should be a fine lady. Being in fashion is often as good as being a fortune; and I have known air, dress, and accomplishments, stand many a woman in stead of a fortune.'—'Nay, to be sure,' added my wife, 'the girl is in the right in that; and if with her figure she gets a certain air and manner, I cannot see why she may not reasonably hope to be as advantageously married as Lady Betty Townly, or the two Miss Bellairs, who had none of them such good fortunes.' I found by all this, that the attack upon me was a concerted one, and that both my wife and daughter were strongly infected with that migrating distemper, which has of late been so epidemical in this kingdom, and which annually carries such numbers of our private families to Paris, to expose themselves there as English, and here, after their return, as French. Inasmuch, that I am assured that the French call those swarms of English, which now in a manner overrun France, a second incursion of the Goths and Vandals.

I endeavoured as well as I could to avert this impending folly, by delays and gentle persuasions, but in vain; the attacks upon me were daily repeated, and sometimes enforced by tears. At last I yielded, from mere good-nature, to the joint importunities of a wife and daughter whom I loved; not to mention the love of ease and domestic quiet, which is, much oftener than we chuse to own, the true motive of many things that we either do or omit.

My consent being thus extorted, our setting out was pressed. The journey wanted no preparations; we should find every thing in France. My daughter, who spoke some French, and my son's governor, who was a Swiss, were to be our interpreters upon the road; and when we came to Paris, a French servant or two would make all easy.

But, as if Providence had a mind to punish our folly, our whole journey

was a series of distresses. We had not sailed a league from Dover before a violent storm arose, in which we had like to have been lost. Nothing could equal our fears but our sickness, which perhaps lessened them: at last we got into Calais, where the inexorable custom-house officers took away half the few things which we had carried with us. We hired some chaises, which proved to be old and shattered ones, and broke down with us at least every ten miles. Twice we were overturned, and some of us hurt, though there are no bad roads in France. At length, the sixth day, we got to Paris, where our banker had provided a very good lodging for us; that is, very good rooms, very well furnished, and very dirty. Here the great scene opens. My wife and daughter, who had been a good deal disheartened by our distresses, recovered their spirits, and grew extremely impatient for a consultation of the necessary trades-people, when luckily our banker and his lady, informed of our arrival, came to make us a visit. He graciously brought me five thousand livres, which he assured me was not more than what would be necessary for our first setting out, as he called it; while his wife was pointing out to mine the most compendious method of spending three times as much. I told him that I hoped that sum would be very near sufficient for the whole time; to which he answered, coolly—'No, Sir, nor six times that sum, if you propose, as to be sure you do, to appear here *bonnêtement*.' This, I confess, startled me a good deal; and I called out to my wife—'Do you hear that, child!' She replied, unmoved—'Yes, my dear; but now that we are here, there is no help for it; it is but once, upon an extraordinary occasion; and one would not care to appear among strangers like scrubs.' I made no answer to this solid reasoning, but resolved within myself to shorten our stay, and lessen our follies as much as I could. My banker, after having charged himself with the care of procuring me a *carrosse de remise* and a *valet de place* for the next day, which, in plain English, is a hired coach and a footman; invited us to pass all the next day at his house, where he assured us that we should not meet with bad company. He was to carry me and my son before dinner to see the public buildings; and his lady

was to call upon my wife and daughter to carry them to the genteelst shops, in order to fit them out to appear *bouñétement*. The next morning I amused myself very well with seeing, while my wife and daughter amused themselves still better by preparing themselves for being seen, till we met at dinner at our banker's; who, by way of sample of the excellent company to which he was to introduce us, presented to us an Irish abbé, and an Irish captain of Clare's; two attainted Scotch fugitives, and a young Scotch surgeon who studied midwifery at the *Hotel Dieu*. It is true, he lamented that Sir Harbottle Bumper and Sir Clotworthy Guzzledown, with their families, whom he had invited to meet us, happened unfortunately to have been engaged to go and drink brandy at Nugilly. Though this company sounds but indifferently, and though we should have been very sorry to have kept it in London, I can assure you, Sir, that it was the best we kept the whole time we were at Paris.

I will omit many circumstances which gave me uneasiness, though they would probably afford some entertainment to your readers, that, I may hasten to the most material ones.

In about three days the several mechanics, who were charged with the care of disguising my wife and daughter, brought home their respective parts of this transformation, in order that they might appear *bouñétement*. More than the whole morning was employed in this operation; for we did not sit down to dinner till near five o'clock. When my wife and daughter came at last into the eating-room, where I had waited for them at least two hours, I was so struck with their transformation, that I could neither conceal nor express my astonishment. 'Now, my dear,' said my wife, 'we can appear a little like Christians.' 'And strollers too,' replied I, 'for such have I seen, at Southwark fair, the respectable Syfigambis, and the lovely Paritatis. This cannot surely be serious!'—'Very serious, depend upon it, my dear,' said my wife; 'and pray, by the way, what may there be ridiculous in it? No such Syfigambis neither,' continued she; 'Betty is but sixteen, and you know I had her at four and twenty.' 'I found that the name of Syfigambis, carrying an idea of age along with it, was offensive

to my wife, I waved the parallel; and addressing myself in common to my wife and daughter, I told them, I perceived that there was a painter now at Paris, who coloured much higher than Rigault, though he did not paint near so like; for that I could hardly have guessed them to be the pictures of themselves. To this they both answered at once, that red was not paint; that no colour in the world was *fard* but white, of which they protested they had none.

'But how do you like my *pompon*, papa!' continued my daughter; 'is it not a charming one? I think it is prettier than mamma's.'—'It may, child, for any thing that I know; because I do not know what part of all this frippery thy *pompon* is.'—'It is this, papa,' replied the girl, putting up her hand to her head, and shewing me in the middle of her hair a complication of shreds and rags of velvets, feathers and ribbands, stuck with false stones of a thousand colours, and placed awry. 'But what hast thou done to thy hair, child!' said I, 'is it blue? Is that painted too by the same eminent hand that coloured thy cheeks?'—'Indeed, papa,' answered the girl, 'as I told you before, there is no painting in the case; but what gives my hair that bluish cast is the grey powder, which has always that effect upon dark-coloured hair, and sets off the complexion wonderfully.'—'Grey powder, child!' said I, with some surprise: 'Grey hairs I knew were venerable; but till this moment I never knew that they were genteel.'—'Extremely so, with some complexions,' said my wife; 'but it does not suit with mine, and I never use it.'—'You are much in the right,' my dear, replied I, 'not to play with edge-tools. Leave it to the girl.' This, which perhaps was too hastily said, and seemed to be a second part of the Syfigambis, was not kindly taken; my wife was silent all dinner-time, and I vainly hoped, ashamed. My daughter, drunk with dress and sixteen, kept up the conversation with herself, till the long-wished-for moment of the opera came, which separated us, and left me time to reflect upon the extravagances which I had already seen, and upon the still greater which I had but too much reason to dread.

From this period to the time of our return to England, every day produced some

some new and shining folly, and some improper expence. Would to God that they had ended as they began, with our journey! but unfortunately we have implicated them all. I no longer understand, or am understood in my family. I hear of nothing but *le bon ton*. A French valet de chambre, who I am told is an excellent servant, and fit for every thing, is brought over to curl my wife's and my daughter's hair, to *mount a desert*, as they call it, and occasionally to *announce visits*. A very flatteringly, dirty, but at the same time a very genteel French maid, is appropriated to the use of my daughter. My meat too is as much disguised in the dressing by a French cook, as my wife and my daughter are by their red, their pompons, their scraps of dirty gauze, flimsy lattins, and black callicoos; not to mention their affected broken English, and mangled French, which jumbled together compose their present language. My French and English servants quarrel daily, and fight for want of words to abuse one another. My wife is become ridiculous by being translated into French, and the version of my daughter will, I dare say, hinder many a worthy English gentleman from attempting to read her. My expence (and consequently my debt) increases; and I am made more unhappy by follies, than most other people are by crimes.

Should you think fit to publish this my case, together with some observations of your own upon it, I hope it

may prove a useful Pharos, to deter private English families from the coasts of France. I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

R. D.

My correspondent has said enough to caution English gentlemen against carrying their wives and daughters to Paris; but I shall add a few words of my own, to dissuade the ladies themselves from any inclination to such a vagary. In the first place, I assure them, that of all French ragoûts there is none to which an Englishman has so little appetite as an English lady served up to him *à la Française*. Next I beg leave to inform them, that the French taste in beauty is so different from ours, that a pretty English woman at Paris, instead of meeting with that admiration which her vanity hopes for, is considered only as a handsome corpse; and if, to put a little life into her, some of her compassionate friends there should persuade her to lay on a great deal of *rouge*, in English called paint, she must continue to wear it to extreme old age, unless she prefers a spot of real yellow (the certain consequence of paint) to an artificial one of red. And lastly, I propose it to their consideration, whether the delicacy of an English lady's mind may not partake of the nature of some high-flavoured wines, which will not admit of being carried abroad, though, under right management, they are admissible at home.

N° XIX. THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE present age is over-run with romances; and yet so strong does the appetite for them continue, that, as Orway says on a less delicate occasion—

—Every rank fool goes down.

I am not surprized that any sketch of human nature, howsoever imperfect, should attract the attention of the generality of readers. We are easily delighted with pictures of ourselves, and are sometimes apt to fancy a strong likeness where there is not even the least resem-

blance. Those great masters of every movement of the human mind, Homer and Shakspeare, knew well this propensity of our dispositions. The latter, from the nature of his writings, had more frequent opportunities of opening the most minute avenues of the heart. The former, though his province was more confined, has let no occasion pass of exerting this affecting talent. He has not only contrasted a vast variety of characters, and given all the passions their full play; but even in the stiller parts of his work, the similes and descriptions, every thing is full of human life. It is the Canaan woman who stains the ivory;

if a torrent descends from the mountains, some cottages trembles at the sound of it; and the fine broken landscape of rocks and woods by moon-light, has a shepherd to gaze at and admire it.

But it is not with such painters as these that I am at present concerned. They drew really from nature; and ages have felt and applauded the truth of their designs. Whereas our modern artists (if we may guess from the motley representations they give us of our species) are so far from having studied the natures of other people, that they seldom seem to have the least acquaintance with themselves.

The writers of heroic romance, or the Loves of Philoxenus and Urania, professedly soar *above nature*. They introduce into their descriptions trees, water, air, &c. like common mortals; but then all their rivers are clearer than crystal, and every breeze is impregnated with the spices of Arabia. The manners of their personages seem full as extraordinary to our gross ideas. We are apt to suspect the virtue of two young people who are rapturously in love with each other, and who travel whole years in one another's company; though we are expressly told, that at the close of every evening, when they retire to rest, the hero leans his head against a knotted oak, whilst the heroine seeks the friendly shelter of a distant myrtle. This, I say, seems to us a little unnatural; however, it is not of dangerous example. There can no harm follow if unexperienced persons should endeavour to imitate what may be thought inimitable. Should our virgins arrive but half way towards the chastity of a Parthenia, it will be something gained; and we, who have had learned educations, know the power of early prejudices; some of us having emulated the public spirit, and other obsolete virtues of the old Grecians and Romans, to the age of fifteen or sixteen; some of us later, even to twenty or one and twenty.

But peace be to the manes of such authors; they have long enjoyed that elysium which they so frequently described on earth. The present race of romance-writers run universally into a different extreme; they spend the little art they are masters of in weaving into intricacies the more familiar and more comical adventures of a Jack Slap, or a Betty Saller. These, though they en-

deavour to copy after a very glib, I chuse to call our writers *nature*; because very few of the as yet found out their master's art of writing upon low subjects writing in a low manner. Rojudiciously conducted, are a very ing way of conveying instructio parts of life. But to dwell upon orphan-beggars, and *servants of low degree*, is certainly what called it, writing *below nature*, so far from conveying instructio it does not even afford amuseme

The writers *below nature* have advantage in common with the above it, that the originals they seem to draw from are no where found. The heroes and heroines former are undoubtedly children of imagination; and those of the latter they are not all of them incapable of reading their own adventures, least unable to inform us by whether the representations of them are just, and whether people in their did ever think or act in the manner are described to have done. authors, even in this particular, quite so secure as they imagine when, towards the end of the fourth volume, the Hero or the piece (as is usually the custom) into what they call genteel life, whole cheat is frequently discovered. From seeing their total ignorance they are then describing, we are grounds conclude that they were unacquainted with the inferior life, though we are not able to the falsehood. Bath, one should gine, the easiest place in the world a thorough knowledge of; and have observed in books of this several representations of it so entirely erroneous, that they not only the authors to be entirely ignorant the manners of living there, but geography of the town.

But it is not the ignorance of writers which I would principally plain of; though of that, as you ought to take notice, and assure our young men and women that they may read fifty of this sort of trash, and yet, as to the phrase which is perpetually in mouths, 'know nothing of life.' thing I chiefly find fault with extreme indecency. There are

vices which the vulgar call fun, and the people of fashion gallantry; but the middle rank, and those of the gentry who continue to go to church, still stigmatize them by the opprobrious names of fornication and adultery. These are confessed to be in some measure detrimental to society, even by those who practise them most; at least, they are allowed to be so in all but themselves. This being the case, why should our novel-writers take so much pains to spread these enormities? It is not enough to say in ex-cuse, that they write nonsense upon these subjects as well as others; for nonsense itself is dangerous here. The most absurd ballads in the streets, without the least glimmering of meaning, recommend themselves every day both to the great and small vulgar only by obscene expressions. Here, therefore, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you should interpose your authority, and forbid your readers (whom I will suppose to be all persons who can read) even to attempt to open any novel or romance, unlicensed by you; unless it should happen to be stamped RICHARDSON or FIELDING.

Your power should extend likewise to that inundation of obscenity which is

daily pouring in from France, and which has too frequently the wit and humour of a Crebillon to support it. The gentlemen who never read any thing else, will, I know, be at a loss for amusement, and feel their half hour of morning hang rather too heavy on their hands. But surely, Mr. Fitz Adam, when they consider the good of their country, (and all of them have that at heart) they will consent to meet a little sooner at the hazard-table, or while away the tedious interval in studying new chances upon the cards.

If it be said that the heroic romances, which I have recommended for their virtue, are themselves too full of passionate breathings upon some occasions, I allow the charge; but am of opinion that these can do little more harm to the minds of young ladies, than certain books of devotion which are put into their hands by aunts and grandmothers; the writers of which, from having suffered the softer passions to mix too strongly with their zeal for religion, are now generally known by the name of the *amorous divines*.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

I. T.

N° XX. THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1753.

THOUGH the following letter came a little out of time for this week's publication, yet in compliment to the subject, as well as in respect to the writer, I ordered that a very elaborate essay of my own, already at the press, should withdraw and give place to it.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IT is either an observation of my own, or of some very wise man whose name I forget—That where true Learning is, true Virtue cannot be far off. The rigid and exemplary life which every individual in our Learned Professions is so well known to lead, might be sufficient to evince the truth of this observation, if I could content myself with a single argument, where many are at hand. To descend a little lower than the learned professions—Why are all parish-clerks orthodox Christians, all apothecaries

communicative men, or all justices of the peace upright men, but as their professions are in some degree a-kin to divinity, physic, and the law?

If we carry our enquiries into the city, we shall find those vocations, where most knowledge is required, to be most productive of the civilities of life. Thus the merchant, who writes his letters in French, is a better bred man than his neighbour the shopkeeper, who understands no language but his own; while the shopkeeper, who is able to read and write, and keep his accounts in a book, is a more civilized person than his landlord at the Horns, who scores only in chalk.

We shall be more and more of this opinion, if we look a little into the lives and manners of those people who have no pretensions to literature. Who drinks or sweats more than a country squire? Who, according to his own confession, has been the ruin of so many innocents,

as a fine gentleman? Why, according to Pope, is every woman a rake in her heart? or why, according to truth, is almost every woman of fashion a rake in practice, but from the deplorable misfortune of an unlearned education?

But the last and best argument to prove that Learning and Virtue are cute and effect, remains still to be produced. And here let me ask, if, from the beginning of time to this present May, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-three, it has been once known that an Author was an immoral man? On the contrary, is it not universally allowed, that he is the most virtuous of mankind? To deny that he is the most learned, would be a greater degree of absurdity than I can conceive any person to be guilty of; I shall therefore confine myself to his virtues. What the apostle says of Charity, may as truly be said of an Author—*He suffereth long, and is kind; he beareth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things*. How ignorant is he of the ways of men! How ready to give praise even to the least deserving! How distant from that source of evil, money! How humble in his apparel! How moderate in his pleasures! And, above all, how abstemious in diet, and how temperate in wine! It is to the social virtues of an Author that the present age is indebted for a paper called the WORLD; which it is not doubted will do more good to these nations, than all the volumes, except the Sacred ones, which have hitherto been written.

I am not hinting to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that Learning is at present in a declining state, and that consequently there is less Virtue among us than in former times; on the contrary, when were there more Authors than at present? I challenge any age to produce half the number. From hence it appears that Learning is in a very flourishing condition: for though the Great have thought proper long ago to withdraw their patronage from it, it has pleased Heaven to raise up very able and zealous persons, who are applying all their time and pains to the advancement of it, and to whom it's professors may have weekly access, and be assured of encouragement and reward in proportion to their merits. Your readers will be, no doubt, before-hand with me in naming these patrons of Learning, who, it is very well known, are the honourable and worshipful the fraternity of Bookseilers.

But though I have the greatest vene-

ration for these gentlemen, I can be of opinion, that if the old the Great, were to unite their end with the new patrons, the Book it might accelerate the progress of virtue through this island. Ever knows the effect which a smile, a shake of the hand, or even a word from a great man, has upon the faculties of an author. In all probability he would sit with more serenity with more grace, in a Noble chariot than in his Bookseller's chair; not to mention that three by a French cook, a dessert, and a glass of Champagne, are more agreeable to the spirits than one or two English dishes, and profane Port wine (as indeed it ought always provided) that the servants of his patron will condescend to hear him and then, when he happens to want of any thing that is in the pocket of the side-board.

Who is there among us so ignorant as not to know that the two great amusements of gaming and gambling would never have found such universal admission, if they had not been encouraged by the patronage of people of fashion? The numbers of dress-makers and dancing-dogs, which have contributed so much to our public entertainments, are another proof of the influence of fashion may bring about they determine to be active. But certain great personage, well known in the polite world, was pleased of old to observe of Job, though the account was a false one—*That he did not thank God for naught*; so may it be said that the Great of this generation seem to be paid either in pleasure or profit for their services to mankind shrewdly suspected of the Book that they have some interest in their encouragement of Learning it is my own opinion, that our great men and people of fashion are only ragers of vice and folly, as they seem to be paid for it in pleasure. It signifies, therefore, in this letter, to convince the said people of fashion, that they are losing a great deal of pleasure by shutting their doors against Learning.

In the article of Eating, for instance, that noble pleasure, who is then proper to advise with as one who is acquainted with the kitchens of

cins or an Heliogabalus? For, though I have a very high opinion of our present taste, I cannot help thinking that the ancients were our masters in expensive dinners. Their cooks had an art amongst them, which I do not find that any of ours are arrived at. Trimalchus's cook could make a turbot or an ortolan out of hog's-flesh. Nicomedes, King of Bithynia, when he was three hundred miles from sea, longed for a John-dory, and was supplied with a fresh one by his cook the same hour. I dare say there are men learned enough in this kingdom, under proper encouragement, to restore to us this invaluable secret. In building and furniture, a man of learning might instruct our nobility in the Roman art of expence. Marcus Æmilius Scaurus, the coal-merchant, had eight hundred thousand pounds worth of furniture burnt in the left wing of his country-house. In the article of running in debt, we are people of no spirit: a man of learning will tell us that Milo, a Roman of fashion, owed to his tradesmen and others half a million of money.

The ladies will have equal benefit with the men from their encouragement of Learning. It will be told them, that Lollia Paulina, a young lady of distinction at Rome, wore at a subscription masquerade four hundred thousand pounds worth of jewels. It is said of the same young lady, that she wore jewels to half that amount, if she went only in her night-gown to drink tea at her mantua-maker's. Those ladies of fashion who have the clearest skins, and who of course are enemies to conceal-

ment, may be instructed by men of learning in the thin silk gauze, worn by the ladies of Rome, called the naked drapery. Poppæa, the wife of Nero, who was fond of appearing in this naked drapery, preserved the beautiful polish of her skin by using a warm bath of asses milk. In short, a man of learning, if properly encouraged, might instruct our people of fashion in all the pleasures of luxury, which at present they are only imitating, without abilities to equal.

I have the pleasure of hearing that the gentlemen at White's are at this very time laying their heads together for the advancement of Learning; and that they are likely to sit very late upon it for many nights. Their scheme, which is a very deep one, is to alienate their estates, by which alienation it is presumed that the next generation of people of fashion will of necessity be tradesmen; and, as the business of a Bookseller is supposed to be of a genteeler and more lucrative nature than that of a haberdasher or a pastry-cook, it is imagined that the most honourable families will become Booksellers, and of course patrons of Learning.

I know but one objection to this scheme; which is, that the children of people of fashion are apt to contract so early an aversion to books, that they will hardly be prevailed upon, even by necessity itself, to make them the business of their lives. I am, Sir, your reader and most humble servant,

H. M.

Nº XXI. THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1753.

I Shall only observe upon the following letters, that the first relates chiefly to myself; that the second has a very serious meaning; and that the third contains a hint to the ladies, which I hope will not be thrown away upon them.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

III,

AS it is possible I may one time or other be a correspondent of yours, and may now-and-then, perhaps, have a strong impulse to pay you a compli-

ment, I am willing to know how far I may go without giving offence; and whether, by the advertisement at the end of your first number, you mean to exclude all allusions to the expression, THE WORLD, even though the turn of them should be such, as would be rather treating you with civility than otherwise! As, for instance:

When a man is just upon the point of committing a vicious action, may he check himself by this thought—'What 'will the World say of me?' May a man be threatened that if he does such a thing,

G

thing, 'The World shall know it?' May it be said, 'That the World esteems a 'man of merit?' In short, may the praise and censure of the World be made use of without offence, as arguments to promote virtue and restrain vice?

I am entirely unacquainted with your situation in life; but if you are a married man, I take the liberty to give you one piece of advice. There are certain places of public entertainment, which, though they may chance to be tolerated by law, it were to be wished, for prudential reasons, were more discouraged, and less frequented. Example, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is very prevalent; and the advice I would give you is, that whenever you think proper to go to any such places for your own amusement, you would leave your lady at home; for there is nothing gives greater encouragement than to have it said, 'There was all the World and his Wife:' from whence it is concluded, that all the World and his Wife will be there again the next time. I am Sir, your admirer and humble servant,

COSMOPHILOS.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I Could wish with all my heart that you and I were a little acquainted, that I might invite you to come and take a Sunday's dinner with me. I name Sunday, because I want you to be witness of an evil on that day which possibly, by a constant and sober residence in town, you may not be acquainted with.

It is my misfortune to live in what is called a pleasant village, upon one of the great roads within seven miles of London, where I am almost suffocated with dust every Sunday in the summer, occasioned by those crowds of prentice-boys, who are whipping their hired hacks to death, or driving their crazy one-horse chairs against each other, to the great dismay of women with child, and the mortal havoc of young children. It is a plain case, that neither the fathers nor masters of these young men have any authority over them; if they had, we should find them in their compting-houses, according to the custom of sober citizens on that day, posting their books, and balancing the accounts of the former week. But, in my humble opinion, even this is a custom better

broke through than continue though industry is a very valuable thing, what is called in the city, Man of a very knavish one, it pushed too far; as it most cert when it defeats the end and intent Sunday, which was ordained allotted for a day of rest.

I can just remember, Mr. Fitz that before Christianity was introduced out of these kingdoms, a mighty custom for young folks church on that day; and indeed have thought there was no harm in it, if it had not been proved, as well by people of faith others, that going to church most tiresome thing in the world that, consequently, it was not perverting a day set apart solely

But while almost every one, in lation, is averse to labour on a how strange is it to see a lethargic drudging at his books, a old country couple fatiguing themselves to death by walking to church; children and grand children v their necks and harrasing themselves by running races upon the road! the strict observance of all fast and as we have happily got rid religious prejudices of our foref know but one way of keeping as it ought to be kept; but unl have to propose be backed by y forial authority. I see no probability's taking effect. I could wish fore, that you would earnestly mend to both sexes, of every condition, the living in bed all This will indeed be making it rest, provided that all single pe directed to lie alone, and that p be given to those who cannot their beds to go to church there: If this can be brought our churches may still be kept c the roads cleared of those n dissolute young fellows, who in themselves no inclination to are disturbing the rest of all o ple.

Your taking this matter in deration will oblige all sober ob Sunday; and particularly, S most humble servant,

JOHN S

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IT is an old saying, but a true one, that a good husband commonly makes a good wife. If it was as true, that a good wife commonly made a good husband, I am inclined to think that Hymen would wear a much brighter countenance among us than we generally see him with.

In all families where I have been an intimate, I have taken particular notice of every occurrence that has tended to the disturbance of the matrimonial tranquillity; and, upon tracing those occurrences to their source, I have commonly discovered that the fault was principally in the husband.

I have now in my possession a calculation of Demoivre, made a few years ago, with great labour and accuracy, which proves that the good wives, within the weekly bills, have a majority upon the good husbands of three to one; and I am humbly of opinion, that if the calculation was to be extended to the towns and counties remote from London, we should find the majority at least five times as great. But to those husbands who have never thought of such a calculation, and who have little or no acquaintance with their wives, a majority of three to one may be as much as they will care to swallow; especially if it be considered how many Fine Ladies there are at St. James's, how many Notable Wives in the city, and how many Landladies at Wapping; all of which, as a friend of mine very justly observes, are exactly the same character.

But though I am convinced of the truth of this calculation, I am not so partial to the ladies, particularly the unmarried ones, as to imagine them without fault; on the contrary, I am going to accuse them of a very great one, which, if not put a stop to before the warm weather comes in, no mortal can tell to what lengths it may be carried.

You have already hinted at this fault in the sex, under the genteel appellation of moulting their dres. If necks, shoulders, &c. have begun to shed their covering in winter, what a general display of nature are we to expect this summer, when the excuse of heat may be alledged in favour of such a display? I called some time ago upon a friend of mine near St. James's, who, upon my asking where his sister was, told me—'At her toilette, Undressing for the ridotto.' That the expression may be intelligible to every one of your readers, I beg leave to inform them, that it is the fashion for a lady to Undress herself to go abroad, and to Dress only when she stays at home and sees no company.

It may be urged, perhaps, that the nakedness in fashion is intended only to be emblematical of the innocence of the present generation of young ladies; as we read of our first mother, before the fall, that *she was naked and not ashamed*; but I cannot help thinking, that her daughters of these times should convince us that they are entirely free from original sin, as well as actual transgression, or else be *ashamed* of their Nakedness.

I would ask any pretty Miss about town, if she ever went a second time to see the wax-work, or the lions, or even the dogs and the monkies, with the same delight as at first? Certain it is, that the finest show in the world excites but little curiosity in those who have seen it before. 'That was a very fine picture,' says my lord, 'but I had seen it before.'—'Twas a sweet song of the Galli's,' says my lady, 'but I had heard it before.'—'A very fine poem,' says the critic, 'but I had read it before.' Let every lady therefore take care, that while she is displaying in public a bosom whiter than snow, the men do not look as if they were saying—'Tis very pretty, but we have seen it before.' I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

S. L.

pay any regard to the produc-
 of a puerile pen, or that out of the
 mths of *babes and sucklings* the pub-
 will deign to receive either instruction
 amusement; but, however that may
 I cannot forbear acknowledging the
 gations I owe you, if it be only to
 since you that gratitude is still a
 ol-boy's virtue. You must know,
 , that ever since you made your first
 arance, I have constantly appro-
 the sum of two-pence, out of my
 er-allowance of a shilling a week,
 e purchase of your paper; and have
 , while my school-fellows were
 gion the old thread bare subjects
 ace and Rome, enriched my exer-
 om your treasure with some lively
 on modern manners; but never
 h to my honour as last week, when
 up of Juvenal prefixed to this let-
 our theme. The general topic
 lawning against that old-fashion-
 ntic language called Greek, which
 y imagine was the most popular
 at could be given to the subject
 t, for my part, I chose to consider
 is spirit than the letter of my au-
 to turn my satire against France,
 ce of our days; in which view I
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Whether the
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pared for similar purposes, with great probability of success, to the use of the *rod*? Now I appeal to common sense, whether rambling abroad, and running out of bounds, are not exactly the same offences; only that the one is committed by the great children, the other by the little ones; and if the discipline of birch is found effectual to restrain it in the latter, why should not the experiment be tried at least with the former? The *rod*, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the *rod* is the thing, which, if well administered, would serve to deter many a man-child from exposing himself as a rambler, whose callous sensations the lash of ridicule could make no impression upon. In recommending this, I am sorry to say I have the authority of experience to support me, having had the misfortune to feel, in my own proper person, how efficacious the smart of a little flagellation is to correct an inordinate passion for travelling: for the rage of travel, *Sr*, prevails in our little society as in your larger one, and has formerly, when this argument *a posteriori* was not so frequently used to discourage it, manifested itself in perpetual excursions to *foreign parts*; such as Cluer, Datchet, Windsor, &c. at every short interval between school-times, just as the grown children of fashion run over to Paris during a recess of parliament. But the ceremony of an installation was equivalent to a jubilee, and used to occasion almost a total emigration, which I assure you was prevented the last time by this salutary terror; a terror which operates so strongly, that though there is now-and-then a clandestine excursion made by some daring genius, yet it is but seldom, and attended with such trepidation when it happens, as to justify the picture which the sweetest of our elegiac poets has drawn of us—

Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

It may possibly be objected, that our man-children are too big to be whipt like school-boys; but if the description be just, which I heard a gentleman at my father's give last holidays of our countrymen abroad, I leave you to judge whether they would or not. 'Strolling 'over Europe,' these were his words, 'and staring about with a strange mixture of raw admiration and rude con-

tempt; both equally the effect of ignorance and inexperience. Insolently despising foreign manners and customs, merely because they are foreign, which yet for the same reason they would fain copy, though awkwardly, and without distinction. Uninstructed with any sound principles of comparison; unreasonably vain; and, by turns, ashamed of their native country, trifling, sheepish, and riotous.' What are these, Mr. Fitz-Adam, but school-boys out of bounds? And shall they not be whipt, severely whipt, when they return? It is beneath the dignity of government to inflict a more serious punishment, and contrary to it's wisdom to connive at the offence.

There is a bill, I am told, depending in parliament, the idea of which, if I am rightly informed, is plainly borrowed from our custom of *calling absence*; that is, calling over the list of names, to which each boy is expected to appear and answer; I mean the register bill, which it seems establishes an *absence* to be called annually throughout the kingdom: an admirable institution, calculated, I suppose, as among us, for the detection of these very offenders. Let those patriots, then, who have condescended to copy one institution of school-policy, adopt the whole plan; for surely to detect without punishing, would be stopping short of the mark. Suppose then that a bill was to be prepared, intitled, 'An Act against Rambling,' which may be considered as a proper supplement to the vagrant act; by which a board should be constituted, and called the *home board*; the president and principal members of which are to be chosen out of the laudable society of Anticallicans; to whom the proper officers appointed to *call absence*, pursuant to the register act, shall transmit annually complete lists of absentees in foreign parts, who on their return home shall be liable to be summoned and examined in a summary way before the board, whose sentence shall be final. That all going into foreign parts shall not be deemed *rambling*; but that the legislature may in it's wisdom define the offence, and specify certain tokens by which it may be ascertained; such, for instance, as debasing the purity of the English language, by a vile mixture of exotic words, idioms, and phrases; all impertinent and unmeaning flurys, grimaces, and

deputies. The number of
s to be proportioned to the crime;
less than seven, nor more than
and twenty, exclusive of the flying
as the criminal rises. The time of
tion, for the sake of public exam-
o be twelve at noon; and some one
er of the *home board* always to at-
and intermix proper reproofs and
itions between the cuts, which are
applied slowly and distinctly.—
led always, that nothing in this
stained shall extend to persons who
re seas in order to finish their stu-
foreign universities; to gentlemen
ivel with the public-spirited de-
procuring singers and dancers for
ra; or to such young patriots who
told they f
England,
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and pompos
I am willing
should be n
Sir, I subm
If the found
weak one,
youth to ple
same excuse
swain in Virg
I beg leave to
*Urhem, quam d
Stultus ego kuit
Sic CANIBUS*
I am, Sir,

Nº XXIII. THURSDAY, JUN

with some degree of pride as
is pleasure that I see my corre-
multiply so fast, that the task
ndertaken is become almost a
For many weeks past it has
ely so, allowing only for some
ations, which I judged it ne-
make in two or three essays; a
ich I shall never take without
t caution, and upon some other

TO MR

SIR,

To gratify th
friend, I an
weeks ago to E
should not other
distresses of my
me too much to

ful miser, having in fancy converted his rags to gold, sat counting out his wealth, and trembling at all who saw him. There the prodigal was hurrying up and down his ward, and giving fortunes to thousands. On one side a straw-crowned king was delivering laws to his people; and on the other a husband, mad indeed, was dictating to a wife that had undone him. Sudden fits of raving interrupted the solemn walk of the melancholy musician, and ferred despair sat upon the pallid countenance of the love-sick maid.

To those who have feeling minds, there is nothing so affecting as sights like these; nor can a better lesson be taught us in any part of the globe than in this school of misery. Here we may see the mighty reasoners of the earth below even the insects that crawl upon it; and from so humbling a sight we may learn to moderate our pride, and to keep these passions within bounds, which, if too much indulged, would draw reason from her seat, and level us with the wretches of this unhappy mansion. But, I am sorry to say it, curiosity and wantonness, more than a desire of instruction, carry the majority of spectators to this dismal place. It was in the Easter-week that I attended my friend there; when, to my great surprise, I found a hundred people at least, who, having paid their two-pence a piece, were suffered unattended to run rioting up and down the wards, making sport and diversion of the miserable inhabitants; a cruelty which one would think human nature hardly capable of! Surely if the utmost misery of mankind is to be made a sight of for gain, those who are the governors of this hospital should take care that proper persons are appointed to attend the spectators, and not suffer indecencies to be committed which would shock the humanity of the savage Indians. I saw some of the poor wretches provoked by the insults of this holiday mob into furies of rage; and I saw the poorer wretches, the spectators, in a loud laugh of triumph at the ravings they had occasioned.

In a country where Christianity is at least professed, it is strange that humanity should, in this instance, so totally have abandoned us: for however trifling this may appear to some particular persons, I cannot help looking upon it as a reflection upon the nation, and worthy the consideration of all good men. I

know it is a hard task to alter the wanton dispositions of mankind; but it is not hard for men in power to hinder people from venting those dispositions on the unhappy objects in question, of whom every governor is the guardian, and therefore bound to protect them from so cruel an outrage, which is not only injurious to the poor wretches themselves, but is also an insult upon human nature. I hope, therefore, that for the future the governors of this noble charity will think themselves obliged, in conscience and honour, to rectify an abuse which is so great a discredit to it; or if they continue regardless of it, that you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, will pronounce every individual of them to be an accomplice in the barbarity.

And now, Sir, that I am upon the subject of madness, give me leave to hint to you an opinion which I have often entertained, and which my late visit to Bedlam has again revived, that the maddest people in this kingdom are not *in*, but *out* of Bedlam. I have frequently compared in my own mind the actions of certain persons whom we daily meet with in the world, with those of the inhabitants of Bedlam, who, properly speaking, may be said to be out of it; and I know of no other difference between them, than that the former are mad with their reason about them, and the latter so from the misfortune of having lost it. But what is extraordinary in this age, when, to it's honour be it spoken, charity is become fashionable, these unhappy wretches are suffered to run loose about the town, raising riots in public assemblies, beating constables, breaking lamps, damning parsons, affronting modesty, disturbing families, and destroying their own fortunes and constitutions: and all this without any provision being made for them, or the least attempt to cure them of this madness in their blood.

The miserable objects I am speaking of are divided into two classes; the Men of Spirit about Town, and the Bucks. The Men of Spirit have some glimmerings of understanding, the Bucks none: the former are demoniacs, or people possessed; the latter are uniformly and incurably mad. For the reception and confinement of both these classes, I would humbly propose that two very spacious buildings be erected, the one called the Hospital for Men of Spirit, or demoniacs;

aces; and the other the Hospital for Bucks, or Incurables. Of these hospitals I would have the keepers of our Bridewells appointed governors, with full powers of constituting such deputies or sub-governors as to their wisdom should seem meet. That after such hospitals are built, proper officers appointed, and doctors, surgeons, apothecaries, and mad nurses provided, all young noblemen, and others within the bills of mortality, having common sense, who shall be found offending against the rules of decency, either in the cases above-mentioned, or in others of a similar nature, shall immediately be conducted to the hospital for demoniacs, there to be exorcised, physicked, and disciplined into a proper use of their senses; and that full liberty be granted to all persons whatsoever to visit, laugh at, and make sport of these demoniacs, without lett or molestation from any of the keepers, according to the present custom of Bedlam. To the Buck Hospital for incurables, I

would have all such persons cor that are mad through folly, igno or conceit; there to be shut up fo not only to be prevented from doin chief, but from exposing in their persons the weaknesses and miser mankind. These incurables, on n tence whatsoever, to be visited or culed; as it would be altogether human to insult the unhappy wr who never were possessed of their as it is to make a jest of those who unfortunately lost them.

The building and endowing thepitals I leave to the projectors of and means; contenting myself with ing communicated a scheme whi carried into execution, will feci from these swarms of madmen whi at present so much the dread an turbanee of all public places. I Sir, your constant reader, and humble servant,

Nº XXIV. THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1753.

I Shall not at present enter into the great question between the ancients and the moderns; much less shall I presume to decide upon a point of that importance, which has been the subject of debate among the learned from the days of Horace down to ours. To make my court to the learned, I will lament the gradual decay of human nature for these last sixteen centuries; but at the same time I will do justice to my cotemporaries, and give them their due share of praise, where they have either struck out new inventions, or improved and brought old ones to perfection. Some of them I shall now mention.

The most zealous and partial advocate for the ancients will not, I believe, pretend to dispute the infinite superiority of the moderns in the art of healing. Hippocrates, Celsus, and Galen, had no specifics. They rather endeavoured to relieve than pretend to cure. As for the astonishing cures of Æsculapius, I do not put them into the account; they are to be ascribed to his power, not to his skill: he was a god, and his divinity was his nostrum. But how prodigiously have my ingenious cotemporaries extended the bounds of medicine! What

nostrums, what specifics, have the discovered! Collectively considered insure not only perfect health, but a necessary consequence, immort insomuch, that I am astonished w still read in the weekly bills the number of people who chuse to such and such distempers, for ever of which there are infallible and sp cures not only advertised, but attes all the news-papers.

When the lower sort of Irish, i most uncivilized parts of Ireland, a the funeral of a deceased friend or n bour, before they give the last pa howl, they exhortulate with the body, and reproach him with h died, notwithstanding that he h excellent wife, a milch cow, sever children, and a competency of pot: Now, though all these, particularl excellent wife, are, very good t in a state of perfect health, they ca as I apprehend, be looked upon as ventive either of sickness or of d but with how much more reason we exhortulate with, and censure of our cotemporaries, who, either obstinacy or incredulity, die in this metropolis, or indeed in this king

when they may prevent or cure, at a trifling expence, not only all distempers, but even old age, and death itself! The *Renovating Elixir infallibly restores private parts and vigour, be the patient ever so old and decayed*, and that without loss of time or business; whereas the fine operation among the ancients was both tedious and painful, as it required a thorough boiling of the patient.

The most inflammatory and intrepid fears fly at the first discharge of Dr. Jones's Powder; and a drop or pill of the celebrated Mr. Ward corrects all the malignity of Pandora's box.

Ought not every man of great birth and estate, who for many years has been afflicted with the Potteromania, or rage of being potterity, a distemper very common among persons of that sort; ought he not, I say, to be ashamed of being no little male to perpetuate his illustrious name and title, when for so small a sum as three-and-six-pence, he can his Lady might be supplied with a true continuance of the Vivifying Drops, which infallibly cure imbecility in men, and sterility in women, though of no so long standing?

Another very great discovery of the motions in the art of healing is, the infallible cure of the king's-evil, though never so inveterate, by only the touch of a royal king, the right heir of Adam: for that is essentially necessary. The ancients were unacquainted with this infallible cure; and even Solomon the son of David, the wisest of kings, knew nothing of the matter. But our British Solomon, King James the First, a son of David also, was no stranger to it, and cured it with success. This fact is sufficiently proved by experience; but if wanted any corroborating testimony, we have that of the ingenious Mr. Carte, who, in his incomparable history of England, asserts, (and that in a marginal note too, which is always more material than the text) that he knew Somebody, who was radically cured of a most obstinate king's-evil by the touch of Somebody. As our sagacious historian does not even intimate that this Somebody took any thing of the other Somebody for the cure, it were to be wished that he had named this Somebody, and his place of abode, for the benefit of the poor, who are now reduced, and at some expence, to have recourse to Mr. Vickers the clergyman.

Besides, I fairly confess myself to be personally interested in this enquiry, since this Somebody must necessarily be the right heir of Adam, and consequently I must have the honour of being related to him.

Our laborious neighbours and kinsmen, the Germans, are not without their inventions and happy discoveries in the art of medicine; for they laugh at a wound through the heart, if they can but apply their powder of sympathy—not to the wound itself, but to the sword or bullet that made it.

Having now (at least in my own opinion) fully proved the superiority of the moderns over the ancients in the art of healing, I shall proceed to some other particulars, in which my cotemporaries will as justly claim, and I hope be allowed, the preference.

The ingenious Mr. Warburton, in his Divine Legation of Moses, very justly observes, that hieroglyphics were the beginning of letters; but at the same time he candidly allows, that it was a very troublesome and uncertain method of communicating one's ideas, as it depended in a great measure on the writer's skill in drawing, (an art little known in those days;) and as a stroke too much or too little, too high or too low, might be of the most dangerous consequence, in religion, business, or love. Cadmus removed this difficulty by his invention of unequivocal letters; but then he removed it too much; for those letters or marks, being the same throughout, and fixed alphabetically, soon became generally known, and prevented that secrecy which in many cases was to be wished for. This inconveniency suggested to the ancients the invention of cryptography and steganography, or a mysterious and unintelligible way of writing, by the help of which none but corresponding parties who had the key could decypher the matter. But human industry soon refined upon this too; the art of decyphering was discovered, and the skill of the decypherer baffled all the labour of the cypherer. The secrecy of all literary correspondence became precarious, and neither business nor love could any longer be safely trusted to paper. Such, for a considerable time, was the unhappy state of letters; till the Beau Monde, an inventive race of people, found out a new kind of cryptography, or steganography, unknown to the ancients, and free from

some of their inconveniencies. Lovers in general made use of it; controversial writers commonly; and ministers of state sometimes, in the most important dispatches. It was writing in such an unintelligible manner, and with such obscurity, that the corresponding parties themselves neither understood, nor even guessed at each other's meaning; which was a most effectual security against all the accidents to which letters are liable by being either mislaid or intercepted. But this method too, though long pursued, was also attended with some inconveniencies. It frequently produced mistakes, by scattering false lights upon that friendly darkness, so propitious to business and love. But our inventive neighbours, the French, have very lately removed all these inconveniencies, by a happy discovery of a new kind of paper, as pleasing to the eye, and as conducive to the dispatch, the clearness, and, at the same time, the secrecy of all literary correspondence. My worthy friend Mr. Doddsley lately brought me a sample of it; upon which, if I mistake not, he will make very considerable improvements, as my countrymen often do upon the inventions of other nations. This sheet of paper I conjectured to be the ground-work and principal material of a tender and passionate letter from a fine gentleman to a fine lady; though in truth it might very well be the whole letter itself. At the top of the first page was delineated a lady with very red cheeks, and a very large hoop, in the fashionable attitude of knotting, and of making a very genteel French curtsy. This evidently appears to stand for Madam, and saves the time and trouble of writing it. At the bottom of the third page was painted a very fine well-dressed gentleman, with his hat under his left-arm, and his right-hand upon his heart, bowing most respectfully low; which single figure, by an admirable piece of brachygraphy, or short-hand, plainly conveys this deep sense, and stands instead of these many words—'I have the honour to be, with the tenderest and warmest sentiments, Madam, your most inviolably attached, faithful humble servant.' The margin of the paper, which was about half an inch broad, was very properly decorated with all the emblems of triumphant beauty, and tender suffering passion. Groups of lilies, roses, pearls,

corals, suns, and stars, were intermingled with chains, bearded shafts, and melting hearts. Such a sheet of paper, seems to me to be a confessor; and I would advise all gentlemen, whose time I know is precious to avail themselves of this admiration: it will save them a great deal of time, and perhaps some thought. I cannot help thinking, that were I even to take the trouble of filling paper with the tenderest sentiments to their hearts, or the most shining of their fancy, they would add no more delicacy to those types and for the lady's conquests, and their own activity and sufferings.

These blank letters (if I name them so, when they convey so much) will mock the jealous curiosity of husbands and fathers, who will invite them to the fire to elicit the juice of lemon, and upon whom they may afterwards pass for a piece of innocent pleasantry.

The dullest of my readers must be aware, by this time be aware, of the utility of this invention extends, *mutandis*, to whatever can be the subject of letters; and with much labour, and much more secrecy, privacy and elegance, than the old way of writing.

A painter of but moderate fancy may in a very short time fill reams of ready-painted paper by supply the demands of the state, the divine, and the lover. And I think it my duty to inform the public, my good friend Mr. Doddsley, who complained of the decay of trade, who loves, with a prudent regard to his own interest, to encourage every new invention, is at this time labouring to paint with the most unwearied application; and I make no doubt but that in a very little time he will be able to furnish all sorts of perfect the best ready-made goods of the kind. I warned him indeed against profiting any for the two learned professions of law and physic, which I apprehend lie upon his hands: one of the already in possession (to speak in a style) of a more brachygraphic, or shorthand, and steganographic in writing their Warrants; and not willingly admitting brevity of shape. Otherwise, what numbers of skins of parchment, and lines of

might be saved in a marriage-settlement! For instance, if the first fourteen or fifteen sons, the supposed future issue, lawfully to be begotten of that happy marriage, and upon whom the settlement is successively made, were to be painted every one a size less than the other upon one skin of parchment, instead of being enumerated upon one hundred, according to priority of birth, and seniority of age; and moreover the elder, by a happy pleonasmus, always to take before, and be preferred to the younger! But this useful alteration is more to be wished than expected, for reasons which I do not at present think proper to mention.

I am sensible that the government may possibly object, that I am suggesting to its enemies a method of carrying on their treasonable correspondences with much more secrecy than formerly: but as my intentions are honest, I should be very sorry to have my loyalty suspected; and when I consider the zeal, and at the same time the ingenuity of the Jacobites, I am convinced that their letters in this new method will be so charged with groves of oaken boughs, white roses and thistles interwoven, that their meaning will not be obscure, and consequently no danger will arise to the government from this new and excellent invention.

Nº XXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1753.

I Have the pleasure of informing my fair correspondent, that her petition contained in the following letter is granted. I wish I could as easily restore to her what she has lost. But to a mind like her's, so elevated! so harmonized! time, and the consciousness of so much purity of intention, will bring relief. It must always afford her matter of the most pleasing reflection, that her soul had no participation with her material part in that particular act which she appears to mention with so tender a regret. But it is not my intention to anticipate her story, by endeavouring to console her. Her letter, I hope, will caution all young ladies of equal virtue with herself against that excess of complaisance, with which they are sometimes too willing to entertain their lovers.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Have not the least ill-will to your friend Mr. Dodsley, whom I never saw in my life; but I address myself to your equity and good-nature, for a small share only of your favour and recommendation in that new and valuable branch of trade to which you have informed the public he is now applying himself, and which I hope you will not think it reasonable that he should monopolize: I mean that admirable, short, and secret method of communicating one's ideas by ingenious emblems and

representations of the pencil, instead of the vulgar and old method of letters by the pen. Give me leave, Sir, to state my case and my qualifications to you: I am sure you will decide with justice.

I am the daughter of a clergyman, who, having had a very good living, gave me a good education, and left me no fortune. I had naturally a turn to reading and drawing: my father encouraged and assisted me in the one, allowed me a master to instruct me in the other, and I made an uncommon progress in them both. My heart was tender, and my sentiments were delicate; perhaps too much so for my rank in life. This disposition led me to study chiefly those treasures of divine honour, spotless virtue, and refined sentiment, the voluminous romances of the last century; sentiments from which, I thank Heaven, I have never deviated. From a sympathizing softness of soul, how often have I wept over those affecting distresses! How have I shared the pangs of the chaste and lovely Mariamne, upon the death of the tender, the faithful Tiridates! And how has my indignation been excited at the unfaithful and ungenerous historical misrepresentations of the gallant first Brutus, who was undoubtedly the tenderest lover that ever lived! My drawings took the same elegant turn with my reading. I painted all the most moving and tender stories of charming Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; not without sometimes mingling my tears with my colours. I presented some

H a

sons

fans of my own painting to some ladies in the neighbourhood, who were pleased to commend both the execution and the designs. The latter I always took care should be moving, and at the same time irreproachably pure; and I found means even to represent, with all kinds of delicacy, the voluptuousness of the unfortunate Philodæ. With this view of mind, this refinement of taste, it will be supposed that I loved. I did, Sir; tenderly and truly I loved. With and I did in a passion, which, when classified as mine was from the impetuosity of sensuality, is the roused and not generous sentiment of the human breast? Oh! that the traitor heart of the dark deceiver, whose perfidious vessel to your mine, had been better purged!—The traitor was quartered with his troop of dragons in the town where I lived. His person was a happy compound of the manly strength of a hero, and all the softer graces of a lover; and I thought that I discovered in him, at first sight, all the courage and all the tenderness of Orosmande. My figure, which was not bad, it seems pleased him as much. He sought and obtained my acquaintance. Seen by his eyes, and soon after by his words, he declared his passion to me. My bluntness, my confusion, and my silence, he gently spoke mine. Good gods! how tender were his words! how long lingeringly tolt his eyes! with what ardour did he press my hand! a trifling liberty which one cannot decently refuse, and for which refusal there is no precedent. Sometimes he addressed me in the moving words of Varanes, sometimes in the tender accents of Castalie, and sometimes in the former language of Jubal; for he was a very good scholar. In short, Sir, a month was not past before he pressed for what he called a proof of my passion. I trembled at the very thought, and reproached him with the indecency of it. He persisted; and I, in compliance with custom only, hinted previous marriage: he urged love; and I was not vulgar enough to refuse to the man I tenderly loved the proof he required of my passion. I yielded, it is true; but it was to sentiment, not to desire. A few months gave me reason to suspect that his passion was not quite so pure; and within the year the perfidious wretch convinced me that it had been merely *sensual*: for upon the removal of his

troop to other quarters, he took leave of me, and contented himself saying, that in the course of quahoped to have the pleasure some other of seeing me again. Yo Fitz-Adam, if you have any c of soul, as I dare say you ha better will, than I can express, m a truly, and the tears I find this necessary; but all in vain—the thousand tender letters which written to him, and to which received no answer. As all this within the course of ten months but a child; which dear play friend and only love I now must the expense of more than half of have to fill in upon myself.

Having now, as I hope, given you a condilion, and paid my fiction, I must now prove patience; which is, that you please to take care not to mix with all the common which you so justly respect, for a three new and beautiful branch of t man no fault with, be just bo which the finest province may I, or Mr. Daffow engrossed with my betwixt. Though I believe not, as has been in the theory of delicate sentiment have; and I have already a good stock in hand of these blue-eyed emblematical paintings, applicable almost every situation in a scene of love, virtue, and ceremony, &c. herself. I indulge my fancy in ing them, according to the various positions of mind which my various tunes produced. I think I do without vanity, that I have made sensible happy women in the corner of the R. ches of Love in C have adorned the banks of the crystalline Tender with several lagoons and groves; and added to the pleasing melancholic sighs and tender cares. I have quires, printed in my happier moments of hearts united and crowned, the Cupids, wanton zephyrs, content tender doves, myrtle hovers, I jestamine and tuberose, and shady Thais will require very little fill if any, from ladies who are in the ported situation of growing love the forsaken and complaining fa whom, alas! I too fatally sympathize I have tender willows drooping

murmuring brooks, and gloomy walks of mournful cyprets and solemn yew. In short, Sir, I either have by me, or will forthwith provide, whatever can convey the most perfect ideas of elegant friendship, or pure, refined, and sentimental passion. But I think it neces-

sary to give notice, that if any ladies would express any indelicate ideas of love, or require any types or emblems of sensual joy, they must not apply to, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

PARTHENISSA.

Nº XXVI. THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1753.

SIMPLICITY is with justice esteemed a supreme excellence in all the performances of art, because by this quality they more nearly resemble the productions of nature; and the productions of nature have ever been accounted nobler, and of a higher order, in proportion to their Simplicity. Hence arise (as the ladies will permit me to phrase it, in a comment) the superior excellence of spirit to matter, which is essential in a combination of many particulars; whereas the fact is pure, uncompounded, and indivisible.

But let us descend from lofty speculations, and unfold metaphysics, into common life and familiar arts, in order more fully to display the beauties of a just Simplicity, to which the present age seems not to pay a proper regard in various instances.

Nothing can be more tiresome and noxious to a virtuoso of a true judgment and a just eye in printings, than the gaudy glitter of florid colours, and a vast profusion of light, unshaded by shade, and undiversified with tints of a browner cast. It is recorded, that some of the capital pieces of Apelles were wrought in four colours only. This excellent artist invented also a kind of speaking varnish, that might temper and chastise all dazzling splendour and unnecessary glare; and might give, as Piny expresses it, a modesty and austerity to his works. Those who have been unaccustomed to the best models, are usually at first more delighted with the productions of the Flemish than the Italian school; and prefer Rubens to Raphael, till they feel by experience, that lushness and gay colouring defeats the very end of the art, by turning the attention from it's principal excellencies; that is, from Truth, Simplicity, and Design.

If these observations are rightly found-

ed, what shall we say of the taste and judgment of those who spend their lives and their fortunes in collecting pieces, where neither perspective, nor proportion, nor conformity to nature, are observed; I mean the extravagant lovers and purchasers of China, and Indian screens. I saw a sensible foreigner astonished at a late auction, with the exorbitant prices given for these Splendid Deformities, as he called them, while an exquisite painting of Guido passed unnoticed, and was set aside as unfashionable lumber. Happy should I think myself to be able to convince the fair connoisseurs that make the greatest part of Mr. Langford's audience, that no genuine beauty is to be found in whimsical and grotesque figures, the monstrous offspring of wild imagination, undirected by nature and truth.

It is of equal consequence to observe Simplicity in architecture as in painting. A multiplicity of minute ornaments, a vast variety of angles and cavities, clusters of little columns, and a crowd of windows, are what distinguish Meanness of Manner in building from Greatness; that is, the Gothic from the Grecian; in which every decoration arises from necessity and use, and every pillar has something to support.

Mark how the dread PANTHEON stands,
Amid the domes of modern hands!
Amid the toys of idle state,
How simply, how severely great!

says the celebrated author of the Ode to Lord Huntingdon. Nothing, therefore, offends me more, than to behold the revival of this barbarous taste, in several villas, temples, and pleasure houses, that disgrace the neighbourhood of this metropolis. Nay, sometimes in the front of the same edifice, to find a Grecian plan adulterated and defiled by the ungovernable

any intricate divisions, wild variations, and useless repetitions, without any apparent necessity arising either from the words or from any other incident, that the chief ambition of the composer seems to be rather to surprise the ear than to ease the judgment; and that of the performers, to shew his execution rather than his expression. It is from these motives that the hearer is often confounded, but is delighted, with sudden and unnatural transitions from the key, and returns it as unnatural as the transitions themselves; while Pathos, the soul of music, is either unknown or totally neglected. Those who have studied the works of Corelli among the modern authors, and Handel in the present age, know that the most affecting passages of former owe their excellence to Simplicity alone; and that the latter understands it as well, and attends to it as highly, though he knows when to introduce with propriety those niceties and ornaments, which, for want of propriety, we condemn in others. In every species of writing, whether we consider style or sentiment, Simplicity is a beauty. The perfection of language, says the great father of criticism, lies in it's being perspicuous but not

prosecuted
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must add,
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different of
and weaker
city of eve-
Athenians,
simple a plo-
Sophocles, I
tience or mo-
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If we rail
of more in-
mean dress;
ence, Simpli-
It might be
to censure a
last night -

N^o XXVII. THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1759.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

THE forming separate societies, in order to exercise the great duty of self mortification, seems to me to be one of the most general and prevailing tendencies in human nature. For even in those countries, where the freedom of the laws, or the ill execution of them, or the licentiousness of manners, has given a sort of public sanction to a less severe discipline, in England itself, what numerous sectaries have subsisted upon this disposition of the human mind?

It is upon this principle that the various and opposite tenets of different systems are built. Mahomet, Confucius, and other religious law-givers; the founders of larger societies, or smaller communities, have availed themselves of this bias in the mind of man; which, at one time or other, is sure to draw him with more than ordinary force.

If ambition occupies, if love monopolizes, if indolence stupifies, if literature amuses, if pride expands, or humility condenses the immortal spirit of man; if revenge animates, if a softer sensation mollifies, if trifles annihilate, if domestic cares engage, if dress and equipage possess the divine mind of women; these passions will, sooner or later, most certainly subside in both, and give place to that impulse which begets various kinds of mortified communities in different climes and countries. Hence such multitudes, in a neighbouring country, pass the last periods of their lives in the monastic severities of the strictest devotion; and hence it likewise is, that we see such numbers in our own country expose themselves to midnight damps at Vauxhall, and to be pressed to death by well-dressed mobs at routs.

Indeed, the more we consider the human species, from the rude savage up to the most polished courtier, the more we shall be persuaded of this general tendency in our natures to acts of voluntary mortification.

But what puts this matter out of all doubt, is, the erection of three Monasteries, within many of our memories, in

the most conspicuous parts of this great metropolis.

I hope your country Protestant readers will not be too much alarmed; I can assure them that they pay no Peter-pence. They are formed at present of societies composed entirely of males; but we hope it will not be long before they either open the arms of their communities for the reception of females, or that the ladies, excited by their example, and animated by the same principles, will form seminaries for their own sex, and that some departing matron may be prevailed upon to found a charity for this purpose.

For the furtherance of so desirable a community, it may not here be improper to offer a legal clause to be inserted in any last will or testament, viz. 'I, A. B. spinster or dowager, being tired of all men, and having no mortal to whom I have reason to wish well; having settled a competent provision on my birds, dogs, and cats, do leave the sum of _____ pounds, towards erecting a building, and the establishing a society for the following purposes, &c. &c. &c.'

Now, as soon as a sufficient number of holy filters shall be collected, I think they cannot do more wisely than to form their new seminary upon the model of one of those three great Monasteries so lately founded; nor would I advise them to vary much from those plans, as the difference of male and female will always be, to those who contemplate things profoundly, a sufficient badge of distinction.

For the direction, therefore, of these future lady abbesses, it will be necessary to give them some account of the three Monastic Societies before-mentioned; which will appear to owe their rise entirely to that innate love of separate clanship and self-mortification, which, according to my present maxim, is universally implanted in the human breast.

There are few women of fashion who have not heard of Harry the Eighth; many of them are perfectly well acquainted with that glorious fountain from which the Reformation first sprung, which produced the dissolution of papal monasteries

their own elegant houses, to sacrifice domestic and conjugal satisfactions, to neglect the endearing rites of hospitality, in order to elicit themselves among those, with whom they can have no connection, but upon the afore said principles?

But since such is the general bent of the human mind, it is become a fit subject for the World to consider by what methods these Seminaries may be so

multiplied as to comprehend all ranks and orders of men and women. And if fifty new churches were thought few enough to keep pace with the zeal of good Queen Anne's days, I believe, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you will not think five hundred large mansions of the kind I am speaking of, will be too many for the present.

I am, yours, &c.

J. T.

Nº XXVIII. THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1753.

PAUCI DIGNOSCERE POSSUNT
VERA BONA, ATQUE ILLIS MULTUM DIVERSA.

JUV.

IT is a common observation, that though happiness is every man's aim, and though it is generally pursued by a gratification of the predominant passion, yet few have acuteness enough to discover the points which would effectually procure the long-sought end. One cannot but wonder that such intense application as most of us bestow on the cultivation of our favourite desires, should yet leave us ignorant of the most essential objects of our study. For my part, I was so early convinced of the truth of this observation, that, instead of searching for what would contribute most to my own happiness, I have spent great part of my life in the study of what may extend the enjoyment of others. This knowledge, I flatter myself, I have discovered, and shall disclose to the world. I beg to be attended to: I beg mankind will believe that I know better than any of them what will ascertain the felicity of their lives. I am not going to impart so great (though so often revealed) a secret, as that it is religion or virtue: few would believe me, fewer would try the recipe. In spite of the philosophy of the age, in spite of the gravity of my character, and of the decency which I hope I have hitherto most scrupulously observed, I must avow my persuasion, that the sensual pleasure of LOVE is the great cordial of life, and the only specific for removing the anxieties of our passions, or for supporting the injuries and iniquities which we suffer from those of other men.

'Well!' shall I be told, 'and is this your admirable discovery? Is this the Arcanum that has escaped the pe-

netration of all enquirers in all ages? What other doctrine has been taught by the most sensible philosophers? Was not this the text of the sermons of Epicurus? Was not this the theory, and practice too, of the experienced Alcibiades? What other were the tenets of the sage Lord Rochester, or of the missionary Saint Evremont?' It is very true; and a thousand other founders of sects, nay, of religious orders, have taught, or at least practised, the same doctrines. But I pretend to introduce such refinements into the system of sensuality, as shall vindicate the discovery to myself, and throw at a distance the minute philosophers, who (if they were my forerunners) only served to lead the world astray.

Hear then in one word the mysterious precept! 'Young women are *not* the proper object of sensual love: it is the MATRON, the HOARY FAIR, who can give, communicate, insure happiness.' I might enumerate a thousand reasons to enforce my doctrine; as the fickleness of youth, the caprices of beauty and it's transient state, the jealousy from rivals, the distraction from having children, the important avocations of dress, and the infinite occupations of a pretty woman, which endanger or divide her sentiments from being always fixed on the faithful lover; and none of which combat the affections of the grateful, tender, attentive MATRON. But as one example is worth a thousand reasons, I shall recommend my plan by pointing out the extreme happiness which has attended such discreet heroes as are commemorated in the annals of love for having offered up ^{their}

than they do twenty now; a sensation of happiness which they will find increase as they advance in years. I cannot but observe with pleasure, that the legislature itself seems to coincide with my way of thinking, and has very prudently enacted, that young ladies shall not enter so early into the bonds of love, when they are incapable of reflection, and of all the serious duties which belong to an union of hearts. A sentiment which, indeed, our laws seem always to have had in view; for unless there was implanted in our nature a strong temptation towards the love of Elderly women, why should the very first prohibition in the table of consanguinity forbid man to marry his Grandmother?

The first heroine we read of, whose arms were proof against the injuries of time, was the accomplished Sarah: I think the most moderate computations make her to be ninety, when that wanton monarch Abimelech would have derided her virtue. But as doubts in the observance of that virtue had not the great foundation of the continuance of her beauty, and as the rigidity of it rather exempts her from, than exposes her as an object of my doctrine, I will say no more of that lady.

much to
sion of :
to love.

But it
exquisite
love, fro
of happi
coveries
that nati
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woman,
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tters, man
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his life an
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with atroc
notions of
still idolize
married he

treated by an old governante, and sighed away whole years at the feet of his venerable mistress, as she worked at her tent with spectacles. If Louis le Grand was not a judge of pleasure, who can pretend to be? If he was, in favour of what age did he give the golden apple?

I shall close my catalogue of ancient mistresses with the renowned Ninon L'Enclos, a lady whose life alone is sufficient to inculcate my doctrine in it's utmost force. I shall say nothing of her numerous conquests for the first half of her life: she had wit, youth, and beauty, three ingredients which will always attract silly admirers. It was not till the fifty-sixth year that her superior merit distinguished itself; and from that to her ninetieth, she went on improving in the real arts and charms of love. How unfortunate am I that she did not live a few years longer, that I might have had the opportunity of wearing her chains! It was in her fifty-sixth year that the Chevalier de Villiers, a natural son whom she had had by the Comte de Gerac, arrived at Paris from the provinces, where he had been educated without any knowledge of his real parents. He saw his mother, he fell in love with her. The increase, the vehemence of his passion, gave the greatest disquiet to the affectionate matron. At last, when nothing but a discovery of the truth could put a stop, as she thought, to the impetuosity of his attempts, she

carried him into her bed-chamber.—Here my readers will easily conceive the transports of a young lover, just on the brink of happiness with a charming mistress near threescore! As the adventurous youth would have pushed his enterprises, she checked him; and, pointing to a clock, said—'Rash boy, look there! at that hour, two-and-twenty years ago, I was delivered of You in this very bed!' It is certain fact, that the unfortunate, abashed young man, flew into the garden, and fell upon his sword. This catastrophe had like to have deprived the age of the most accomplished mistress that ever adorned the Cytherean annals. It was above twenty years before the afflicted mother would listen to any addresses of a tender nature. At length the polite Abbé de Gedoy pressed and obtained an assignation. He came, and found the enchanting Ninon lying on a couch, like the grandmother of the Loves, in the most gallant dishabille; and, what was still more delightful, disposed to indulge his utmost wishes. After the most charming endearments, he asked her, but with the greatest respect, why she had so long deferred the completion of his happiness?—'Why,' replied she, 'I must confess it proceeded from a remain of vanity: I did pique myself upon having a lover at past FORTYSCORE, and it was but yesterday that I was EIGHTY come-pleat.'

Nº XXIX. THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

ITroubled you some time ago with an account of my distress, arising from the female part of my family. I told you that, by an unfortunate trip to Paris, my wife and daughter had *run stark French*; and I wish I could tell you now that I am perfectly recovered; but all I can say is, that the violence of the symptoms seems to abate, in proportion as the cloaths that inflamed them wear out.

My present misfortune flows from a direct contrary cause, and affects me much more sensibly. The little whims, affectations, and delicacies, of ladies, may be both ridiculous and disagreeable, especially to those who are obliged

to be at once the witnesses and the martyrs of them; but they are not evils to be compared with the obstinate wrong-headedness, the idle and illiberal turn of an only son; which is unfortunately my case.

I acquainted you, that in the education of my son I had conformed to the common custom of this country, (perhaps I conformed to it too much and too soon;) and that I carried him to Paris, from whence, after six months stay, he was to go upon his travels, and take the usual tour of Italy and Germany. I thought it very necessary for a young man (though not for a young lady) to be well acquainted with the languages, the manners, the characters, and the constitutions, of other countries; the

one or three scrapes, which the
and the good-nature of the Eng-
nambassador helped him out of. He
a low Irish wench, whom he drove
in a hired chaise, to the great ho-
of himself, his family, and his
ry. He did not learn one word of
h, and never spoke to Frenchman
enchwoman, excepting some vul-
id injurious epithets which he be-
upon them in very plain English.
vernor very honestly informed me
conduct, which he tried in vain
rm, and advised their removal to
which accordingly I immediately
l. His behaviour there will ap-
the truest light to you, by his
d his governor's last letters to
which I here give you faithful

ROME, MAY THE 3d, 1753.

six weeks that I passed at Flo-
and the week I stayed at Ge-
ever had time to write to you,
holly taken up with seeing
f which the most remarkable
ple of Pisa; it is the oddest
er saw in my life; it stands all
wonder it does not tumble
met with a

none or more sign
which shews what f
are. We saw the
day in a procession;
assert the honour c
we neither bowed
hats to the old rogu
liquor are but bad he
truth, I have not had
meal's meat since I
longer ago than last
to have a good plumb
found the materials d
and were obliged to ge
man to make it. P
come home; for I can
is a jot the better for se
landish places and peo
will not let me come
sake, Sir, take away
Mansfer you sent wit
considerable expence to
manner of service to M
lish here laugh at him,
He thinks himself a sin
is always plaguing me
reign companies, to le
guages, and to get fore
if I were not to live anc
land, and as if good E
ance would not be m
to me than another

perience, that I can be of no manner of use to him. I have tried all possible methods to prevail with him to answer, in some degree at least, your good intentions in sending him abroad; but all is vain: and in return for my endeavours, I am either laughed at or insulted. Sometimes I am called a beggarly French dog, and bid to go back to my own country, and eat my frogs; and sometimes I am *Monsieur* Ragout, and told that I think myself a very fine gentleman. I daily represent to him, that by sending him abroad you meant that he should learn the languages, the manners, and characters, of different countries; and that he should add to the classical education which you had given him at home, a knowledge of the world, and the genteel easy manners of a man of fashion, which can only be acquired by frequenting the best companies abroad. To which he only answers me with a sneer of contempt, and says, *so be-like-ye, but* I would have connived at the common vices of youth, if they had been attended with the least degree of decency or refinement; but I must not conceal from you that your son's are of the lowest and most degrading kind, and avowed in the most public and indecent manner. I have never been able to persuade him to deliver the letters of recommendation which you procured him; he says he does not desire to keep such company. I advised him to take an Italian master, which he flatly refused, saying, that he should have time enough to learn Italian when he went back to England. But he has taken, of himself, a music-master to teach him to play upon the German-flute, upon which he throws away two or three hours every day. We spend a great deal of money, without doing you or ourselves any honour by it; though your son, like the generality of his countrymen, values himself upon the expence, and looks upon all foreigners, who are not able to make so considerable a one, as a parcel of beggars and scoundrels; speaks of them, and if he spoke to them, would treat them as such.

If I might presume to advise you, Sir, it should be to order us home forthwith. I can assure you that your son's morals and manners will be in much less danger under your own inspection at home, than they can be under mine abroad; and I defy him to keep worse English company in England than he

now keeps here. But whatever you may think fit to determine concerning him, I must humbly insist upon my own dismissal, and upon leave to assure you in person of the respect with which I have the honour to be, Sir, your, &c.

I have complied with my son's request, in consequence of his governor's advice; and have ordered him to come home immediately. But what shall I do with him here, where he is but too likely to be encouraged and countenanced in these illiberal and ungentleman-like manners? My case is surely most singularly unfortunate; to be plagued on one side by the polite and elegant foreign follies of my wife and daughter; and on the other by the unconforming obstinacy, the low vulgar excesses, and the porter-like manners of my son.

Perhaps my misfortune may suggest to you some thoughts upon the methods of education in general, which, conveyed to the public through your paper, may prove of public use. It is in that view singly that you have had this second trouble from, Sir, your most humble servant and constant reader,

R. D.

I allow the case of my worthy correspondent to be compassionate, but I cannot possibly allow it to be singular. The public places daily prove the contrary too plainly. I confess I oftener pity than blame the errors of youth, when I reflect upon the fundamental errors generally committed by their parents in their education. Many totally neglect, and many mistake it. The ancients began the education of their children by forming their hearts and their manners: they taught them the duty of men and of citizens; we teach them the languages of the ancients, and leave their morals and manners to shift for themselves.

As for the modern species of human Bucks, I impute their brutality to the negligence or the fondness of their parents. It is observed in parks, among their betters, the real Bucks, that the most troublesome and mischievous are those who were bred up tame, fondled and fed out of the hand, when fawns. They abuse, when grown up, the indulgence they met with in their youth; and their familiarity grows troublesome and dangerous with their horns.

N^o XXX. THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1753.

I Am indebted for my paper of to-day to the scrupulous piety of one of my fair correspondents; and to the undeserved, though not uncommon, distresses of another. My readers will, I hope, forgive me the vanity of publishing the compliments paid me in these letters, when I assure them, that I had rather what I write should have the approbation of a sensible woman, than that of the gravest and most learned philosopher in England.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE candour which shines so conspicuously in your writings, the deference you express towards the literary productions of women, and the genteel turn you give to every stroke of satire on our foibles, have encouraged me to offer a few female thoughts on the arbitrary power of fashion; or, as it is more properly and politely rendered, Taste.

I am not learned enough to define the meaning of the word, much less am I able to tell you all the different ideas it conveys; but according to it's common acceptance, I find that it is applicable to every affectation of singularity, whether in dress, in building, in furniture, or in diversions; and the farther we stray from decency or propriety in this singularity, the nearer we approach to Taste.

The prevalence of the Chinese taste has been very humourously attacked in one of your papers; and the greater prevalence of the Indian taste among us women, I mean the taste of going uncovered, has been as happily treated in another. But there is a taste at present totally different from this last, the impropriety of which can hardly, I think, have escaped your observation, though it has your censure. It is the taste of attending divine service, and of performing the most sacred duties of our religion, with a hat on. However trifling this may be deemed in itself, I cannot but consider it in a serious light: and have always, for my own part, refused complying with a fashion which *seems to declare in the observers of it a*

want of that awful respect which is due to the Creator from his creatures.

If temporal monarchs are to be served with an uncovered head; I mean, if in ceremony of uncovering the head be considered and expected by the highest powers as a mark of reverence and humility; surely reason will suggest that the Supreme Over All should be approached and supplicated with at least equal veneration: yet, strange as it may appear to the more thinking part of our sex, this uncouth state of being hatted prevails in almost all the churches in town and country; matrons of sixty adopting the thoughtless whim of girls in their teens, and each endeavouring to countenance the other in this idle transgression against the laws of decency and decorum.

Favour me, Sir, either by inserting this short letter, or by giving some candid admonitions on the subject after your own manner. I am acquainted with many of your female readers, and am assured that your frequent remarks upon their most fashionable follies will have a proper effect. Reproofs are never so efficacious as when they are tempered with good-humour; a quality which is always to be found in the lucubrations of Mr. Fitz Adam; among whose admirers I beg to be numbered, and am, Sir, your humble servant,

CLARISSA.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

TO whom, Sir, should the injured fly for redress, but to him who has made the World his province? You will not, I am sure, be offended at my taking this liberty: the Spectator was not above receiving and publishing the epistles of the female sex; nor will you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who are writing in the cause of virtue, disdain the correspondence of an innocent young creature, who sues to you for consolation in her affliction, and for reproof of one who has broke through all rules of honour and morality. I will make no farther preface, but proceed.

My name and circumstances I need not acquaint you with; let it suffice

I am the daughter of a gentleman, and that my education has been suitable to my birth. It was my misfortune to be left at fifteen without a father; but it was with a mother, who in my earliest infancy had sown the seeds of religion and virtue in my heart; and I think I may without arrogance assure you, that they have not been thrown away upon unprofitable ground. After this greatest of losses we retired into a country village, some few miles from town; and there it was, Sir, that I first knew to be wretched.

We were visited in this village by a young gentleman, who, as he grew intimate in the family, was pleased to flatter me with an affection, which at first I did not imagine to be real—I ought to have told you that his fortune was independent, and himself neither fool nor coxcomb. Young as I was, some little share of experience told me, that gentlemen at his age imagine it a most material branch of politeness to pretend love to every pretty woman they fall in company with: but indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I had a heart that was not to be caught by compliments. I examined his behaviour with the strictest attention; not a grain of partiality or self-love, at least I imagined so, clouded my judgment; the flights of poetry and passion, so common in others, gave place, in him, to modesty and respect; his words, his looks, were subservient to mine; and every part of his conduct seemed to speak the sincerity of his love. The approbation of friends was not wanting; and every one expected that a very little time would unite us to each other.

For my own part, I built all my hopes of happiness upon this union; and I flattered myself, that by an obedient and affectionate behaviour I might make the life of him I sincerely and virtuously loved as happy as my own. But it was not to be! Some common occurrence occasioned our separation; he parted, seemingly with the greatest regret; asked and obtained permission to write; but some months elapsed without my seeing or hearing from him. Every excuse that partiality could suggest, I framed in his favour; but I had soon more convincing proofs of his neglect of me than either his absence or his silence. On his return, instead of apologizing for his behaviour, instead of

accounting for his remissness, or of renewing the subject of all our conversations, he appeared gloomy and reserved; or whenever he inclined to talk, it was in the praises of some absent beauty, or in ridicule of marriage, which he assured me it should be many, many years, before any one should prevail with him to think of seriously. With many such expressions, and a few careless visits, during a short stay in the country, he took his leave with the formality of a stranger, and I have never seen him since. Thus, Sir, did he cancel an acquaintance of two years standing; the greatest part of which time he had employed in the most earnest endeavours to convince me that he loved me.

If I could accuse myself of any act of levity or imprudence in my behaviour to this gentleman, the consciousness of such behaviour would have prevented me from complaining; but I appeal to his own heart, as well as to all that know me, (and he and others who read this letter will know from whom it comes) in vindication of my conduct.

Yet, why should I flatter myself that you will take any notice of what I write? This injustice I complain of is no new one; it has been felt by thousands; or if it had not, I have no invention to give entertainment to my story, or perhaps to make it interesting to any but my own family, or a few female friends who love me. They will thank you for it, and be obliged: and to make it useful to your readers, tell them in your own words and manner, (for I have no one to correct what I write) that the cruellest action a man can be guilty of, is the robbing a young woman of her affections, with no other design than to abandon her. Tell them, Sir, that though the laws take no cognizance of the fraud, the barbarity of it is not lessened: for where the proofs of an injury are such as the law cannot possibly ascertain, or perhaps might overlook if it could, we claim from honour and humanity protection and regard.

How hateful, Mr. Fitz-Adam, among my own sex, is the character of a jilt! Yet men feel not the pangs of disappointed love as we do. From superiority of reason they can resent the injury, or from variety of employments can forget the trifer who inflicted it. But with us it is quite otherwise; we have no occupations to call off our attention from disappointment,

and smothered sigh. It is, I
 from a contrary behaviour,
 y a worthy young creature is
 o her grave, by a disease not
 the frail one listens to her pa
 not to her reason; and a won
 miserable for ever, by lister
 offer of being virtuously hap

XXXI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 17

FALLIT TE INCAUTUM PIETAS TUA.

Vind.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

I will be told at the close of
 a letter the reason why you are
 with it. I am a clergyman;
 I hope, who has hitherto, as
 the imperfections of his nature
 limit, performed the duties of
 on. I hope also that I shall
 offence by saying, that I have
 been assiduous in teaching the mo-
 of Christianity, than in ex-
 t's mysteries, or in gaining the
 men's tongues to what their
 I have no conception of. The
 of benevolence, as it was al-
 second care to inculcate, so it
 cond delight to practise. But
 strained, by a fatal succession
 ence, to declare, that I have
 apply in the same proportion

cated with liquor; and supp
 were three ordered for exec
 going to put one of the re
 the parson's neck as he st
 cart, and was with much
 prevented by the gaoler fir
 ing.'

This parson, Sir, was my
 indeed every part of the artic
 terally true, except that the g
 equally intoxicated with the
 and that it was not till after th
 forced about my neck, and th
 going off, that the sheriff's o
 terfered and rectified the mist

Thus was I in danger of a
 nious death by performing the
 my office, and from a tender
 the souls of these poor wretche
 ing their last moments in orde
 their hearts, and bring them
 session of the crime for which





to be the most noted harlot upon n, and who then kept a coffee-n Covent Garden) would apply reverend Mr. W. B. (which yself, and my name printed at igh) at the Blue Boar Inn, Hol- he would hear of something great- r-advantage.

occasion of this advertisement was y thus. The young woman in n had formerly been a servant at and had been basely and wicked- ed by her master; who, dying ears after, and feeling the utmost e for so injurious an act, was ; to make this unhappy creature atonement in his power, by put- ivately into my hands a hundred ; to be paid her at his decease; and, apposed her to be in some obscure in London, he conjured me in t solemn manner to find her out, deliver the money into her own

us to acquit myself of this trust came up to town, and put the mentioned advertisement into the Advertiser. The young woman, sequence of it, came the same day inn; and having convinced me e was the real person, (though I red to see her so fine a lady) and ; received the donation with great y and thankfulness, very obliging- ed me to a residence at her house ; my stay in London. I made her knowledgments; and the more embraced the proposal, as she add- at her house was large, and that ung ladies, her followers, (for she lgings, she said, to young ladies) particularly pleased with the con- on of the clergy.

ined with her that day, and conti- till evening in the house, without ast suspicion of the occupation of habitants; though I could not help ing that they treated me with ex- linaty freedom, that their bosoms uncovered, and that they were not scrupulous upon certain occasions Yorkshire young women: but as I ever been in town before, and had great talk of the freedom of Lon- adies, I concluded it was the fa- ble behaviour; which, though I not extremely like, I forbore, gh good-manners, to find fault

At about seven in the evening, as drinking tea with two of the

ladies, I was broke in upon by some young gentlemen, one of whom happen- ed to be the son of a near neighbour of mine at York; who, the moment he saw me, swore a great oath, That I was the honestest parson in England; for that the boldest wench of them all would scruple to be sitting in a public room at a bawdy-house, with a brace of whores, without locking the door.

A loud laugh, in which all the com- pany joined, prevented my reproving this young gentleman as I thought he deserved; but the language and beha- viour of the ladies to these gentlemen, and their coarse and indecent jests both upon me and my cloth, opened my eyes to see where and with whom I was. I ran down stairs with the utmost precipi- tation, and early the next morning took horse for York; where, by the assiduity of the above-mentioned young gentle- man, my story arrived before me; and I was ridiculed by half my acquaintance for putting myself to the trouble and ex- pence of a journey to town for a brace of wenches, when I must undoubtedly have known that a score of them at York would gladly have obliged me so half the money.

It was in vain for me to assert my in- nocence, by telling the whole story; I was a second time made ridiculous, and my function rendered useless in the place where I lived, by the punctual perform- ance of my duty, in religiously observing the last request of a dying friend.

I quitted York soon after this last disgrace, and got recommended, though with some difficulty, to a curacy in Lin- colnshire. Here I lived happily for a considerable time, and became the fa- vourite companion of the squire of the parish. He was a keen sportsman, hearty in his friendships, bitter in his resent- ments, and implacable to peachers. It so happened, that from about the time of my coming to the parish, this gentle- man's park and the country about it were so shamefully rebb'd of hares, that every body was exclaiming against the thief. For my own part, as I thought it my duty to detect knavery of every kind, and was fond of all occasions of testifying my gratitude to my patron, I walked out early and late to discover this midnight robber. At last I suc- ceeded in my search, and caught him in the very act of laying his snare; and who should he be but the game-keeper

was sufficiently obvious, and my wicked accuser had artfully hid into my pocket, as he was me to my judge.

As little prolix as I can, I was need, tried, and convicted of the and after having suffered the ut-
gour of the law, was obliged at
take shelter in town, to avoid the
indignities that were offered
he country.

particularize every misfortune
s happened to me in London,
e to exceed the bounds of your
I shall only inform you of the
ices of last night.

past twelve when I was return-
y lodgings from visiting a sick
As I passed along the Strand,
t a little distance from me the
blows, and the screams of a
I quickened my pace, and im-
perceived a very pretty young
upon her knees, intreating a
mercy, who by the fury in his
his uplifted cudgel, seemed de-
o shew none. Common huma-
all as a sense of my duty, impel-
op, and make my remonstrance
barous man. The effects of
nistrances were, that I soon
d myself upon the ground,
it were from a trance, with
roke. my body being

mercy of two street-robbers,
them, both of whom had fo-
ened upon me as to prevent
But while I was beginning
that I had been already rot
utter confusion they discov-
that they were bailiffs; the
arrested the person whom I
thirty pounds; and that I m-
curity for the debt, or go
prison.

To come to the close of m-
narration, they carried me to c-
houses: from whence I sent to
lord where I lodged, who, hav-
thing more than thirty pound
in his hands, (all that I am w-
world!) was kind enough to
From a principle of conscience,
that I had really made myself t-
I would have paid the mon-
diately, if it had not occurred
the gentleman whom I deliver
upon reading these particular
World, be honourable enough
me the sum I stand engaged t-
account. As soon as I see
inserted, I shall make myself
Mr. Doddsley, to whom I desir-
money may be paid: or, if the g-
chuses to come in person and
my bail, Mr. Doddsley will b-
inform him at what place I
found.

N^o XXXII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ ADAM.

SIR,

I Was greatly surprized, that when in a late paper you were displaying your knowledge in diseases, and in the several specifics for their cure, you should be so very forgetful as never to mention a malady, which at present is not only epidemical, but of the foulest and most inveterate kind. This malady is called by the learned, the *Cacoethes Comendi*, and by the vulgar Criticism. It is not more true that every man is born in Sin, than that he is born in Criticism. For many years, indeed, the distemper was uncommon, and not dangerous in its consequences; seldom attacking any but philosophers and men of learning, who from a sedentary life and intense application to books, were more open to its influence than other men. In time, by the infection of dedications, it began to spread itself among the Great, and from them, like the gout, or a more noble distemper, it descended to their inferiors, till at last it has infected all ranks and orders of men.

But as it is observable, that an inhabitant of the fens in Lincolnshire is most liable to an ague, a Yorkshireman to horse-stealing, and a Suffolkman to smuggling; so it is also observable, that the persons most liable to the contagion of Criticism, are young masters of arts, students in the Temple, attorneys clerks, haberdashers prentices, and fine gentlemen.

As I had long ago looked upon this distemper to be more particularly English than any other, I determined, for the good of my country, whatever pains it might cost me, to trace it to its first principles; but it was not till very lately that my labours were attended with any certain success. I had discovered in general that the patient had an acidity of blood, which, if not corrected in time, broke out into a kind of Evil, which, though no king's-evil, might possibly, I thought, be cured by touching: but it occurred to me that the touch of an oak-saplin might be much more efficacious than that of the ingenious Mr. Carte's Somebody. A linen-draper's

prentice in the neighbourhood happening at that time to be labouring under a severe fit, I hinted this my opinion to his master, who immediately applied the touch; but I will not wrong my conscience by boasting of its effects, having learnt that the lad was seen soon after at a certain coffee-house in the Strand in all the agonies of the distemper.

Untired by disappointment, I continued my searches with redoubled diligence; and it is this day that I can felicitate myself, as well as thousands of my countrymen, that they have not been in vain.

The cause, then, of this loathsome distemper is most certainly Wind. This being pent in the bowels for some time, and the rules of good-breeding not permitting it, in public places, to take its natural course, it immediately flies up into the head; and after being whirled about for a while in that empty region, at length discharges itself with great violence upon the organ of speech. This occasions an involuntary motion in that member, which continues with great rapidity for a longer or shorter time, according to the power or force of the original blast which set it in motion. This volubility, or rather vibration of tongue, is accompanied with certain unintelligible sounds, which, like the barkings of persons bit by a mad dog, are the most fatal proofs of the malignity of the distemper.

The late Doctor Monro, who was long ago consulted upon the case, gave it as his opinion, that it was a species of madness, known among the Greeks by the name of *μανία*, and among the Romans by *malevolentia*. It is said of that great and humane man, that from his concern for these poor creatures, he intended, if he had lived a little longer, to have proposed a new building for their reception, contiguous to that in Moorfields; and as they are quite harmless things, would charitably have taken them under his own immediate care. The loss of that eminent physician, were it from no other consideration, cannot but be lamented as a public misfortune; his scheme being intended to prevent

... it is a natural and proper course. The doctor's principal reason for giving this distemper to be mad is its being almost continually on by external objects. A man with hydrophobia will be in agonies at the sight of water or any liquid; and it is well known, that persons afflicted with a Criticism will be thrown into agonies at the sight of a new book, or poem. But the greatest convulsive of all agonies are proceeded from the representation of play. I have myself observed on occasion a mob of poor fellows sending forth such dismal and such piercing shrieks, as moved me: after this they were ed up on a sudden, and with the cry of madmen have torn up the boards from under them, and put up to an entertainment, which at the sight of they have many of them squandered the money from their pockets. It has the appearance of madness, I cannot deny; yet I have seen a man behave with equal fury at the sight of a woman in a red petticoat. I have always imputed it to the bird, rather than to the man in his brain. Whether this be madness or not, the cause is most certainly the same.

... the effects of poetry, verses, and imitations; all that farrago of which is so strangely jumbled in the intestines of that miser who labours under the weakness of Criticism. For it is a mistake in the learned, that the ancients took their name of Critics from the ancient jugglers in companying their operation with scraps of poetry, by way of diversion or charm; they certainly derived this appellation from their power of expelling that particulary of Wind which is engendered in the Critic's bowels by reading poetry, and other works of hard for his digestion.

That all persons labouring with a habitual and obstinate Criticism induced to enter into this course of purgatives, I can assure them with certainty, that the operation of these medicines, notwithstanding the rigorous discharge of crudities which on occasion, is not attended with sickness to the patient himself; indeed the appearance of a violent choleric; but, in reality, he feels the trouble of eructation: all sickness and nausea usual in other cases of the like nature, being marvelously this, transferred to the hy-stomach.

But as all men

proverb, that if you hang a dog upon a crab tree, he will never love verjuice. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,
B. D.

I am sorry, in one particular, to differ in opinion with my ingenious corre-

spondent. But I cannot allow that a Critic's turning author will cure him of his malevolence; having always found that the most difficult people in the world to be *pleased*, are those who know experimentally that they want talents to *please*.

Nº XXXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1753.

IT has lain upon my conscience for some time, that I have taken notice of those of my correspondents, whose letters to me, for reasons of state, have been withheld from the public. Several of these gentlemen have favoured me with their assistance from the kindest motives. They have discovered that I am growing dull, and have therefore very generously sent me some of their own wit, to restore me to reputation. But as I am not sure of a constant supply of these brilliant epistles, I have been cautious of inserting them: knowing that when once a bottle of claret is set upon the table, people are apt to make faces at plain port.

There are other gentlemen to whom I am no less obliged. These have taken it for granted, that as I declared in my first paper against meddling with religion, I must certainly be an infidel; upon which supposition they have been pleased to shower in upon me what they call their Free Thoughts: but these thoughts, as I have hitherto given no assurances of my infidelity, are rather too Free for this paper. And besides, as I have always endeavoured to be new, I cannot consent to publish any thing so common as abuse upon religion.

But the majority of these my private correspondents are politicians. They approve, they tell me, of my neutrality at first; but matters have been so managed lately by those in power, that it is the part of every honest man to become an opposer. The compliments which these gentlemen are pleased to pay my abilities are the highest satisfaction to me. Their letters do me the honour to assure me, that if I will but assert myself, the ministry must do exactly as I would have them; and that the next general election will certainly take whatever turn I have a mind to give it.

I am very far from denying that I have all this power; but I have ever been of opinion that it is greater to save than to destroy: for which reason I am willing to continue the present administration a little longer; though at the same time I must take the liberty of declaring, that if I find the popular clamours against a late act of parliament to be true, namely, that it will defeat all the prophecies relating to the dispersion of the Jews; or that the New Testament is to be thrown out of our Bibles and Common-prayer books; or that a general circumcision is certainly to take place soon after the meeting of the new parliament; I say, when these things are so, I shall most assuredly exert myself as becomes a true-born Englishman.

I confess very freely that I had conceived some dislike to the marriage-bill; having been assured by the maid-servant where I lodge, that after the 25th day of next March, no young woman could be married without taking her Bible-oath that she was worth fifty pounds. But as I have read the bill since, and have found no such clause in it, I am tolerably well satisfied.

To those of my correspondents who are angry with me for not having endeavoured to inculcate some serious novel in every one of these papers, I shall just take notice that I am writing essays, and not sermons. But though I do not avowedly once a week attack envy, malice, and uncharitableness, I hope that a paper now and then written with pleasantries and good-humour, though it should have no direct moral in view, may so amuse and temper the mind as to guard it against the approaches of those tormenting passions. There is nothing truer than that bad spirits and ill-humour are the parents of misery and mischief; he, therefore, who can lead
the

the imagination from gloom and vapours to objects of cheerfulness, and mirth, is a useful member of society.

Having now discharged my conscience of it's burthen, I shall close this paper with a letter which I received yesterday by the penny-post. I insert it here to shew, that a late very serious essay of mine, calculated for the support and delight of ladies in years, has done real harm; while others, of a graver nature, and without a moral, have been perfectly inoffensive.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THAT you have been the occasion of misery to an innocent woman is as true, as that I hope I may acquit you of any evil intention. You have indeed misled me, but it is another who has wronged me. Yet, if I had not used my utmost endeavours, and practised every honest art to get redress from this unjust person, I should neither desire nor deserve a place in your paper.

But alas, Sir! while I am prefacing my sad story, through a too modest reluctance to begin it, I am fearful that you will mistake me for some credulous young creature who has yielded up her honour to betraying man. Indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I am no such person, being at present in my fifty-sixth year, and having always entertained such an aversion to impurity, as to be ready to die with shame even of my very dreams, when they have sometimes happened to tend that way. But how has my virtue been rewarded!—I will conceal nothing from you, Sir, though my cheeks are glowing with shame as well as indignation.—I am wronged, barbarously wronged, and will complain.

The hand that is now penning this letter was three tedious weeks ago given at the altar to the most unworthy of men. Forgive me, Sir, a moment's pause—I cannot think of what I am, without exclaiming, in the bitterness of my heart, how cruelly I am disappointed! I will be particular in my relation.

My father was a country gentleman of a good estate, which by his death, that happened near two months ago, devolved to me as his only child. It was matter of wonder to our neighbours, that a person so agreeable as I was thought to be, and who had been marriageable

a good while, (for, as I mention before, I am in my fifty-sixth year) he suffered to live single to so ripe. To say the truth, I could never; for this wonder, any otherwise from that excess of delicacy which ways observed in my conversation the men, and which in all prot prevented them from declaring selves.

As soon as I had performed duties to my father, I came up to and took lodgings in Bury S. Would it had been in Pall Mall street still wider! for then I might have escaped the observation of a tame gentleman from Ireland, unfortunately for my peace, lodged really over the way.

I will not trouble you with the methods he took from his window to gage my attention, or with what passed between us on his being permitted to visit me. All I shall say is, that ever ground he had gained in me, it might have proved a difficult matter for him to have carried me without consent, if the World of July 17th upon the love of ELDERLY women had not fallen into my hands. Being reading of that fatal paper, I perceived that my person might be less desirable than my fortune now I believed, and my wishes my belief, that he languished to me. I read the story of Ninon L. above a dozen times over; and I to find myself of the exact age of a lady when her charms had fastidiously ascendency over the unfortunate liars.

My lover found me with the paper in my hand. I read it to him: he confirmed me in my opinion, by himself the Abbé Gedoyn, and agreed, as he called me, eighty years that he might be as happy as the youngest man. In short, being now thoroughly convinced that the only object of my mere, fervent, and lasting passion was a young man, was a woman in my power, made no secret to him of my intentions; and the very next morning we were publicly married.

Alas! Sir, were you in jest or in earnest when you wrote that paper? I have a melancholy reason for believing you in jest. And is a woman of fifty then, so undesirable an object? not to be endured? Or are all r

ceivers? No; that is impossible; it is I only that am deceived. I dare not say more, unless it be to tell you, that a fortune of thirty thousand pounds is rather too much to be given in exchange

for a mere name, when, if you knew the whole truth, I have no real right to any name but my maiden one. I am, by no name at all, Sir, your most humble servant.

Nº XXXIV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1753.

WHEN I declared against meddling with politics in these my lucubrations, I meant only that kind of politics, or art of government, which is so learnedly and logically reasoned upon in all the coffee-houses and barbers shops of this great metropolis; intending (as it is my province) to take cognizance of any particular act of the legislature, that, contrary to its intention, has been prejudicial to the morals of my fellow-citizens.

But it is the *repeal* of an act of parliament, and not the act itself, that I am now about to complain of. The act I mean is the Witch Act. I am not considering the repeal of this act as affecting our religious belief, according to the Scotch proverb, 'Tawk awaw the 'deel, and good hwee to the Lord.' I think of it only in a moral light, as it has given such encouragement to Witchcraft in this kingdom, that one hardly meets with a grown person either in public or private, who is not more or less under its influence.

Whoever attends to the sermon at church, or listens to the conversation of grave and good men, will hear and believe that the present age is the most fruitful in wickedness of any since the deluge. Whether these gentlemen have discovered the true reason of this depravity, or whether the discovery has been reserved for me, I will not pretend to determine; but certain it is, that the repeal of an act of parliament, which was meant to restrain the power of the devil by inflicting death upon his agents, must infallibly give him a much greater influence over us, than he ever could have hoped for, during the continuance of such an act.

I am well aware that there are certain of my readers who have no belief in Witches; but I am willing to hope they are only those who either have not read, or else have forgot, the proceedings against them, published at large in the *State trials*: if there is any man alive

who can deny his assent to the positive and circumstantial evidence given against them in these trials, I shall only say that I pity most sincerely the hardness of his heart.

That the devil may truly be said to be let loose amongst us by the repeal of this act, will appear beyond contradiction, if we take a survey of the general fascination that all ranks and orders of mankind seem at present to be under.

What is it but Witchcraft that occasions that universal and uncontrollable rage of Play, by which the nobleman, the man of fashion, the merchant, and the tradesman, with their wives, sons, and daughters, are running headlong to ruin? What is it but Witchcraft that conjures up that spirit of pride and passion for expence, by which all classes of men, from his Grace at Westminster to the salesman at Wapping, are entailing beggary upon their old age, and bequeathing their children to poverty and the parish? Again, is it possible to be accounted for, from any natural cause, that persons of good sense and sober dispositions should take such a freak four or five times in a winter of turning their houses into inns; cramming every bed-chamber, closet, and corner, with people whom they hardly know; stifling one another with heat; blocking up the streets with chairs and coaches; offending themselves, and pleasing nobody; and all this for the vain boast of having drawn together a greater mob than my Lady Somebody, or the honourable Mr. Such-a-one? That nothing but Witchcraft can be the occasion of so much folly and absurdity, must be obvious to the common sense of all mankind.

Another and more melancholy proof of the power of Witchcraft, is, that a wife may be beautiful in her person, gentle in her manners, fond of her husband, watchful for his quiet, careful of his interest, kind to his children, cheerful to his friends, and obliging to all; yet be yoked to a wretch so blind

r having submitted over-night to
 drobbing from his mistress.
 could be endless to take notice of
 argument that suggests itself in
 of Witchcraft; I shall content
 with only one more, which I take
 uncontrollable. This is the spirit
 bitism, which is so well known
 so many of his majesty's protes-
 tants in this kingdom. That a
 ghazander in Scotland may be a
 without Witchcraft, I am ready
 ; zeal for a lost cheeld of the
 wife of Stuart may have eaten
 ; but that an English country
 an, who is really no Papist in
 t, or that a wealthy citizen of
 , who goes to church every Sun-
 d joins in the prayers for the
 royal family, should be drinking
 the *reforation* (as he calls it)
 ish bigot, who would burn him-
 self the next week for not go-
 rass; and whose utmost merit is
 various descent from a family,
 ble for little else than pedantry,
 y, debauchery, and enthusiasm;
 a person should be a Jacobite,
 ther words, an enemy to the
 ings, and the wisest of contri-
 cannot possibly be accounted for
 he power of Witchcraft.

all these considerations it is
 he wished that a new Witch

at the mean time, I en-
 readers, as much as in their
 upon their guard against
 the better discovery of wh
 law does not admit of the
 by fire and water) I shall h
 all I know or have been to
 subject. If a woman turn
 with grey hairs upon her
 high-crowned hat on, sho
 riding upon a broomstick
 air, or sailing in an egg-sh
 Thames in a high wind,
 most swear that she is a Wi
 often as you see any partic
 man, you feel a pricking
 over you; or if your stomach
 should happen to discharge a
 tity of the said pins; or if, w
 speaking to this old woman
 suddenly transform herself
 without a head, or any such
 animal; you may very fairly
 she is no other than a Witc
 cases it will be a happy circ
 you are able to say the Lo
 for by repeating it three tin
 self she becomes as harmles

A lady of my acquaintance
 often been bewitched, assure
 having detected multitude
 hags, by laying two straws
 the other in the path where
 tread. It is wonderful, she

rafts, have been totally un-
I conclude this paper by signify-
intention, one day or other, of
porter, and of sending him with
er and nails, and a large quan-
horshoes, to certain houses in
lieus of St. James's. I believe
I not be amiss (as a charm against

play) if he had orders to fix a whole
dozen of these horseshoes at the door of
White's. From St. James's he shall
have directions to proceed to the city,
and to distribute the remainder of his
burthen among the thresholds of those
doors, at which the Witchcraft of Ja-
cobitism has been most suspected to en-
ter.

° XXXV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

AT you may know who it is
that offers you his correspondence,
as qualified I am to make a figure
World, I shall let you into the
of my birth and history.

I have the honour to be descended
in ancient family of the Limber-
in Staffordshire. My grand-
was of the cabinet with Oliver
elly, but unfortunately happening
per a secret of some importance
wise, the affair unaccountably be-
able, and sentence of dismissal
mediately passed upon him. My
was decyphered to King William.
by his diligence and address that
diffusion plot and some other
actions in that reign were brought
. But being somewhat too offi-
his zeal, he was suspected of
ing the secrets of his office, (the
as is supposed, to insinuate him-
those of the opposition) and
carded with disgrace. With a
barely sufficient for support, he
to his native village in Stafford-
and soon after marrying the
er of an unbenevolent clergyman
neighbourhood, he had issue male
er of this letter.

My earliest infancy gave indications
inquisitive mind; and it was
my father's care to implant in me,
the first knowledge of words, and
the desire to communicate. At
years old I discovered the frailty
my father's aunt, and brought the cu-
the parish into disgrace. A young
of uncommon discretion, who
I in the family, was so delighted
the story, that she made me a party
her visits, to give me new occa-
relating it; but happening one

evening to steal a little abruptly upon
the retirement of this lady, I discovered
her in the prettiest familiarity imagin-
able with the harlequin of a strolling
company.

It was about this time that a fever
carried my mother to her grave. My
father for some weeks was inconsolable;
but making an acquaintance with an
innkeeper's daughter in the village, and
marrying her soon after, he became the
gayest man alive. By the direction of
my new mother, who, for unknown
reasons, grew uneasy at my prying dis-
position, I was sentenced to a grammar
school at fifty miles distance. Mortified
as I was at first, I began early to relish
this change of life. A new world was
opened to me for discovery: I warmed
myself into the secrets of every boy, and
made immediate information to the mas-
ter. Many were the whippings upon
these occasions; but as my heart always
felt for the mischiefs of my tongue, I
was the first to condole with the sufferer,
and escaped suspicion by my humanity.
But all human enjoyments are transitory.
It happened in the course of my disco-
veries, that by a perverse boy's denying
the fact he was charged with, I was un-
fortunately called up to give evidence
against him; and though I delivered it
with the strictest regard to truth, I found
the whole school in combination against
me, and every one branding me with
the name of Tell-tale.

From this unlucky accident, hardly
a day passed but I was called upon to
answer facts which I never committed,
and was as certainly punished for de-
nying them. I was buffeted and abused
by every body, and then whipt for quar-
relling; or if any thing was missing in
the school, it was constantly found in
one of my coat-pockets, or locked up
safely in my trunk. During this con-

L. continued

at breakfast, by the denure looks
maid, and now and then a side
her mistress, that there were fe-
the family. It was not long be-
discovered some particular fami-
between my mother-in-law and
ce exciseman in the neighbour-

The room I lay in was the next
's; but unadvisedly attempting a
deep-hole in the wainscot, I un-
bored through the face of my
picture, which hung on the
le; by which misfortune I under-
he mortification of a discovery,
e severest discipline I ever felt.
with the reproaches I met with
his adventure, I doubled my af-
s, and had the satisfaction of
one afternoon in the garden, that
seaman and my mother were made
very same flesh and blood with
me and my aunt. My father
ing to be engaged at the next vil-
had time to go from house to
to inform the parish of his dis-
but how great was my surprize,
at my return home, instead of
credit to my story, my mother
enough to turn the mischief upon
and to get me driven out of
as the most wicked of incendia-

ged as I was at my father's in-
ty, I fell upon my knees in the

at my breast, and a mena-
diate death, if I refused to
you will imagine, Mr.
that I could withhold not
kind a friend; and obligation
mutual between us, he left
my way with a few half-
pocket.

To particularize my dis-
first arrival in town, would
a volume instead of a letter
time my inquisitive talents
notice of, and I commence
the post of retainer to a bailiff
but forgetting that secrecy v
to my commission, I commi-
errand wherever I was set
look-out, and gave many a
man time to escape. This
though of short duration, g
tural interest among the li-
by the merit of scholarship
writing a tolerable hand, I
time to the finest post of ele-
citor. But here too it was
tune to be a little too un-
my discoveries: for happe
times to be sent abroad with
for business never done, and
paid, I found it impossibl
any thing from the clients, s
carded as a betrayer of my
crets. In the course of a
was obliged to combat nec

not much to the honour of my matter, and being detected in transmitting them to my friends in England, I was discarded from my office with contempt and beggary. Upon this occasion, my necessities hurried me to an act of guilt, that my conscience will for ever upbraid me with: for being thus deserted in a country where charity was unfashionable, and reduced to the very point of starving, I renounced my religion for bread, and became a brother of the Mendicants of St. Francis. Under the tincture of this habit, and from the example of the brotherhood, I led a life of profligacy and wantonness. But though my conscience was subdued, my tongue retained its freedom: for it was my misfortune one day, through ignorance of my company, to betray the secrets of a lady's confession to her own husband. The story began to spread; and it was by a sort of miracle that I found the means of escaping with life.

At my return into England, I made a solemn renunciation of my apostasy; and by the favour of a certain great man, became of consequence enough for the service of a ministerial writer. My performances for some time were highly applauded: but being a little too fond of communicating objections for the sake of answering them, I was accused of weakening the cause, and ordered to look out for other employment. Enraged at the injustice of this treatment, I devoted my pen to the service of patriotism; but being somewhat indiscreet in my zeal, and occasionally hinting to the world that my employers were only contending for power, I had the sentence of dismissal passed upon me for inadvertency.

Being thus driven from all employment, and neither inclined nor able to conquer the bent of my mind, I began seriously to consider how I might turn this very disposition to advantage. In the midst of these reflections it occurred to me that the ladies were naturally open-hearted like myself, and that if I tendered them my services, and supplied them with scandal upon all their acquaintance, I might find my account in it. But as wicked as this town is thought to be, and as knowing as I was in what was doing in it, I soon found that the real occurrences of life were too insipid for the attention of these fair-ones, and that I must add invention to facts, or be looked upon as a trifler. I accordingly laid about me with all my might, and by a judicious mixture of truth and lies, succeeded so well, that in less than two months I carried off a dowager of quality, and am at present a very resigned widower with a handsome fortune.

This, Sir, is my history; and as I cannot keep any thing that I know, and as I know almost every thing that people would wish to keep, I intend myself the honour of corresponding with you often; and am, Sir, your most humble servant,

NIC. LIMBERTONGUE.

I accept of Mr. Limbertongue's correspondence with all my heart. The varieties he has experienced will enable him to furnish useful cautions and instructive entertainment. The ladies will be taught to avoid scandal by virtue; and the men either to reform or conceal their vices while the Tell-tale is abroad.

Nº XXXVI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1753.

I Was formerly acquainted with a very honest old gentleman, who, as often as he was asked at the tavern how his wife did, never failed to assure us, that he did not come abroad to be put in mind of his wife. I could wish with all my heart that those persons who are married to the town for at least eight months in the year, would, upon their removal into the country, forget the amusements of it, and attach themselves to those pleasures which are to be found

in groves and gardens, in exercise and temperance. But as fond as we are of variety, and as pleasing as the changes of the seasons are generally acknowledged to be, it is observable that, in all the large villages near London, the summer seems only to be endured, as it is made to resemble the winter in town. Routs, visits, assemblies, and meetings for drinking, are all the pleasures that are attended to; while the meadows and corn-fields

his season of universal migration, in the fire-works of Marybone, and fireworks of Vauxhall, are deserted the salutary springs of Tunbridge, Engham, and Scarborough; it would be amiss, methinks, if you were to take your opinion of those seats of health and pleasure, health and gaiety: suppose you should extend your views further, and tell us what you think of the principal occurrences that engage my attention very lately, in a retirement in the country.

My friend I visited was a man who knew much of the world; as his wife's daughters were adorned with all the accomplishments of genteel life; and as he was no less admired for his unassuming manners than his persons; my exertion was raised and flattered with the praise of my friend, yet reasonable thought, of my time with no less improvement in delight, in a situation where nature conspired to indulge my wishes. But how grievously mistaken was I to find, that when I walked out I must walk alone; then was sure to be reproached in the afternoon, for rising before he was out; and in the evening

self, 'can talents designed for the most blessed purposes be thus perverted? Is it the sole purpose of life to give toasts, and of beauty to play at cards? How are the faculties of the mind suspended, while the body alone prevails! Since it is certain that the sweetest temper is destroyed by cards, than a robust constitution may be ruined. These were my usual reflections returned to my company, who was disappointed at the loss of which, though a solitary one, I always prefer to the pleasure of a bottle, or a party at whist by in the best assembly in England.

Be so good, Mr. Fitz-Alec, to espouse the cause of injured reason, and remonstrate loudly against the enormous barbarity of killing time. Let cards prevail in winter, at least only: too much of them do not do this great town to desire them. Let drinking be confined to clergymen and corporation feasts, and continue (as it too much does) acceptibly to make havock of families. Assure the ladies, if I mean, that however they may instruct them by example, never they themselves may thrive and disappointment, hope and no improvers of their behaviour.

certainly hurt, if not totally ruin, their constitutions; and be the sure, though perhaps slow, occasions of rheumatisms, gout, dropsies, and death itself. Many instances of this will occur in the sphere of every one's acquaintance; and if some of the deceased have lived fifty or sixty years, it is hardly to be doubted that, had this barbarous custom never prevailed, their lives might have been extended to at least seventy or eighty.

In short, while these practices continue, by which every rural delight is entirely lost, country-seats may be esteemed an idle expence, and an useless burthen. London is certainly the fittest place for either the bottle or cards: it is there that the gentlemen may pursue the one, and ladies the other, without being interrupted by such troublesome guests as myself, who may be now and then desirous of picking a nongay, or of listening to the nightingale. For in vain does nature lavish her charms, if they are thus neglected; in vain do the birds sing, if no one hears them; and in vain do the flowers blow, if

—— They blow unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air.

But if these polite persons will continue to reside in the summer at their country-seats, merely because it is the fashion, it would be no unfriendly office to spare them the mortification of continually gazing upon unwelcome objects. In order, therefore, to fix their attention to the most important concerns, I would humbly propose, (and I doubt not but the proposal will meet with their approbation) that immediately after dinner the windows be closed, and the light of the sun be exchanged for that of wax candles; by which means the gentlemen over their bottle, in one room, may uninterruptedly harangue on hounds and horses; while the ladies, in another, may be shut up till midnight with cards and counters. And that the latter may be spared the disquiet of having recourse on a Sunday to fields and gardens, (I mean, if their mammas or husbands should happen to be so enthusiastically rigid as to forbid gaming upon that day) let it be lawful for them to lie a-bed and study Mr. Hoyle. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

RUSTICUS.

N^o XXXVII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1753.

THE following letter is written with so much nature and simplicity, that, rather than curtail it of its length, I have thought proper (as I once did before) to extend my paper to another half sheet.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

111.

I Am the widow of a merchant, with whom I lived happily, and in affluence, for many years. We had no children, and when he died he left me all he had; but his affairs were so involved, that the balance which I received, after having gone through much expence and trouble, was no more than one thousand pounds. This sum I placed in the hands of a friend of my husband's, who was reckoned a good man in the city, and who allowed me an interest of four per cent. for my capital; and with this forty pounds a year I retired, and boarded in a village about a hundred miles from London.

There was an old lady of great fortune in that neighbourhood, who visited often at the house where I lodged: she pretended, after a short acquaintance, to take a great liking to me; she professed a friendship for me, and at length persuaded me to come and live with her.

Between the time of taking this my resolution and putting it into execution, I was informed that this lady, whom I shall call Lady Mary, was very unequal in her humours, and treated her inferiors and dependants with that insolence which she imagined her superior fortune gave her a right to make use of.

But as I was neither her relation nor dependant, and as all that I desired from her was common civility, I thought that whenever her ladyship or her house became disagreeable to me, I could retire to my old quarters, and live in the same manner as I did before I became acquainted with her; and upon the strength of this reasoning I packed up my cloaths, paid off my lodgings, and was conveyed by

any making to me.

told me all that she knew, and
than she knew; and insinuated to
it I was to look upon the trust
placed in me as the strongest proof
of highest friendship. But these in-
sins lost their effect; for I knew
experience, that there are many peo-
ple which number her ladyship was
it often have a need to unbosom
ones, who must have somebody to
their secrets to, and who, when
know any thing that ought not to
be never at ease till they tell it.
I proceed in my story. One
when her ladyship had treated me
with common kindness, for my hav-
ing her part in a dispute with one
relations, I received a letter from
her, to inform me that the person
in whose hands I had placed my for-
tune till that time had paid
me the rest of my money very exactly, and
that he had fled the kingdom.

Mary, in her fits of friendship,
sent me presents, and perhaps
more, because I always refused
them. She had sometimes told me how
she was to do me good in any
way that lay within her power. But
she says I had the inexpressible hap-
piness of having no wish or view be-
yond what my little fortune could af-
ford, and I was truly sensible of,

that however great my misfor-
tune might be, she could not help feeling
satisfaction in thinking, that it
was in her power to alleviate them, by
proofs of her unalterable
friendship. That her house, her table, her
company should always continue to be
open to me, and that we should never part while we
lived, that I should feel no change of
situation from this unhappy ac-
cident, were my circumstances.

To any body that knew I
was less than I did, these words
afforded matter of great con-
fidence; but when I retired to my chamber
and reflected upon my past and pre-
sent situation, I saw that I had ever
cause for regret in the one, and very little
in the other; and the
day convinced me of the
wisdom of the
which I was to lead my future

Whenever Lady Mary spoke
she had hitherto called me a
man; but the very next morn-
ing at breakfast she left out Mrs. :
no greater provocation than
a tea-cup, she made me thoro-
ughly sensible of her superiority and
prudence. ' Lord, Truman, you
're awkward! Pray be more careful
of the future; or we shall not
be together. Do you think I
to have my china broke at
' and maintain you into the time

ladyship's own presence. 'Truman, fetch this; Truman, carry that; Truman, ring the bell; Truman, fill up the pot; Truman, pour out the coffee; Truman, stir the fire; Truman, call a servant; Truman, get me a glass of water, and put me in mind to take my drops.'

The second part of my service was harder. I was a good housewife; I understood preserving, pickling, and pastry, perfectly well; I was no bad milliner, and I was very well skilled in the management of a dairy. All these little talents I had frequently produced, sometimes for my own amusement, and sometimes to make my court to my lady. But now what had been my diversion became my employment: my lady could touch no sweet meat, pickle, tart, or cheese-cake, but what was the work of my hands. I made up all her linen; I mended and sometimes washed her lace; the butter she eats every morning is all of my churning; and I make every slip-coat cheese that is brought to her table: and if any of these my various works miscarry, I am scolded or pouted at, as much as if I was hired and paid for every branch of the different employments to which I am put.

This degradation of mine has not escaped the eyes of the quick-sighted servants. The change in my situation has produced a total one in their behaviour. There is hardly a chamber-maid that will bring me up a bottle of water into my room, or a footman that will give me a glass of small-beer at dinner.

I must now give you an account of certain regulations which I am enjoined to observe at table. I am absolutely forbid to taste any dish that is eatable, cold as well as hot, or that may be hashed for supper. By this I am prevented from eating of most dishes that come before us. I must never taste boiled or roast beef; and ham and venison pastry are equally contraband. Fowls, chicken, and all sorts of game, come under the article of prohibited goods; and though I see brown and sturgeon served up every day during the whole winter, I am no more the better for them than Tantalus was for his apples; and really sometimes I eat as little as those who dine with Duke Humphry, or as Sancho did when he was made governor of Barataria. To this I may add, that I have not tasted a glass of wine in our house for some years; and that punch, bishop, cool tank-

ard, and negus, are equally denied me; and I never must touch any fruit, unless when I am to preserve it.

The rewards I receive for the service I do, and the restraint which I submit to, consist in having the enjoyment of the mere necessities of life, provided you exclude money out of the number. I am clothed out of Lady Mary's wardrobe; and I have offended Mrs. Pinup, her ladyship's woman, past all forgiveness, because her ladyship chuses that I should not go naked about the house.

Not being much used to a coach, I am generally sick with sitting backwards in one. This my lady knows perfectly well; but since I entered into my state of dependence, I am constantly obliged to let her sit forward alone in the daily airings that we take upon the adjacent common.

You have already seen, Sir, that I do the work of most of the servants in the house: but I must now descend a little lower, and acquaint you with some abject employments which I am forced to submit to.

I have already hinted to you, that my lady has no real friendship for either man or woman. Her affections are settled upon the brute creation, for whom she expresses incredible tenderness. You would take her monkey to be her eldest son, by the care she shews of him; and she could not be more indulgent to her favourite daughter than she is to her lap-dog: she has a real friendship for her parrot; and the other day she expressed much more joy at the safe delivery of a beloved cat, than she had done some months before at the birth of her grandson.

It is my province to tend, wait upon, and serve this favourite part of the family. I am made answerable for all their faults; and if any of them are sick, it is I that am to blame. It was through my negligence that Pug broke my lady's finest set of china; and my forgetting to give Veny her dinner was the occasion of the dear creature's illness. Polly's silence is often attributed to my ill usage; and the murder of two or three kittens has been most unjustly laid to my charge.

I now come to some grievances of another kind, which I am almost ashamed to own, but which are necessary to be told.

My lady has, for the humour in her eyes, (by the by, I make all her eye-water) three issues; one in each arm, and

me cry, will, I am afraid, make people laugh.

My Mary, out of the few teeth she left, had one that had the impudence to ake and keep her ladyship awake three nights together: upon this, Mr.

the surgeon was sent for, who, leaving the affected part, declared loudly for extraction. This put her into a terrible agony; she declared she never had a tooth drawn in her life, and that she could never be made to undergo it, unless she saw the operation performed upon somebody in her presence. Upon this all the servants were summoned, and she endeavoured to persuade them, one after another, to have a tooth drawn for her service; but all refused, and chose rather to lose their places than their teeth. Lady dressed herself to me, and concluded by the long friendship that had subsisted between us, and by all the obligations I had already to her, and those she determined to confer upon me, to grant her this request. I blush to tell

I yielded, and parted with a very sound tooth: but what will you when I also tell you, that after my refusal, Mr. Mercy was at last obliged to yield without drawing her lady-

ship's tooth; and the malicious; ever she perceives that she has the company stare a little too much, instantly appeals to me for the fact which I never heard before, which I am declared to have seen with my own eye witness.

Another grievance is, that being much the richest person in the neighbourhood, is thoroughly sensible that nobody of an inferior rank can ever be in the right in any dispute that may happen between them; and my ladyship's arguments are generally weak, so her passions are very easily excited. What she wants in reason she makes up in anger, which sometimes rises to such a height, and in all these disputes she is always ready to apply to me, as an equitable umpire for my decision of the contest. My appeal being accompanied with Colonel Hernando's looks, is immediately pronounced in her favour for what can reason or argue against fear and poverty? The judgments have made all the difference in my enemies, who imagine also that this behaviour of mine, I must be in my lady's good graces; so they hate what they ought to commend, and envy what they should rather despise. It is the same case in every one.

the neighbours; and there are some features of my condition too strongly drawn to be mistaken by any of my acquaintance. A common likeness would not have been sufficient: but such a caricature as I have painted must strike, and be known at first sight, and perhaps

may contribute to change my scene for a better. But one thing I am sure of, which is, that no alteration that can happen to me from the publishing this paper can be for the worse. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

MARY TRUMAN.

Nº XXXVIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1753.

EXILIS DOMUS EST, UBI NON ET MULTA SUPERSUNT,
ET DOMINUM FALLUNT, ET PROSUNT FURIBUS.—

HOR.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THERE is a species of luxury, which, though you must often have observed, I do not find that you have hitherto taken notice of; I mean that extravagance of expence which people of all ranks and conditions are daily running into in the article of furniture. In the houses of the great, (not to mention the profusion of French ornament, and costly glitter of every room) the meanest utensils of the kitchen are all of plate. But it is not upon the follies of other people that I am going to descant; it is of myself and my country-house, or rather of my wife and her villa, that I intend to be particular. The house I am speaking of, together with a very considerable estate, was left me by an uncle in the city, with whom I had lived from the age of sixteen. As he intended me for trade, you may be sure he gave me no other education (a little school-learning excepted) than what was necessary to a counting-house. But finding myself, at his death, in possession of a plentiful fortune, I resolved to commence gentleman; and accordingly disposed of my effects in business, and took a house at the other end of the town.

Here I became acquainted with a lady of quality, who, though she had the highest notions of birth, yet, from so trifling a circumstance as want of fortune, condescended to give me her hand, notwithstanding the meanness of my family, and the difference of our educations. As I thought myself extremely honoured by an alliance with so great a lady, I gave the management of every thing into her hands, and grew as in-

dolent as if I had really been a man of fashion. My wife was a woman of exceeding Fine Taste, as it is called; or, in other words, one who liked to have every thing about her in the newest and most expensive manner. As soon as I brought her to my country-house, I thought she would have fainted away at the sight of my furniture; the whole of it (to use her own words) was so frightful, so odious, and so out of Taste! Her upholsterer must be sent for that instant! for there was no enduring life in the midst of so much antiquated lumber. I forgot to tell you, that I had entirely new-furnished the house about three months before; but though every thing was extremely good and neat, I must do my wife the justice to own, there was very little in it but what was of real use. Early the next day down comes the upholsterer. 'Lord, Mr. Kifang,' says she, 'I am glad you are come. Pray rest yourself a little; but I am afraid you can't find a chair fit for a Christian to sit down upon. Such seats! such backs! such legs! such—but they are so of a piece with the rest of the furniture!—Dear Kifang, I am glad you are come!' So, without waiting for his reply, or suffering him to sit down, she conducted him through all the apartments, except the offices, which indeed she has never once condescended to visit since her becoming mistress of my family.

Mr. Kifang, who is said to be of Chinese extraction, and who must be allowed to understand his business as well as any man alive, agreed perfectly with her la'ship; and observed, that such out-of-fashion things might do well enough for a citizen, but that persons of quality and distinction, who had a Taste,

M

and

heads, beaks, wings, and claws, of
and beasts, that Milton's

ons, and hydras, and chimæras dire,

it to be compared with them. Every
is compleatly covered with a Wil-
rpet; I suppose to save the floors,
are all new-laid, and in the most
five manner. In each of these
is a pair or two of stands, sup-
by different figures of men or
on which are placed branches of
a china, representing lions, bears,
ther animals, holding in their
s or paws sprigs of bays, orange,
tle; among the leaves of which
ed sockets for the reception of
indles, which, by dispersing the
mong the foliage, I own make a
greeable appearance. But I can
use for the lions and bears: to
truth, I cannot help thinking it
unnatural; for it is well known
l kinds of savages are afraid of
But this I submit to you; having
d of late several wild beasts ex-
on the stage, without their shew-
least surprize at the lamps, or
the loud shouts of applause which
en bestowed upon them from the
s. The upper apartments of my
which were before handsomely
ted, are now hung with the

is derived from the room
pillars, adorned with wre:
and intermixed with sh
this apartment there is a c
curious workmanship, h
with stones, gems, and fl
in such a manner as to re
sorts of flowers. The to-
net is adorned with a prod
of china, of all colours,
sized. At every corner of
great jars filled with dried
and jessamine. The chim
(and indeed every one in
covered with immense quar
of various figures; amor
Talapoins and Bonzes, au
ligious orders of the East.

The next room that pre-
my wife's dressing-room;
attempt to describe it to y
it is so full of trinkets. I
covered round with lookin
terspersed with pictures ma
butterflies, and sea-weeds
very magnificent Chinese c
the toilette, furnished with a
of gilt plate, for combs, bru-
pastes, patches, pomatux
white grey and blue, bottles
lavender and orange-flower
in short, all the apparatus f
beauty. Here she constan
devotions two hours every n
what kind of devotion

of which I neither know the names. But I cannot help the gravel-walks, rivers, and temples, which on a grand air appearance at the desert. I am not to suppose that all this ornament is only to gratify curiosity; it is meant as a token to the greatest happiness of seeing company: and I give above twenty entries in a year to people for no manner of regard, for use in the world than to shew off. In short, Sir, it is better a sight, that I am no longer it; being continually driven to room, to give opportunity to admire it. But as we missed a favourite Chinese and some other valuable move-

ables, we have entertained thoughts of confining the show to one day in the week, and of admitting no persons whatsoever without tickets, unless they happen to be acquainted with the names, at least, of some of my wife's relations. For my own part, if every thing in the house was stolen, it would give me less concern than I have felt for many years past at every India sale, or at the shortest visit that she has made at Deard's: for I find, to my sorrow, that as my furniture encreases, my acres diminish; and that a new fashion never fails of producing a fresh mortgage.

If you think my case may be of service to any of those husbands who are unhappy enough to be married to wives of Taste, you have free leave to publish it from, Sir, your most humble servant,
SAMUEL SIMPLE.

XIX. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1753.

received no less than four letters from my friend Nic. Limberce last Thursday was three which time I had the honour of his character and history. But all I dare do with is, to give a short abstract of my readers; my friend had so minutely into family secrets (as he assures me upon his oath with the strictest regard to I myself should be the Tell-tale them to the public in the received them.

First of these letters he gives me of the third lying-in of a woman of fashion near St. James's, present only in her nineteenth who lives with a very pious old passes for a pattern of modesty. He also favours me with characters of two gentlemen who have the honour, separately, of the evening with this year, without either suspecting of being any thing more than acquaintance.

Second letter contains the secret of a woman of quality, wholely just upon the point of parting for Indiscretion. Till this letter, I confess myself to have a very inadequate idea of the meaning of this word. To be Indis-

creet, it seems, is for a married woman to listen to the addresses of one, two, or half a dozen lovers; to make assignations with them separately; to declare her hatred to her husband; and to admit her said lovers to every liberty but One. All this, provided the lady be not detected in some of her closest familiarities, is to be Indiscreet: and though the virtue of such a lady is not to be called in question, yet every body has a right to say, that she has been guilty of Indiscretions.

My friend's third letter is a good deal too waggish for the sobriety of this paper. It is the history of a parson and his two maids, whom he calls Rachel and Leah. To say the truth, I have another reason for suppressing this letter, which is, that the doctor happens to be the rector of my own parish, and (setting Rachel and Leah, and eating and drinking, out of the question) is really a very continent and abstemious man.

The fourth and last letter is a voyage from Vauxhall to Whitehall in a dark night, under a tilt, performed by persons of distinction of both sexes. All that I shall inform my readers of this voyage, is, that it appears from the journal of it, (which was kept by one of the passengers, and communicated to my friend) to have been a very Indiscreet one; and that in the latitude of

M 2 Westminster.

having now taken sufficient notice of friend Limbertongue's letters, I leave my readers to animadvert them, and devote the remainder of this paper to a female correspondent.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

I, am a young woman, born to no great fortune, but from the indulgence of my parents, am so happy as to enjoy the advantages of a good education.

I have really a handsome face, a natural gentility about me, walk well as any body, and am told by my mother, and have heard it whispered a hundred times by the maids, that I am a very girl.

It was my fortune some time ago,

I was upon a visit in the country, to make a hole in a gentleman's heart, to sit in the next pew to me at church; and as I am above disguises, I shall confess freely that I was equally struck with a pleasure in looking at him from the first moment I saw him; and it was a pleasing satisfaction to me, that as soon as I dared squint that way, I perceived his eyes to be fixed fully upon

he was known to the lady at my house I was entertained, it was not of no great difficulty for him to

During his absence, to be much longer than, of us wished, the fashion of the ladies of wearing the shoulders; and though neither of the brownest, and misfortune of having a large my bosom, I immediately six inches of my stays behind, and presented my his return in all the naked fashion. I was indeed great that as he was running with all the eagerness of a lover, he stooped of a sudden to me, and after giving me a salute, and enquiring how he himself down for about a hour, and then wished me

It really never occurred what accident I was to mortifying a change, till the morning I was let into the following letter.

MADAM,

TO have but one defect in a person, and to display with so much pains, is to be without that prudence, which the married state is generally very. I must therefore trouble you of telling you, that my maid yesterday, and that

will be of opinion, that his letter is a little too mortifying, and his resolution too hasty.

Some months have elapsed since I have worn the willow; and I have at present hardly any expectation of being restored to grace: though, if Alphonso had thought it worth his while to make any enquiries about me, he would have known that, ever since the discovery of that fatal scar, (which I can assure him upon my honour was only occasioned by a burn) I have worn my stays as high, and pinned my gown as decently, as his hard heart would desire: and notwithstanding the very warm weather we have had this summer, I have never made a visit, or appeared any where in public, but in a double handkerchief, and that too pinned under my chin.

I have two reasons, Sir, for troubling you with this letter, and desiring your publication of it. The first is, that my lover may see how penitent I am for my

fault; and the second, to do service to two ladies of my acquaintance; one of which has a most disconsolate length of face, which she makes absolutely frightful by wearing the poke of her cap quite back to her pole; the other, with the feet and legs of a Welch porter, is for ever tripping it along the Mall in white shoes and short petticoats. If I cannot benefit myself, it will be some little satisfaction to have been a warning to my friends. I am, Sir, your most unfortunate humble servant,

CELIMENA.

P. S. Since my writing this letter, I have some distant hope that my lover may come about again; having been informed of a saying of his to a friend, That in spite of the scar upon my bosom, my appearance that night put him in mind of a book lately published, called 'Heaven Open to all Men.'

Nº XL. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1753.

OF all the Eastern stories that have hitherto made their appearance in English, there is not one that conveys so perfect and beautiful a moral as that of the Prince Ruzvanschad and the Princess Cheherittany, in the first volume of the Persian Tales. Ruzvanschad was king of China, and Cheherittany princess of an island of Genii. They fell desperately in love with each other; and after the usual delays, were married in due form in the island of Cheherittan, where the lady was queen. But before the solemnization of this marriage, the princess of the Genii addressed the king of China in the following manner—"I am not going," said she, "to make your majesty any unreasonable request, though the power I have over you, and the superiority of my nature, claim obedience in all things: I shall only demand a promise from you, that for the honour of your queen, and for our mutual happiness, you will blindly comply with me in every thing I have a mind to do. The Genii are never in the wrong: if, therefore, at any time my actions should happen to appear unaccountable and extravagant, say within yourself—"My wife has reason for what she

"does:" for it is impossible that we should live together in love and harmony, unless you implicitly believe that I am always in the right." The king, according to the universal custom of lovers, promised very readily to think in all things as his princess would have him; and the marriage was celebrated with all imaginable splendour.

The sequel of the story informs us, that his majesty of China did not absolutely keep his royal promise; for that, upon certain trifling occasions, such, for instance, as the queen's flinging her son into the fire, giving her daughter to be devoured by a wild beast, destroying the provisions of his whole army, and the like, (which are only allegorical expressions, signifying a mamma's giving up her son to the fire of his passions, carrying her daughter to the masquerade, and consuming the substance of her husband) he not only thought her in the wrong, but had the rashness to tell her so. Here begins the misery of this royal and once happy couple; the queen separates herself from her husband, and at the end of ten whole years, consents to cohabitation upon no other terms than a renewal of the old promise, ratified by an oath. The story adds, that

of the married state are occasioned by men's finding fault with the lot of their wives, and imagining it to be fitter for government and obedience.

On my own part, I have always looked on the husband to be the head of his family in the same manner as a fountain is the head of a stream; which only supplies for it's wanderings, without disturbing the current which way it flows. It may possibly be objected, that men are commanded in a certain manner in the Bible, to be obedient husbands; but a lady of my acquaintance, who is a great casuist in dilemmas, has to have set this matter in a different light, by observing, that as most of the commentators upon the New Testament agreed that some of it's precepts, commands and prohibitions are local and temporary, and only as cautions to the Christians, without giving scandal to the Jews and Gentiles, among whom they lived; so in no manner of doubt that obedience to husbands was among the numerous commands, and that it might be observed in the infancy of the world, but not now.

Persons, as well Christians as

others, therefore, you give the scepter to her hand, and entreat her to do as she pleases according to her own good; which will be almost impossible for her to do always out of temper.

But the subordination of women will appear to be of greater use, if it be considered how unfit almost all men are to govern themselves. I have known many husbands of hopeful disposition, from being left entirely to their own management, have run into excess of riot and debauchery; which has been obvious, that had they retained the proper authority over their wives, they would have made the soberest and best men alive. How thankful ought we to be, that our wives are inclined to take upon themselves the troublesome office of government, and to leave to their husbands the exercise of obedience, which a child of ten years old is as capable of performing as a father of forty!

I have indeed heard it objected, that all women are not sufficiently qualified for the government of their husbands. But by whom is this objection made? By some obstinate old batchelor, who has a great want of conversing with the world, and is formed very erroneous opinions of women.

narch is not only of his own chusing, but one whom he has courted to reign over him.

It is matter of no small satisfaction to me, that by vindicating the sovereignty of the ladies, I am doing service to my king and country; for while men are kept under a continued state of subjection at home, they will submit with more alacrity to the laws, and feel a deficiency of those spirits which, for want of proper controul, might lead them into riots, insurrections, and rebellions. It were to be wished indeed that the ladies would drop the study of national politics, and confine themselves to family government only: for while a hus-

band is no other than the vassal of his wife, a female Jacobite (unless she should happen to be ugly, or an old maid), may be a dangerous creature. I shall therefore conclude this paper by recommending it to the administration to have a particular eye to those seminaries of female learning, known by the name of Boarding-schools. It might not be improper if the oaths of allegiance and abjuration were to be administered to the superiors and mademoiselles of such colleges, or if the head of his present majesty King George was to be worked by every pretty Miss at the bottom of her sampler.

Nº XLI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1753.

AS the writers of the two following letters are of a sex for which I have the sincerest regard and veneration, I have made no delay in committing them to the press, not doubting but the evils they complain of will excite the attention of my readers.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Am a very hearty old maid of seventy-three; but I have a parcel of impertinent nephews and nieces, who, because I have kept my good-humour, will needs have it that I have parted with something else. Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, be so kind as to tell these graceless relations of mine, that it is not impossible for a woman to have two virtues at a time; and that she may be merry and Chaste, as well as merry and Wife. But as I am always to be teased upon this subject, I have some thoughts of renouncing my virginity, to secure my good-humour; for I am afraid that, by contending with them every day for what they say I have lost, I shall run the hazard of losing in reality what they allow me to possess. I beg your advice in this critical affair; and am, Sir, your most humble servant,

PRUDENTIA HOLDFAST.

In answer to Miss Holdfast, I shall only say, that if I was to be teased out of my virginity, it should be by the most

impudent fellow living, sooner than by these undutiful relations.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I Am a young woman of fashion, and a great admirer of a town life. But it has been my misfortune, for these three months past, to be condemned to the odious country, and the more odious diversions of it; and this in compliance to an old-fashioned aunt, who, excepting her two daughters, and the company they keep, is the most odious thing of all. But it is not for the sake of abusing my friends, or of ridiculing the country, that I trouble you with this letter; I have really escaped such dangers in this retirement, that I mean it as a caution to my sex against giving up the innocent amusements of a town life for the destructive pleasures of woods and shades.

I had hardly been a week at my aunt's before I lost all the delicacy of quantity; and from the palest complexion in the world, and no appetite, (the best proofs of high birth, and of keeping good company) I began to look as rosy as a milk-maid, and to eat like a plough-boy. I shall never forget the awkward compliments that were made me upon those defects; but a new mortification succeeded, which removed me still farther from upper life, and had like to have killed me. I began absolutely, Mr. Fitz Adam, to grow fat. What was to be done now? Why, I must walk forsooth! I wondered they did not bid me

ing me so. I really pitied their
ance, but could hardly forbear
ng when I saw them come down
in to breakfast as if they were
d for visitors. It was in vain for
teel them that women of fashion
bove such regards; I was again
to comply, and to tick pins into
aths as if dressing for a drum.
a far from denying that air, exer-
nd neatness, contributed to my
but I remember with confusion
eration they produced. I had
n the polite circle to the age of
d-twenty, without conceiving an
the other sex, any farther than
lated to their use in public places,
upon the water, or a party at
Indeed, the perpetual hurry of
life puts all other things quite
one's head. But idleness is the
all evil. In less than a fortnight
t told me that I had passions as
appetites. To deal plainly with
t Fitz-Adam, for want of some-
do, I fell desperately in love.
ame I confess it, I was caught
not how; for my rustic, though
ne particular regards, and was a
e fellow of a good estate, had
accomplishment upon earth to
nd him to a woman of fashion.

self, and so contemptible :
was really in love with :
entirely did he possess me
trived to be ill, and to kee
ber three mornings togethe
him alone. But, would y
Mr. Fitz-Adam? if he a
touch my hand, I had such
fears about me, that I t
where I was. I trembled a
he spoke to me; and had h
those trifling liberties whic
gentleman is admitted to in
which the strictest modesty
cry Pish at, I verily believ
have died. But his countr
was the saving of my life.
tions, I perceived, were t
of me; a character which, c
racters in the world, I had
aversion to; as, in all pro
would connect me with the
mother, and a thousand ridi-
ties and affections, that a wel-
man has really no time for.
deplorable creature I had cert
if he had not all of a sudden
reason I know not, unless h
a crime for a lady to be a
upon the Bible) taken a c
his head of treating me lib-

from: the sexes may meet naked, and not be ashamed, nor even know that they are naked.

It would take up too much of your paper to enforce the advantages of Play, by laying before you the evils it prevents. Scandal was never heard of at a card-table: the question when we meet is not, Who lost her honour last night? but who her money? We never go to church to ridicule the parsons, or stay

at home to be the plague of husbands or servants. In short, if women would escape the pursuits of men, the drudgery of wives, the cares of parents, and the plagues of home, their security is Play. I know of nothing that can be said against it, but that it may possibly lead to ill-nature, quarrels, cheating, and ruin. I am, Sir, your constant reader, and most humble servant,

SOPHIA SHUFFLE.

Nº XLII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1753.

IT is a common phrase, when we speak of a person who has nothing remarkably bad in his disposition, that he is a *good sort of a man*; but of these *good sorts of men* there are multitudes to be met with, who are more troublesome and offensive than a swarm of gnats within one's bed curtains.

A *good sort of man* is sometimes he, who from shallowness of parts, and a narrow education, believes every action of mankind, that is not calculated to promote some pious or virtuous end, to be blameable and vicious. He prescribes to himself rules for the conduct of life, and censures those who differ from him as immoral or irreligious. Walking in the fields on a Sunday, or taking up a news-paper, is an offence against Heaven. I have heard a young lady severely reprimanded for reading a Spectator upon that day: and I have known it prophesied of a boy of eight years old, that he would certainly be an Atheist, for having written God with a little g, and Devil with a great D. In the opinion of this *good sort of a man*, to say, *Lord bless me*, is a breach of the third commandment; and to affirm, *upon one's word*, that this or that thing is true or false, is downright swearing.

To such characters as these, the infidelity of others may in some measure be owing. To avoid one extreme we are apt to run into another; and because one man happens to believe a great deal too much, another is determined to believe nothing at all.

During the usurpation of Cromwell, we were a nation of psalm-singers; which is the best reason I can give for the introduction of hawty songs that passed in upon us at the Restoration: for though the king and his court were indefatigable

in the propagation of wantonness, (and every body knows how apt men are to copy the manners of a court) they would have found it a very hard task to debauch the whole kingdom, if it had not been a kingdom of enthusiasts.

Another, though less mischievous *good sort of a man* is he, who upon every occasion, or upon no occasion at all, is teasing you with Advice. This gentleman is generally a very grave personage, who happening either to have out-lived his passions, or to have been formed without any, regulates all his actions by the rule of prudence. He visits you in a morning, and is sorry to hear you call those persons your friends who kept you at the King's Arms last night after the clock had struck twelve. He tells you of an acquaintance of his, of a hundred and two years old, who was never up after sun-setting, nor a-bed after sun-rising. He informs you of those meats which are easiest of digestion, prescribes water-gruel for your breakfast, and harangues upon the poison of made dishes. He knows who caught a fever by going upon the water; and can tell you of a young lady who had the rheumatism in all her limbs by wearing an India persian in the middle of October. If at a jovial meeting of friends, you happen to have drank a single glass too much, he talks to you of dropsies and inflammations, and wonders that a man will buy pleasure in an evening at the hazard of a head-ach in the morning. That such a person may really be a *good sort of a man*, and that he may give his advice out of pure humanity, I am very ready to allow; but I cannot help thinking, (and I am no advocate for intemperance) that if it was not now-and-then for giving prudence the

slip, and for a little harmless playing the fool, life would be a very insipid thing.

A third *good sort of man*, is one who calls upon you every day, and tells you what the people say of you abroad. As how 'Mr. Nokes was very warm in your praises, and that Mr. Stiles agreed with him in opinion; but that Mr. Roe and Mrs. Doe, who by the by pretend to be your friends, were continually coming in with one of their ill-natured ifs. But they are like the rest of the world. You have a thousand enemies, though you do nothing to deserve them. I wonder what could provoke Mr. A. to fall upon you with so much violence before Lady B: but then to hear Mr. C. and Miss D. who are under such obligations to you, join in the abuse, was what, I own, I did not expect. But there is no sincerity among us: and I verily believe you have not a friend in the whole world besides myself.' Thus does he run on, not only lessening you in your own opinion, but robbing you of the most pleasing satisfaction of life, that of thinking yourself esteemed by those with whom you converse. If you happen to be in any public character, the Lord have mercy upon you! for unless you can stop your ears to the croakings of these ravens, you must be miserable indeed. There are very few *good sorts of men* that are more pernicious than these: for as almost every man in the world is curious of knowing what another thinks of him, he is perpetually listening to abuses upon himself, till he grows a hater of his kind. It is for this reason that dissimulation is often to be ranked among the virtues; for if every man of your acquaintance, instead of assuring you of his esteem and regard, was to tell you that he did not care a straw for you, (which twenty to one is the truth) the motives to benevolence would be entirely destroyed; and though the 'loving those that hate us' be a precept of Christianity, it would puzzle me to name a Christian of my acquaintance who has grace enough to practise it.

A fourth *good sort of a man*, and with whom I shall conclude this paper, is the man of Ceremony. But as this character is drawn from the life by one of my correspondents who has felt the inconvenience of it, I shall give it to my readers in his own words,

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I belong to a club of very fellows in the city, who in week to week kill care and be merry. Every one of us is his song or tell his story for tainment of his friends, and naturally jocosely upon the society. But all our merriment has been at a stand for some time since the admission of a new member. He seems to be a person of very fine fortune, from which we shew him a great deal. At his entrance into the club all rise from our chairs; and till he has paid his compliments of us separately, and kept us for near a quarter of an hour, he entreats us to be seated. He says we are all perfectly well, and caught no colds that day; he is walking home from the club; the night was foggy, or it was cold, or it was for other, that gave him a good deal. After he has made our bows, and assured us of exceeding good healths, he begins after our ladies and fan is always so unfortunate as to number and names of our club which he most heartily begs; he hopes the dear little creature has not the pleasure of knowing him for his want of. The finishing this ceremony takes us up about an hour; and as he is the first man of the necessary, in point of good that he should find us in company and to say the truth, since he is into our society, we have no word to say, unless it be in an enquires. And now it is entertained with the history of at Lady Fiddals, at which we Lord and Lady Lavender, S Picktooth, and a world of company. He names every dish the order it was placed, tells the company was seated, the that passed; and, in short, that was said; which, though called polite conversation, is the dullest I ever heard in my time we generally beg upon our watches; a bill is and after a contention of

minutes who shall go out last, we return to our homes.

This, Sir, is the true history of our once jovial club; and as it is not impossible that this well-bred gentleman may be a reader of the World, I trouble you with this letter, and entreat

your publication of it; for with so much good-manners as he is undoubtedly master of, he will abscent himself from our society when he knows how miserable he has made us. I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

FRANCIS HEARTY.

Nº XLIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1753.

I Have devoted to-day's paper to the miscellaneous productions of such of my correspondents as, in my own opinion, are either whimsical enough, or witty enough, to be entertaining to my readers.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Am an Englishman and a Patriot, but neither a Freeholder nor an Independent Whig. I am neither a Craftsman nor a Fool, but a Freethinker and a Plain-dealer; a steady Champion for virtue, and a sharp Prosector against vice.

I am a daily Inspector of my neighbours' actions, and take a Monthly Review of my own; yet do not assume the title of Censor or Guardian; being contented with the office of Monitor or Remembrancer. My enemies nevertheless will call me a Tatler, a Busy-body, an Impertinent, &c.

I am a great Reader, and a Lover of polite literature. I am sometimes an Adventurer abroad, sometimes a Rambler at home, and rove like the Bee from Museum to Museum, in quest of knowledge and pleasure.

I am an Occasional Writer too; in a fit of gaiety I am a Humourist, in a fit of seriousness a Moralist; and when I am very angry indeed, I scourge the age with all the spirit of a Butchy.

To conclude, I am not an idle Spectator, but a close Examiner of what passes in the World, and Mr. Fitz-Adam's admirer and humble servant,
PHILOCOELOS.

This letter puts me in mind of the following advertisement in a late Daily Advertiser. 'Whereas Thomas Toovey, 'husband, who is lately removed from 'the Blackmoor's Head in Piccadilly 'to the shop, late the Crown and Dag- 'ger, three doors lower, and hopes for

'the continuance of his friends custom' —And there it ends. I should have been more obliged to my correspondent, if, after his Whereas that he was an Englishman, a Patriot, a Freeholder, &c. he had thought proper to inform me to what purpose he was all this. But I have the pleasure of hoping that this epistle is only an introductory discourse to a larger work; and as such I have given it to the public, without addition or amendment.

SIR,

IF it would not be meddling with religion, (a subject which you have declared against touching upon) I wish you would recommend it to all rectors, vicars, and curates of parishes, to omit, in the prayer commonly used in the pulpit before sermon, the petition for Jews, Turks, and Infidels. For as the Jews, since a late act of parliament, are justly detested by the whole nation; and as it is shrewdly suspected that a bill is now in agitation for naturalizing the Turks, wise men are of opinion that it is no business of ours to be continually recommending such people in our prayers. Indeed, as for the Infidels, who are only our own people, I should make no scruple of praying for them, if I did not know that persons of fashion do not care to hear themselves named so very particularly in the face of a congregation. I have the honour of an acquaintance with a lady of very fine understanding, who assures me that the above-mentioned prayer is absolutely as terrible to her as being church'd in public: for that she never hears the word Infidel mentioned from the pulpit, without fancying herself the stare of the whole rabble of believers.

As it is certainly the duty of a clergyman to avoid giving offence to his parishioners; and as our hatred to the Jews, our alarms about the Turks, and the

the modesty of persons of quality, are not to be overcome, I beg that you will not only insert this letter in the *World*, but that you will also give it as your opinion that the petition should be emitted. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

I. M.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

NOW the theatres are open, and the town is in high expectation of seeing Pantomimes performed to the greatest advantage, it would not be improper if you would give us a paper upon that subject. Your predecessor the Spectator, and the Tatler before him, used frequently to animadvert upon theatrical entertainments; but as those gentlemen had no talents for Pantomime, and were partial to such entertainments as themselves were able to produce, they treated the nobler compositions with unwarrantable freedom. Happy is it for us, that we live in an age of Taste, when the dumb eloquence, and manual wit and humour of Harlequin, is justly preferred to the whining of tragedy, or the vulgarity of comedy. But it grieves me, in an entertainment so near perfection, to observe certain indelicacies and indecorums, which, though they never fail of obtaining the approbation of the galleries, must be extremely offensive to the politeness of the boxes. The indelicacies I mean, are, the frequent and significant wriggings of Harlequin's tail, and the affront that Pierot is apt to put upon the modesty of Columbine, by sometimes supposing, in his searches for her lover, that she has hid him under her petticoats. That such a supposition would be allowable in comedy, I am very ready to own; the celebrated Mrs. Behn having given us in reality what is here only supposed. In a play of that delicate lady's, the wife, to conceal the gallant from the husband, not only hides him under her petticoats, but, as Trulla did by Hudibras, straddles over him, and, holding her husband in discourse, walks backwards with her lover to the door, where with a gentle love-kick she dismisses him from his hiding-place. But that the chaste Columbine should be suspected of such indelicacy, or that Pierot should be so audacious as to attempt the examination of premises so sacred, is a solecism in

Pantomime. Another impurity gives me almost equal offence, Harlequin's tapping the neck or back of his mistress, and then kissing his neck. I am apprehensive that this behaviour borders upon wantonness, which, in the character of Harlequin who is a foreigner, and a fine man, and every thing agreeable, is as absurd as it is immodest.

When these reformations brought about, every body must think that a Pantomime will be a moral and instructive entertainment. It is to be hoped that none of the principal performers will be suffered to have a part in it. How pleased will I be this winter to read in one of our articles of news in the *Public Advertiser* 'We hear that at each of the theatres Royal there is an entire new Pantomime now in rehearsal, and the principal parts are to be performed by Mr. Garrick, Mr. Woodward, Mrs. Cibber, and Mr. Pritchard, at Drury Lane; Mr. Covent Garden by Mr. Quin, Mr. Lun, Mr. Barry, Miss Nossiter. It is not to be doubted that a Pantomime so acted would run through the whole season to the politest as well as most crowded audiences. I have often wondered at the good sense of the town, that they can bear night after night, so elegant a Pantomime with only one person of real reputation.

It was very well observed by one of quality, 'That if Mr. Addison, Mr. Swift, and Mr. Pope, were unitedly to write a Pantomime every winter, provided Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber were to do the principal parts, he verily believed there would be a hundred people at any theatre in town, except it was of a Surinam, it be from no other consideration than this, I am for having Pantomimes exhibited to the best advantage: as we have no such Wits among us, lordship was pleased to name no person reckoned to have as good Curiosity as any age has produced; and I think that the most striking beauties of Pantomimical composition are to be found to the Carpenter, more than to the Poet. I am Sir, your constant and most humble servant,

N^o XLIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

A Justly-admired poet of our own times, speaking in reference to his art, tells us, that

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well ex-
press'd.

The same, it is presumed, may be said of almost every kind of writing. Europe is at present so much enlightened, that it is hardly possible to strike out a single notion absolutely new, or which has never been touched upon by somebody before us. Religion, philosophy, and morality in particular, have been so thoroughly canvass'd, that such as would treat upon those subjects now, have scarce any thing left them but to set some beaten thought in a different light, and, like a skilful cook, endeavour to make the fare of yesterday palatable again to-day by a various dressing. If it can be got down and digested, there are always hopes of conveying some nourishment; and whether it be taken for turtle or venison, pheasant or moor-game, beef or mutton, is not a farthing's matter, so it be relished by the guests. Whether I am possessed of any part of this skill, must be left to the decision of each person's taste. All I dare engage for is, that no unwholesome ingredient shall enter into my composition; and if, on the one hand, it should be insipid, on the other, it shall be as harmless as a bit of dry bread.

But to my subject. The comparison of man's life to a journey, and the conclusions usually drawn from thence, are not the less true for being trite and common. When we reflect, that to be excessively anxious for the wealth, honours, and pleasures, of this transitory world, is just as ridiculous as it would be to torment ourselves because our accommodations at an inn (which we are to quit the next morning) are not sufficiently sumptuous, the aptness of the allusion stares us in the face: the allusion is extorted while the mind dwells upon it; and people of every persuasion, how-

ever they may disagree in other propositions, concur in this, as in a self-evident axiom.

Yet herein do we resemble the case of him who is said in Scripture 'to behold his figure in a glass, but straight forgetteth what manner of man he was;' and, as if a fatality hang over us, our memories are still found worst in the matter that concerns us most; namely, in the acquisition of Tranquillity, that *summum bonum* on this side the grave. A Heathen could tell us that this inestimable treasure lies at our feet, but that we giddily stumble over it in the pursuit of bubbles. On these we bestow all our strenuous exertions; the other has only indolent wishes.

But if we are candidates in earnest for this Temporal felicity, and which at the same time leads by the smoothest road to the Caelestial, the first step should be to discover what that is which opposes and excludes it: and as it is utterly impossible that two contraries should peaceably inhabit the same breast, let us resolve to drive out the aggressor.

That perturbations of every kind are capital enemies to Tranquillity, speaks itself: but it may require some scrutiny to discern that the common parent from whence most of these proceed, is Pride. I say, *most* of these; for if want, pain, fear, and intemperance, be excepted, it is presumed that few obstacles to serenity can be imagined which are not fairly deducible from this single vice.

The inimitable Mr. Addison, in one of his Spectators, mentions guilt and ambition as the only warrantable precluders of Cheerfulness: nor is it here intended to controvert his superior judgment; this being merely an essay to prove that Pride is the great source from whence almost every other species of guilt flows. And as for ambition, it may, I think, without much torturing the argument, be placed to the same account.

But let us first try the truth of this proposition upon actual or practical vices, as distinguished from speculative errors; and thence discover to what degree they may be said to *hold of this Lady Paramount*; consequently, how far we

are indebted to her for the miseries which fill the world with complaints.

Sickness, pain, fear, want, and intemperance, have already been excepted, as productive of disorders in the soul, which derive not immediately from this origin: at least, it can hardly with propriety be said, that a person is proud of a disease, of cowardice, or of indigence; though it has been observed, that some have had the preposterous folly to glory in being lewd, a drunkard, or a glutton.

Whether human nature be capable of bearing up with cheerfulness and indolence against these evils, (from what causesoever arising) is a question foreign to the present business, which is to excite every thinking person strictly to examine the catalogue of vices, one by one, and then to ask his own heart what resemblance they bear to the prolific parent here assigned them; and it is presumed, that nothing more is necessary than the holding up the progeny to view, in order to ascertain their descent.

It may be gathered from the most authentic testimony, that her first-born was Ambition; brought to light in the days of your namesake Adam; and ever since, whether clad in a red coat, and armed with a scymitar and firebrand, or in the more gentle habit of a statesman, courtier, beau, lawyer, divine, &c. still confesses the kindred in every feature and action. It is not very material in what order the subsequent issue were produced. But that envy, hatred, malice, tyranny, anger, implacability, revenge, cruelty, impatience, obstinacy, violence, treachery, ingratitude, selfishness, avarice, profusion; together with the smaller disorders, detraction, impertinence, loquacity, petulance, affectation, &c. do all derive from this *Mater Familias*, will, I persuade myself, most evidently appear to a curious observer.

To enumerate the infinite disorders and calamities that disperse themselves from this root, intrude into every place, and are incessant plagues to individuals, as well as to society, were an endless task. Who shall tell the secret pangs of the heart in which she is planted? But her baleful influence is discernible, wherever 'two or three are gathered together.' Even at the altar, and whilst the tongue, in compliance with the ritual, is uttering the most humili-

ating epithets, you shall perceive confidently tickled out, and brandish fantastic airs attracting ship of the assistants, from the hem!

Trace her from the court city; and there, from the general to the retailer, mechanic, and thence into the country, from the farmer and day-labourer to the scavenger-sweeper, and night-ma through all this dirt and filth, occasionally discern her.

Nor is her Parental dominion confined to the climates or nations civilized. Travel to the poles, or burning zone; among the Bamboos, and Frequars; among the Iroquois, Cannibals, and Hottentots, even there shall you meet with notions of this *primum mobile*. Vain the arrogance of superior men pretends the first of these to assume of domineering over the conduct of their fellows, and damning the those who differ from them? the Hottentots, who that read counts of the violence with which they torment, before they eat their can doubt whether they are act hunger or haughtiness? In from the feuds that lay waste kingdoms, down to the sick which devours the slighted of the fine lady superseded in her need look no farther for the the griefs which poison our peace.

In relation to matters purely lativ, none, who are ever so li verant in them, can be at a loss merces instances of the havoc with learning, truth, and relig the dogmatistical imposition of by and systems, invented by men power than knowledge; and th arrogant prohibition of new which might detect the fallacy, while claim with an assumed ciency. Hence was the asserte Antipade periecutated in the ing Hence all the mischiefs arising f thumain, hypocrisy, bigotry, a Hence—But I am entering into too wide for the limits of an e epistle. Yet, having mentioned liberty of accounting for athe same way, I shall here only a your readers, whether that man i

a fool, or if he must not necessarily be a very Conceited fool, who says in his heart 'There is no GOD?'

And now, Sir, should it be asked to what purpose this epistle? or where the remedy? it is answered, that the utility of such a discussion (which, for the sake of the World, I could heartily wish had been more accurately handled) must be obvious; for by this means the hydra being reduced to one head, it becomes a more compendious task to cut off that

one, than to vanquish a legion successively sprouting out from different stems; or, to change the allusion, the recipe, instead of applying to the infinite variety of symptoms, might be comprized in two words, 'Banish Pride;' as indeed this disease, pregnant of so many others, is most emphatically cautioned against in six words of Holy Writ—'Pride was not made for Man.'

I am, Sir, &c.

Nº XLV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1753.

————— NECTE CORONAM
POSTIBUS —————

JUV.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THERE is hardly a greater instance of ill-nature, or a more certain token of a cruel disposition, than the abuse of dumb creatures; especially of those who contribute to our advantage and conveniency. The doing an ill-nature to one who has intended us no harm, is a strong proof of inhumanity; but unkindness to a benefactor is both inhuman and ungrateful.

But it is not my intention at present to animadvert upon our barbarity to the animal creation: if you will accept of so unworthy a correspondent, I may take another opportunity of sending you my thoughts upon that subject. The business of this letter is only to vindicate from reproach a poor inanimate being, vulgarly called a Post, which every body knows is held in the lowest contempt, yet whose services to mankind entitle it to a very high degree of regard and veneration.

'As stupid as a Post,' is a phrase perpetually made use of. If we want to characterize a fool, or a man absolutely without an idea, the expression is—'As stupid as a Post.'—'As dull as a Beetle,' is a term I have no dislike to; nor have I any great objection to 'As grave as a Judge,' which I have considered as a synonymous phrase, ever since I saw an old gentleman in company extremely angry at being told he looked grave; when it was observed by a third person, that *Grave in the dictionary was* *vide Dull*. But though

it is admitted that the idea of dulness may be illustrated by a Beetle, and the idea of gravity by a Judge, I positively deny that stupidity and a Post have any similitude whatsoever.

It is well known that the ancients, and more especially the Egyptians, the wisest nation of them all, paid the greatest degree of veneration to several inanimate things. Almost all vegetables were considered as gods, and consequently worshipped as such. Leeks and onions were particularly esteemed; and there was hardly a garden to be seen that was not over-run with deities. Now I own that I have no such superstitious regard for a Post, as to recommend it's deification; nor am I for making it minister of state, as Caligula did his horse; I only think, that when it is undeservedly branded into a proverb of contempt, common justice requires it's vindication.

In former ages, how much Posts were esteemed, appears from what Juvenal says of them—

Orientur POSTES, et grandi janua lauro;

where we see that they were crowned with laurel. Virgil likewise, in describing the destruction of Troy, says, that the women in the height of despair—

Amplexaque tenent POSTES, atque oscula figunt;

without doubt to take an affectionate leave of them. And old Ennius, knowing that they were in some measure sacred, employs no less a person than the goddess

goddes Difcord herself to demolish them—

—————*Difcordia tetra
Belliferratus Postes, portasque refregit.*

But before I consider the service of Posts to mankind in general, I shall take this opportunity of acknowledging the obligation which I have personally received from one of them, and which may very possibly bias me in favour of the whole fraternity.

I was travelling very lately, where I was entirely ignorant of the road, in a part of England too far from town for the common people to give that rational direction to a stranger which they do in and about London; and too near it, as I afterwards found, not to relish strongly of it's vices. Coming at last to a place where the road branched out into different paths, I was quite at a stand, till seeing a country fellow passing by, I enquired the road to Bitley. 'To Bitley!' says he, scratching his head, and looking up in my face; 'Where did you come from, Sir?' I was nettled a good deal at the fellow's useless and impertinent question, especially as it began to grow dusk; however, that I might get what instruction from him I could, I satisfied him. He then, after having attentively looked round the country, and informed me I might have come a nearer way, gave me to understand, that he could not well tell me, but that I was not above two miles from it. 'P—x take the fellow,' says I, 'he is as stupid as a Post,' and rode on: but I had hardly gone a hundred yards before I discovered a Post, which very good-naturedly held out his finger to shew me the road, and informed me in a few words that I had still three miles to go. I followed the advice of this intelligent friend, and soon arrived at the end of my journey, ashamed and vexed at the ingratitude I had been guilty of in abusing so serviceable a guide.

If a man reflects seriously with himself, as I did then, he will find that Posts are very far from being so stupid as they are imagined to be. I may safely venture to assert, that they have all negative wisdom. They neither ruin their fortunes by gaming, nor their constitutions by drinking. They keep no bad company; they never interfere either

in matters of party or religion entirely unconcerned about favour at court, or who on I cannot say that their own they never suffer themselves to be injured unrevenged; for though upon the defensive, though they gave the challenge. But have a particular aversion, uncommon for a man, that of wine may have made! at night, to feel the effect of sentiment in the morning they seem devoted to the task; sleeping neither danger ever deterring the that assign them. One thing be justly laid to their charge that they are often guilty however to the blind; the they amply repay it, by let to the lane.

I could enumerate few Posts, which are of use such as the Mail-post, the post, the Sign post, and I shall at present content making a few observations last, the Whipping-post a post.

If to put in execution the land be of any service to which few I think will den of the Whipping-post must patient, as being a necessity of such an execution. In vice it does to a country p ceivable. I myself knew had proceeded so far as to upon a silver spoon, with make it his own; but, a round, and seeing a Whi his way, he desisted fro whether he suspected that t impeach him or not, I wi to determine; some folks nion, that he was afraid Corpus. It is likewise an medy for all lewd and dis viour, which the chairm generally employs it to r is it less beneficial to the mankind, than the dishon it lies immediately in the the gallows, it has stop adventurous young man i thither.

But of the whole family I know none more servi

Sign-post; which, like a bill of fare to an entertainment, always stands ready without door, to inform you what you are to expect within. The intent of this has been very much perverted, and accordingly taken notice of by your predecessor the Spectator. He was for prohibiting the carpenter the use of any sign but his saw; and the shoe maker, but his boot; and with great propriety; for the proverb says, *Ne futor ultra crepidam*. And indeed it is reasonable 'every shop should have a sign that bears some affinity to the wares in 'which it deals;' for, otherwise, a stranger may call for a yard of cloth at a bookseller's, or the last World at a linen-draper's. But when these things are adjusted, nothing can be of greater service than a Sign-post; inasmuch as it instructs a man, provided he has money in his pocket, how he may supply all his wants; and often directs the hungry traveller to the agreeable perfumes of a flavoury kitchen: from whence it is ima-

gined that the common expression comes, of smelling a Post.

Thus, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you see how much we are indebted to these serviceable things, called Posts; and I think it would be a great instance of your goodness, to endeavour to correct the world's ingratitude to them; since it is grown so very notorious, that I have known several, who owe all they have to a Post, industrious to undervalue it's dignity, and make it's character appear ridiculous. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

W. R.

N. B. All Posts of honour, Posts in war, letter Posts, and Post the Latin preposition, though they spell their names in the same manner, are of a quite different family; nor do I undertake to plead in their behalf, knowing that most of them are in too flourishing a condition to stand in need of an advocate.

Nº XLVI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,
'WHEN a rich man speaketh,' says the son of Sirach, 'every man holdeth his tongue; and lo! what he sayeth is extolled to the clouds: but if a poor man speak, they say—"What fellow is this?" I had a mortifying opportunity yesterday of experiencing the truth of this observation.

It is not material that I should tell you who or what I am; it will be enough to say, that though I dine every day, and always make my appearance in a clean shirt, I have no thoughts of offering myself as a candidate for a borough at the next general election; nor am I quite so rich as a certain man of fashion, who took such a fancy to me this summer in the country, as hardly to be easy out of my company.

This great person came to town last week for the winter, whither I was called upon business soon after; and having received a general invitation to his table, I went yesterday to dine with him. Upon my being shewn into the parlour, I found him sitting with two young

gentlemen, who, as I afterwards learnt, were persons of great quality, and who, before I was bid to sit down, entered into a short whisper with my friend, which concluded with a broad stare in my face, and the words—"I thought 'so," uttered with a careless contempt, loud enough for me to hear.

I was a little disconcerted at this behaviour, but was in some measure relieved by a message a few minutes after, that dinner was upon the table. We were soon seated according to form; and as the conversation was upon general subjects, or rather upon no subject at all, and as the having something to say enables a man to sit easier in his chair, I now and then attempted to put in a word, but I found I had not the good fortune to make myself heard. The plough's happening to be mentioned, I asked very respectfully if any thing new was to be exhibited this season? Upon which it was observed, that the winter was come in upon us all at once, and that there had been ice in Hyd. Park of near half an inch thick. Upon my friend's taking notice that there had been a very great court that morning, I took occasion to enquire how the king did? when

it was immediately remarked, that the opera this season would certainly be a very grand one. As I was a proficient in music, and a friend to the Italian opera, I hoped to be attended to, by fixing something in favour of so elegant an entertainment; but before I had proceeded through half a sentence, the conversation took another turn, and it was unanimously agreed, that my Lord Somebody's Chateau dog was the finest of the kind ever seen in England. It was now his time for me to have done; I therefore contented myself with saying, the dog is a fine one, and the claim was removed, and then too.

As my return to my baggages, I could not help thinking that it was not absolutely impossible for great men to be very ill bred; but for a very short matter may be, I shall cut my dinner at the chateau to-day, notwithstanding I have just received a card from my friend, to tell me, that he dines alone, and I shall be quite unhappy without me. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

F. B.

BATH, OCTOBER THE 29th, 1753.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

AMONG the many inventions of this wise and polite age. I look upon the *art of not knowing people* to be one of the greatest. But for fear the term should be a little too technical for many of your readers, I shall explain it at large. What I mean is, that persons of distinction shall meet their inferiors in public places, and either walk, sit, or stand, close at their elbows, without having the least recollection of them; whom, but a week or a day before, they have been particularly intimate with, and for whom they have professed the most affectionate regard. As you have taken no notice of this art, in all probability the professors of it have escaped you; but as I have lately been the subject of it's full exertion, I beg leave to trouble you with a few words upon the occasion.

I am a clergyman of some fortune, though no pretence; and knowing that I had many friends at the Bath this season, I came hither last week to enjoy the pleasure of their conversation. The morning after my arrival, I took a walk to the pump-room, where I had the honour of seeing a noble lord, a baronet,

and some ladies of quality, &c. I was very well acquainted; great surprize, though I stood tance of only two or three them, I did not perceive that them knew me. I have dinner with his lordship, have drunk tea with the ladies, and months this summer with me, and I am throwing myself every morning, am sitting on the terrace every evening, my cards with them at the same time, out their leaving the least recollection of me. There is also a very noble in the place, in which he carries my intimate, that to the son,—

I have drunk with the father,
with the mother;
Have room for both the sister, and
the brother;

But, for what reason I know it be in addition of the Lord above mentioned, with whom I do not seem to be acquainted, I do not know; any one of them has the least of me.

I have looked in the glass hundred times, from a reflection face must have undergone an ordinary change, to occasion want of recollection in my friends. I have the satisfaction to find eyes, nose, and mouth, are remaining, but they stand, as can guess, in the very individual as when my friends knew them; their forgetfulness is altogether this new-invented art; and as seems, none but persons of a few very critical people who under them, can make their sters of. But it is an art that me, if a living which my friend lord has been so good as to should happen to become am in this place; for how could that his lordship will give the tire stranger, which he has promised to an intimate acquaintance. I am, Sir, your humble servant

ABRAHAM

I have taken the first opportunity of publishing these letters, notwithstanding that the writers of the cause of complaint, but from removing false prejudices, &c.

justice to the character of great people. As for the son of Sirach, whom the first of my correspondents has thought proper to quote, every body knows that his writings are apocryphal; and as to the matter complained of, namely, that a private man cannot make himself heard among lords and great folks, it is the fault of nature, who, it is well known, has formed the ears of persons of quality only for hearing one another. My other correspondent, who is piqued at not being known, is equally unreasonable; for he cannot but have observed at the play-houses and other public places, from the number of glasses used by people of fashion, that they are naturally short-sighted. It is from this visual defect, that a great man is apt to mistake fortune for honour, a service of plate for a good name, and his neigh-

bour's wife for his own. His memory is in many instances as defective as his sight. Benefits, promises, and payment of debts, are things that he is extremely liable to forget. How, then, is it to be wondered at that he should forget an acquaintance? But I have always observed that there is a propensity in little people to speak evil of dignities; and that where real errors are wanting, (which is the case at present) they will throw out their invectives against natural defects, and quarrel with the deaf for not hearing them, and with the blind for not seeing them.

I could go near to write a whole paragraph in praise of great men, if I was not restrained by the consideration, that of all things in the world they hate flattery.

Nº XLVII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ ADAM.

SIR,

DIM-SIGHTED as I am, my spectacles have assisted me sufficiently to read your papers. Permit me, as a recompence for the pleasure I have received from them, to send you an anecdote in my family, which till now has never appeared in print.

I am the widow of Mr. Solomon Muzzy; I am the daughter of Ralph Pumpkin, Esq. and I am the granddaughter of Sir Josiah Pumpkin, of Pumpkin Hall in South Wales. I was educated, with my two elder sisters, under the care and tuition of my honoured grandfather and grandmother, at the hall-house of our ancestors. It was the constant custom of my grandfather, when he was tolerably free from the gout, to summon his three grand-daughters to his bed-side, and amuse us with the most important transactions of his life. I took particular delight in hearing the good old man illustrate his own character, which he did, perhaps not without some degree of vanity, but always with a strict adherence to truth. He told us, he hoped we would have children, to whom some of his adventures might prove useful and important.

Sir Josiah was scarce nineteen years old, when he was introduced at the court

of Charles the Second, by his uncle Sir Simon Sparrowgrass, who was at that time Lancaster Herald at Arms, and in great favour at Whitehall. As soon as he had kissed the king's hand, he was presented to the Duke of York, and immediately afterwards to the ministers, and the mistresses. His fortune, which was considerable, and his manners, which were extremely elegant, made him so very acceptable in all companies, that he had the honour to be plunged at once into every polite party of wit, pleasure, and expence, that the courtiers could possibly display. He danced with the ladies; he drank with the gentlemen; he sung loyal catches, and broke bottles and glasses in every tavern throughout London. But still he was by no means a perfect fine gentleman. He had not fought a DUEL. He was so extremely unfortunate, as never to have had even the happiness of a Rencontre. The want of opportunity, not of courage, had occasioned this inglorious chain in his character. He appeared not only to the whole court, but even in his own eye, an unworthy and degenerate Pumpkin, till he had shown himself as expert in opening a vein with a scapel, as any surgeon in England could be with a lancet. Things remained in this unhappy situation till he was near two-and-twenty years of age. At length his better Stars prevailed.

prevailed, and he received a most egregious affront from Mr. Cucumber, one of the gentlemen-ushers of the Privy-chamber. Cucumber, who was in waiting at court, flit inadvertently into the chimney, and as he stood next to Sir Josiah Pumpkin, part of the spittle rested upon Sir Josiah's shoe. It was then that the true Pumpkin honour arose in blushing upon his cheeks. He turned upon his heel, went home immediately, and sent Mr. Cucumber a challenge. Captain Dairy, a friend to each party, not only carried the challenge, but adjusted the preliminaries. The heroes were to fight in Moor Fields, and to bring fifteen seconds on a side. Punctuality is a strong instance of valour upon these occasions. The clock of St. Paul's struck seven, just when the combatants were marking out their ground, and each of the two-and-thirty gentlemen was adjusting himself into a posture of defence against his adversary. It happened to be the hour for breakfast in the hospital of Bedlam. A small bell had rung to summon the Bedlamites into the great gallery. The keepers had already unlocked the cells, and were bringing forth their mad folks, when the porter of Bedlam, Owen Macduffy, standing at the iron-gate, and beholding such a number of armed men in the midst of the fields, immediately roared out—'Fire! murder! swords! daggers!—'blessed!' Owen's voice was always remarkably loud, but his fears had rendered it still louder and more tremendous. His words struck a panic into the keepers; they lost all presence of mind; they forgot their prisoners, and huddled most precipitately down stairs to the scene of action. At the sight of naked swords, their fears increased, and at once they stood open-mouthed and motionless. Not so the lunatics; freedom to madmen, and light to the blind, are equally rapturous. Ralph Rogers the tinker beg in the alarm. His brains had been turned with joy at the Restoration, and the poor wretch imagined that this glorious set of combatants were Roundheads and Fanatics, and accordingly he cried out—'Liberty and property, my boys! down with the Rump! Cromwell and Ireton are come from hell to destroy us. Come, my cavalier lads, follow me, and let us knock out their brains!' The Bedlamites immediately obeyed; and, with the tinker

at their head, leaped over the ballisters of the stair-case, and ran wildly into the fields. In their way they picked up some staves and cudgels, which the porters and the keepers had inadvertently left behind, and rushing forward with amazing fury, they forced themselves outrageously into the midst of the combatants, and in one unlucky moment destroyed all the decency and order with which this most illustrious duel had begun.

It seemed, according to my grandfather's observation, a very untoward fate, that two-and-thirty gentlemen of courage, honour, fortune, and quality, should meet together in hopes of killing each other, with all that resolution and politeness which belonged to their stations, and should at once be routed, dispersed, and even wounded, by a set of madmen, without sword, pistol, or any other more honourable weapon than a cudgel.

The madmen were not only superior in strength, but numbers. Sir Josiah Pumpkin and Mr. Cucumber stood their ground as long as possible, and they both endeavoured to make the lunatics the sole objects of their mutual revenge; but the two friends were soon overpowered; and no person daring to come to their assistance, each of them made as proper a retreat as the place and circumstances would admit.

Many of the other gentlemen were knocked down and trampled under foot. Some of them, whom my grandfather's generosity would never name, betook themselves to flight in a very inglorious manner. An earl's son was spied clinging submissively round the feet of mad Pocklington the taylor. A young baronet, although naturally intrepid, was obliged to conceal himself at the bottom of Pippin Kate's apple-stall. A Shropshire squire, of three thousand pounds a year, was discovered chin-deep, and almost stifled, in Fleet-ditch. Even Captain Dairy himself was found in a milk-cellar, with visible marks of fear and consternation. Thus ended this inauspicious day. But the madmen continued their outrages many days after. It was near a week before they were all retaken and chained down in their cells. During that interval of liberty, they committed many offensive pranks throughout the cities of London and Westminster; and my grandfather himself had the misfortune

misfortune to see mad Rogers come into the Queen's drawing-room, and spit in a duchess's face.

Such unforeseen disasters occasioned some prudent regulations in the laws of honour. It was enacted that, from that time, six combatants (three on a side) might be allowed and acknowledged to contain such a quantity of blood in their veins as should be sufficient to satisfy the highest affront that could be offered.

Afterwards, upon the maturest deliberation, as my grandfather assured me, the number six was reduced to four; two principals and two seconds; each second was to be the truest and best-beloved friend that his principal had in the world: and these seconds were to fight, provided they declared upon oath, that

they had no manner of quarrel to each other; for the canons of honour ordained, that in case the two seconds had the least heat or animosity one against the other, they must naturally become principals, and therefore ought to seek out for seconds to themselves.

Having told you a very remarkable event in my grandfather's life, almost in his own words, and finding that the story has carried me perhaps into too great a length of letter, I shall not mention some curious facts relating to my father, and to poor dear Mr. Solomon Muzzy, of whom I am the unfortunate and mournful relief. But I have at least the honour and consolation to be, Sir, your constant reader, and most humble servant,

MARY MUZZY.

Nº XLVIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1753.

THOUGH the demand for this paper has more than answered my expectations, yet the profits arising from it have not been so immense as to enable me at this present time to set up the one-horse chair which I promised myself at first setting out. For which reason, and for certain private objections, which I cannot help making to a post-chaise or a hired chariot, when I am inclined to make an excursion into the country, I either travel on foot, or, if the distance or the weather should make it necessary, I take my place in that sociable and communicative vehicle called a stage-coach. Happy is the man, who without any laboured designs of his own, finds his very wants to be productive of his conveniences! This man am I; having met with certain characters and adventures upon these rambles, that have contributed more to the enriching my stock of hints towards carrying on this work, than would have ever presented themselves, had I drove along the road admiring the splendour of my own equipage, or lolled at my ease in the hired one of another.

Many of these characters and adventures had appeared before now in these essays, if the desire of obliging my correspondents, assisted by a modesty peculiar to myself, that of thinking the productions of others to be almost as valuable as my own, had not inclined me (if I may speak the language of traffic)

to turn factor for my friends, and to trade by commission, rather than to do business entirely on my own account. And in carrying on this commerce, I have consulted the satisfaction of my customers, as well as my own interest: for though I do not pretend to so much humility as absolutely to allow that any other trader can send such goods to market as my own, or, to drop the allusion, that there is a man now living who can write so wittily, so wisely, and so learnedly, as myself; yet the productions of many will probably have more variety than those of a single person, even though that single person should be myself. But I have still a stronger reason for giving place to correspondents; it is the strong propensity which I have always found in my nature to communicate happiness. Every body knows, at least every writer, with what infinite satisfaction a man sees himself in print. For my own part, I shall never forget the flutterings and heart-beatings I felt upon the honour that was done me many years ago by the author of the Gentleman's Magazine, in publishing a song to Cælia, which was the first of my compositions. Indeed, there was a small inconvenience attending the picture at that particular time; for as my finances were a little low, I almost ruined myself by the many repeated half-dozens which I bought of that magazine to distribute among my friends for their wonder and admiration.

admiration. And hence, if I was in haste to set up an equipage, would arise another motive to the inserting the letters of correspondents; but as every pecuniary consideration is of small weight, when compared with the pleasure of communicating happiness, I have given it but little of my attention. One thing I must request of my readers before I have done entirely with this subject; which is, that if it should enter into their heads that I have laid before them a dull paper, they will please to impute it to the abundance of my good-nature, and not to any laziness in my disposition, or deficiency in my judgment.

But to return to my country excursions. I was coming to town from one of them this week in the Windsor stage-coach, which, as we passed through Brentford, stopped to take up two of the fair-sex, inhabitants of that genteel place, one of them at a collar-maker's, and the other at a breeches-maker's. The collar-maker's lady, who was a person of very fine breeding, wished the breeches-maker's lady joy of her coming abroad after her lying-in, and excused herself by illness for not having waited upon her on the occasion: to which the breeches-maker's lady answered, in the politest manner imaginable, that she should have been extremely glad to have seen her, but that she sent cards to none of her acquaintance, as indeed there was no occasion; for that, excepting herself, (meaning the collar-maker's lady) she had been visited at her sitting up by all the Quality of Brentford.

The Quality of Brentford fixed my attention to these ladies; and during so short a journey as to Hyde Park Corner, where I made my compliments of departure, I acquired so much knowledge in the affairs of Child-birth, in Thrushes, Red-gums, and the management of the month, that I should hardly decline a debate upon those subjects with the most experienced nurse at the Lying-in-hospital in Brownlow Street.

As there are few circumstances too trivial to furnish useful hints to a considerate mind, at my return to my lodgings, I could not help looking upon this boast of the breeches-maker's wife, concerning the number and grandeur of her visitors, namely, that they were All the Quality of Brentford, to be exact-

ly of a piece with the vanity that possesses almost every individual of mankind.

To mention a stage-coach once more; who is there that has travelled in one, but must have heard it observed by the most ordinary of the passengers, that this was the first time in their lives that they had ever suffered themselves to be crowded into so mean a carriage? For my own part, I have always remarked it, that within half a dozen miles of the end of our journey, if there has been a fine-spoken lady in the coach, though but a country shop-keeper's wife, who imagined herself a stranger to the company, she has expressed great anger and astonishment at not seeing the chaise, the chariot, or the coach, coming to meet her on the road. To what is this vanity owing, but to the desire of being thought in her own person one of the Quality of Brentford?

If we look into the city, and observe the eating and drinking of almost every common tradesman; the strut of the husband in his gown and hood upon a lord-mayor's-day; the extravagance of the wife in dress, furniture, and servants; their parties to Vauxhall and Sadler's Wells; their visits and entertainments; the question will occur, Whence are all these vanities, but to see and be seen by the Quality of Brentford?

The fine gentleman, whose lodgings no one is acquainted with; whose dinner is served up under cover of a pewter plate from the cook's shop in Porridge Island; and whose annuity of a hundred pounds is made to supply a laced suit every year, and a chair every evening to a rout; returns to his bed-room on foot, and goes slivering and supperless to rest, for the pleasure of appearing among people of equal importance with the Quality of Brentford.

The confectioner's wife, who lights up her rooms with wax candles, and pays for them with the card-money; who borrows chairs, tables, and servants, of her neighbours; who sweats under the fatigue of doing the honours of her house, and who is almost stifled to death by the mob she has invited; has no other gratification from her folly than the idle boast of having brought together to her rout All the Quality of Brentford.

But

But to take characters in the groupe, why is every ordinary mechanic, every pettifogging attorney, every clerk in an office, every painter, player, poet, and musician; or, in short, why is almost every man one knows, making a show beyond his income, but from a desire of being ranked among the Quality of Brentford?

I shall conclude this paper with a short letter, which I received two days ago from a correspondent, who, if I can form any judgment of his rank by his manner of writing, must be one of the Quality of Brentford.

MR. FITE-ADAM,

I Am no enemy to humour and irony, and all that; but I cannot help thinking that you must have spent the chief part of your time among low people; and this is not only my own opinion, but the opinion of most of the persons of quality with whom I converse. If you are really acquainted with the manners of upper life, be so good as to convince us of it, by copying it's language, and drawing your future characters from that inexhaustible source of politeness and entertainment. I am, your friend and well-wisher,

Z.

Nº XLIX. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1753.

THOUGH I am an old fellow, I am neither sour nor silly enough yet, to be a fearful *laudator temporis acti*, and to hate or despise the present age because it is the present. I cannot, like many of my cotemporaries, rail at the *wonderful degeneracy and corruption of these times*; nor, by incurring compliments to the *ingenious*, the *sagacious*, Moderns, intimate that they have not common sense. I really do not think that the present age is marked out by any new and distinguished vices and follies unknown to former ages. On the contrary, I am apt to suspect that human nature was always very like what it is at this day; and that men, from the time of my great progenitors down to this moment, have always had in them the same seeds of virtue and vice, wisdom and folly, of which only the modes have varied, from climate, education, and a thousand other conspiring causes.

Perhaps this uncommon good-humour and indulgence of mine to my cotemporaries, may be owing to the natural benignity of my constitution, in which I can discover no particles of envy or ill-nature, even to my rivals, both in fame and profit, the weekly writers; or perhaps to the superiority of my parts, which every body must acknowledge, and which places me infinitely above the mean sentiments of envy and jealousy. But whatever may be the true cause, which probably neither my readers nor I shall ever discover with precision, this at least is certain, that the present age has not only the honour and pleasure of

being extremely well with me, but, if I dare say so, better than any that I have yet either heard or read of. Both vices and virtues are smoothed and softened by manners; and though they exist as they ever have done, yet the former are become less barbarous, and the latter less rough; inasmuch, that I am as glad as Mr. Voltaire can be, that I have the good fortune to live in this age, independently of that interested consideration, that it is rather better to be still alive than only to have lived.

This my benevolence to my countrymen and cotemporaries ought to be esteemed still the more meritorious in me, when I shall make it appear that no man's merit has been less attended to, or rewarded, than mine: and nothing produces ill-humour, rancour, and malevolence, so much as neglected and unrewarded merit.

The utility of my weekly labours is evident; and their effects, wherever they are read, prodigious. They are equally calculated, I may say it without vanity, to form the heart, improve the understanding, and please the fancy. Notwithstanding all which, the ungrateful public does not take above three thousand of them a week. Though, according to Mr. Maitland's calculation of the number of the inhabitants in this great metropolis, they ought to take two hundred thousand of them, supposing only five persons, and one paper to each family; and allowing seven millions of souls in the rest of the kingdom, I may modestly say, that one million more of them

them ought to be taken and circulated in the country. The profit arising from the sale of twelve hundred thousand papers, would be some encouragement to me to continue these my labours for the benefit of mankind.

I have not yet had the least intimation from the nippers, that they have any thoughts of calling me to their assistance, and giving me some considerable employment of honour and profit: and having had no such intimations, I am justly apprehensive that They have no such intentions. Such intimations being always long previous to the performance, often to the intentions.

Nor have I been invited, as I confess I expected to be, by any considerable borough or county to represent them in the next parliament, and to defend their liberties, and the Christian religion, against the ministers and the Jews. But I think I can account for this seeming slight, without mortification to my vanity and self-love; my name being a Pentateuch name, which, in these suspicious and doubtful times, favours too strongly of Judaism; though, upon the faith of a Christian, I have not the least tendency to it; and I must do Mrs. Fitz-Adam (who I own has some influence over me) the justice to say, that she has the utmost horror for those sanguinary rites and ceremonies.

Notwithstanding all this ill usage, (for every man may be justly said to be ill used, who is not rewarded according to his own estimation of his own merit) which I feel and lament, I cannot, however, call the present age names, and brand it with degeneracy. Nature, as I have already observed, being always the same, modes only varying. With modes, the signification of words also varies; and in the course of those variations, convey ideas very different from those which they were originally intended to express. I could give numberless instances of this kind; but at present I shall content myself with this single one.

The word HONOUR, in it's proper signification, doubtless implies, the united sentiments of virtue, truth, and justice, carried by a generous mind beyond

those mere moral obligations which laws require, or can punish the transgression of. A true Man of Honour not content himself with the literal charge of the duties of a man and citizen; he raises and dignifies them with magnanimity. He gives where he with justice refuse; he forgives where he may with justice resent; and his conduct is directed by the noblements of his own unvitiated heart and more scrupulous guides the laws of the land, which being called for the generality of mankind necessarily be more a restraint upon in general, than an invitation a ward of particular virtues. But extensive and compound notions of honour have been long contracted reduced to the single one of personal rage. Among the Romans, I meant no more than contempt of dangers and death in the service, without or unjust, of their country. Successors and conquerors, the and Vandals, who did not deal in complex ideas, simplified those honour, and reduced them to this and single one, of fighting for his sake, upon any, or all, no matter occasions.

Our present mode of Honour is thing more compounded, as will by the true character which I shall give of a fashionable Man of Honour.

A Gentleman*, which is a genteel synonymous term for a Man of Honour, must, like his Gothic ancestors, be ready for and rather die of a single combat. And if by per degree of wrongheadedness he invokes it, he is only so much the jealous of his Honour, and more of a Gentleman.

He may lie with impunity, if neither detected nor accused of it; it is not the lye he tells, but the lie he is told of, that dishonours him. I care he demonstrates his veracity sword or his pistol, and either kill or be killed with the greatest honour.

He may abuse and starve his own daughters, or sisters, and he may abuse those of other men, particularly friends, with inviolate Honour; but

* A Gentleman, is every man who, with a tolerable suit of cloaths, a sword by his side, and a watch and snuff-box in his pockets, asserts himself to be a gentleman, with the energy that he will be treated as such, and that he will cut the throat of any man who dares to assume the contrary.

as Sir John Brute very justly observes, *he wears a sword.*

By the laws of Honour he is not obliged to pay his servants or his tradesmen; for as they are a pack of scoundrels, they cannot without insolence demand their due of a gentleman: but he must punctually pay his gaming-debts to the sharpers who have cheated him; for those debts are really debts of Honour.

He lies under one disagreeable restraint; for he must not cheat at play, unless in a horse-match; but then he may with great Honour defraud in an office, or betray a trust.

In public affairs, he may, not only with Honour, but even with some degree of Lustre, be in the same session a turbulent patriot, opposing the best measures; and a servile courtier, promoting the worst; provided a very lucrative consideration be known to be the motive of his conversion: for in that case the point of Honour turns singly upon the *quantum*.

From these premises, which the more they are considered the truer they will be found, it appears, that there are but two things which a man of the nicest Honour may not do, which are declining single combat, and cheating at play. Strange! that Virtue should be so difficult; and Honour, it's superior, so easy to attain to.

The uninformed herd of mankind are governed by words and names, which they implicitly receive without either knowing or asking their meaning. Even the philosophical and religious controversies, for the last three or four hundred years, have turned much more upon words and names, unascertained and misunderstood, than upon things fairly stated. The polite world, to save time and trouble, receive, adapt, and use words, in the signification of the day; not having leisure nor inclination to examine and analyse them: and thus often misled by sounds, and not always secured by sense, they are hurried into fa-

tal errors, which they do not give their understandings fair play enough to prevent.

In explaining words, therefore, and bringing them back to their true signification, one may sometimes happen to expose and explode those errors which the abuse of them both occasions and protects. May that be the good fortune of this day's paper! How many unthinking and unhappy men really take themselves to be Men of Honour upon these mistaken ideas of that word! And how fatal to others, especially to the young and unexperienced, is their example and success in the world! I could heartily wish that some good dramatic poet would exhibit at full length and in lively colours, upon the stage, this modish character of a Man of Honour, of which I have but slightly and hastily chalked the outlines. Upon such a subject I am apt to think that a good poet might be more useful than a good preacher, as perhaps his audiences would be more numerous, and his matter more attended to. Besides—

*Signis irritant animos, demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis sub; Et a fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectat.*

P. S. To prevent mistakes, I must observe that there is a great difference between a Man of Honour and a Person of Honour. By Persons of Honour were meant, in the latter end of the last century, bad authors and poets of noble birth, who were but just not fools enough to prefix their names in great letters to the prologues, epilogues, and sometimes even the plays, with which they entertained the public. But now that our nobility are too generous to interfere in the trade of us poor professional authors, or to eclipse our performances by the distinguished and superior excellency and lustre of theirs, the meaning at present of a Person of Honour, is reduced to the Simple idea of a Person of Illustrious Birth.

N^o L. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1753.

ET QUÆ TANTA FUIT ROMAM TIBI CAUSA VIDENTI?

VIRG.

TO MR. HITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THOUGH I am a constant inhabitant of this town, which is daily producing some new improvement in the polite and elegant arts, in which I interest myself, perhaps, to a degree of enthusiasm, and have always a thousand reasons for not leaving it a single day; yet I cannot help still according my friends, upon their first arrival from the country, with the usual question at this time of the year—'Well, Sir, what brings you to town?' The answer has always varied according to the circumstances of the person asked—'To see the new bridge; to put a son to Westminster; the house of court, the army, &c. To hear the new opera; to look out for a wife; to be in fortune's way at the drawing of the lottery; to print a sermon; a novel; the state of the nation, &c. &c. to kiss hands for an employment; to be elected Fellow of the Royal Society; to consult Doctor Ward; to be witness for Mrs. Squires.' In short, the reasons given are infinite; and I am afraid the detail has been already tedious. But I must observe, that the most general motive of the men has been to buy something they wanted, and of the ladies to buy something they did not want.

This year, indeed, that general reason has given place to another, which is not only general but universal; for now, ask whom you will what he is come up for, he draws up all his muscles into a most devout gravity, and with an important solemnity answers you—'To repeal the Jew bill.' This religious anxiety brings to my mind the political zeal, no less warm or universal, in the year ten. I remember I then met with a Welch collier, who asked me for a halfpenny, telling me he was staying here, as were his wife and children two hundred miles off. As I knew him by his dialect to be of a good family, I expressed to him my surprise that he would leave his principality to come into a country where they paid

so little regard to the antiquity of his house, or the length of his pedigree; and desired that he would tell me why he came to London. He immediately swelled with all the pride of his ancestors, put his arms a kimbo, and answered—'To pull down the French king.'

But the worst reason for coming to London that I ever heard in my life, was given me last night at a visit by a young lady of the most graceful figure I ever beheld; it was, 'To have her shape altered to the modern fashion: that is to say, to have her breasts compressed by a flat, strait line, which is to extend cross-wise from shoulder to shoulder, and also to descend, still in a strait line, in such a manner that you shall not be able to pronounce what it is that prevents the usual tapering of the waist. I protest, when I saw the beautiful figure that was to be so deformed by the stay-maker, I was as much shocked as if I had been told that she was come to deliver up those animated KNOWLS of beauty to the surgeon.—I borrow my terms from gardening, which now indeed furnishes the most pregnant and exalted expressions of any science in being. And this brings to my mind the only instance that can give an adequate idea of my concern. Let us suppose Mr. Bravne should, in any one of the many Elysiums he has made, see the old terraces rise again and mask his undulating knowls, or straight rows of cut trees obscure his noblest configurations of scenery. When Lord Burlington saw the rebuilding of St. Paul's by Sir C. Wren, the remembrance of the front which had been destroyed, and his partiality to the work of his admired Inigo Jones, drew from him the following citation—'When the Jews saw the second temple, they wept.' I own (though no Jew) I did the same, when I heard that the most beauteous remain of Nature's architecture was so soon to be destroyed; and could not help reciting those once-admired lines in the Henry and Emma—

No

No longer shall the **BODICE**, aptly lac'd,
From thy **FULL BOSOM** to thy **SLENDER**
WAIST,
That air and **HARMONY** of **SHAPE** express,
Fine by **DEGREES**, and **BEAUTIFULLY**
LESS;

—An horseman's coat shall hide
Thy **TAPER** shape and **COMELINESS** of
SIDE.

Observe the force of every word; and, as a testimony that this excellent writer was peculiarly happy in the expression, Comeliness of Side, the nicest observer of our times, who is now publishing a most rational Analysis of Beauty, has chosen for the principal illustration of it, a pair of stays, such as would fit the shape described by the judicious poet; and has also shewn, by drawings of other stays, that every minute deviation from the first pattern is a diminution of beauty, and every grosser alteration a deformity.

I hear that an ingenious gentleman is going within these few days to publish a treatise on Deformity. If he means artificial, as well as natural deformity, he may make his work as voluminous as he pleases. A few books of travels will furnish him with abundant instances of head-moulders, face-squeezers, nose-piers, ear-stretchers, eye-painters, lip-bursters, tooth flainers, breast-cutters, foot-swathers, &c. &c. all modelled by fashion, none by taste. Whenever taste or sense shall interpose to amend, by a slight improvement, the mere deficiencies in the human figure, we may see by a single instance how it is likely to be received.

A country family, whose *reason for coming to London*, was to have their pictures drawn, and principally that of the hopeful heir, brought him to Sir Godfrey Kneiser. That skilful artist, soon discovering that a little converse with the world might, one day or other, wear off the black, which to a common observer obscured the man, instead of drawing him in a green coat, with spats, or in the more contemptible liver of a fop, playing with a lap-dog—

O: tunci fulsime dedit.

he gave him a soul darting with a proper spirit through the rusticity of his features. I met the mother and sisters coming down stairs the day it was fi-

nished, and I found Sir Godfrey in a most violent rage above. 'Look there,' says he, pointing to the picture, 'there is a fellow! I have put some sense in him, and none of his family know him.'

Sir Godfrey's consciousness of his own skill was so well known, that it exposed him frequently to the banter and irony of the wits his friends. Pope, to play him off, said to him, after looking round a room full of beauties that he had painted—'It is pity, Sir Godfrey, that you had not been consulted at the creation.' Sir Godfrey threw his eyes strong upon Pope's shoulders, and answered—'Really I should have made some things better.' But the punishment for this profaneness pursued our Wit still further.

It is remarkable that the expletive Mr. Pope generally used by way of oath, was—'God mend me!' One day, in a dispute with a hackney-coachman, he used this expression. 'Mend 'You!' says the coachman; 'it would not be half the trouble to make a new one.' If it may be allowable to draw a moral reflection from a ludicrous story, I could heartily wish that the ladies would every morning seriously address to their Maker this invocation of Mr. Pope; and, after devout meditation on the Divine patronage to which they have recommended their charms, apply themselves properly to pursue all human means for the due accomplishment of their prayer. I flatter myself that this advice may be palatable, inasmuch as it comprehends that celebrated example of uniting religion and politeness, delivered down to us from the ancients in these few words—'Sacrifice to the Graces.' And I hope the sex will consider how great a blemish it will be to the present age, if the painter or historian should decline to posterity, that the ladies of these times were never known to sacrifice to any god but Fashion.

To conclude the history of my unhappy visit. I must confess I was provoked beyond all patience, reserve, or good-breeding; and very angrily flung out of the room, having first told the lady she need not have given herself the trouble of a journey to London, for I would answer for him, the talents of Mr. Square, her Somersetshire stay-maker, were sufficient to dress her in

the most elegant taste of the modern fashion, or indeed (if he was not an old man) to put her in a way that she could

not possibly dress out of it. I am, as a lover of elegance, your admirer and humble servant.

Nº LI. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1753.

— QUOD MEDICORUM EST,
PROMITTUNT MEDICI: TRACTANT FABRILIA FABRI.

HOR.

THOUGH there is nothing more pleasing to the mind of man than variety, yet it may be pursued in such a manner as to make the most active and varied life a tiresome sameness. To illustrate this seeming paradox, I shall relate what I learned from an humble companion of a gentleman of vast spirits, (as he is called by his acquaintance) who thinks he has shewn his value for time by never having yet enjoyed one moment of it. The active gentleman, it seems, proposed to the other to make the tour of England, and ride daily from house to house, and from garden to garden; which indeed they did in so expeditious a manner, *not to lose time*, that they did not allow the least portion of it for the objects they saw to make any impression on their memories. In the hottest weather they never walked under the shade of the plantations they so much admired and came on purpose to see; but croised the scorching lawn for the nearest way to the building they would not rest in, or the water they refused to be rowed upon. Thus they FLEW through the countries and gardens they went to SEE, with as much fatigue, and not more observation, than a post-horse in his stage; and this for the pleasure of VARIETY, and the advantage of IMPROVEMENT.

In what respect does this gentleman's conduct differ from his who seeks a Variety of Acquaintance? The consequence must be exactly the same; viz. use and enjoyment of none. An unexperienced man, who has happened to be one of this turn eagerly following, or bustling of his acquaintance with, the builder, the planer, the poet, the politician, the farmer, the soldier, the musician, the jockey, would naturally suppose he was generally talking with those gentlemen in the several sciences they respectively excelled in. No. This

is the only discourse which he studies to avoid.

Before I endeavour to account for this strange absurdity, I would just observe, that the persons I am speaking of are of a very different character from those who, from a mere principle of vanity, are continually numbering among their friends, though upon the slightest grounds, men of high birth and station, and who always bring to my mind Justice Shallow's acquaintance with John of Gaunt, who never saw him but once, and then he broke his head. Equally wide of the question is that character who, from a love of talking, avoids the company where his news has been already published, and dreads the man who is better heard than himself on general topics.

Ignorance and an Imbecillity of Attention, if I may be allowed the expression, are the most probable causes of this inconsistent behaviour. To avoid metaphysical disquisitions, let us try if we can let our judgments by comparison. Men of the weakest stomachs are very solicitous of the greatest variety of dishes and the highest sauces, which they constantly reject upon tasting, being, as they confess, too strong for them, though the objects of their desire and expectation before they were brought upon the table. It is also observable, that when gentlemen, after a certain age, devote themselves to the fair-sex, they generally pursue with more fervour, and always express themselves with more warmth, than when in the heat of youth, so long as the game is out of reach; but a nearer prospect of success soon discovers the difference between natural heat, and the delusion of false desire and imaginary passion. The sportsman cannot be more apprehensive and concerned for the death of the hare he wishes to save, than the old gallant is at the approaching opportunity

opportunity of accomplishing his desires; which if he obtain, I am afraid he will sing no other *Te Deum* than that of Pyrrhus—'Such another victory will ruin me.'

— *Animasque in vulnere praeant*

was a famous quotation of Doctor Bentley's on the sudden death of an old bridegroom.

To avoid a dry argument, and as I do not remember to have seen this subject touched upon by any writer, ancient or modern, I have endeavoured to throw it into measure.

YE sages, say, who know mankind,
Whence, to their real profit blind,
All leave those fields which might produce
Fit game for pastime or for use?
The well-stor'd warren they forsake,
And love to beat the barren brake:
Sooner their pleasures will avoid,
Than run the chance of being cloy'd.

Dametas ever is afraid
Left merchants should discourse on trade:
And yet of commerce will enquire,
When drinking with a country squire.
Of ladies he will ask how soon
They think Count Saxe can take a town;
Or whether France or Spain will treat:
But, if the brigadier he meet,
He questions him about the sum
He won or lost at last night's drum.
Or, if some minister of state
Will deign to talk of Europe's fate,
Th' important topic he declines,
To prate of soups, ragouts, and wines;
Yet he, at Helluo's board, can fix
On no discourse but politics.

Once were the linguist, and the bard,
The objects of his chief regard;
Now, with expressive thrugs and looks,
He flies the haunts of men of books:
Yet o'er his cups will condescend
To taste the prebend for his friend;
For depth of reading tell his merit,
Extol his stile for force and spirit.
Ask where he preach'd, or what his text;
Enquire what work he'll publish next;
What depth of matter, how he treats it—
He can't be easy till he gets it.
We from the press 'tis sent him down,
Three days before 'tis on the town:

The title read, (for never more is)
Next having writ *ex don. auctoris*,
He spends, at least, the time in finding
A place to suit it's size and binding,
As might have serv'd, if well directed,
To read the volume thus neglected.

When last with Atticus I din'd,
Dametas there I chanc'd to find,
Who straight address'd me with complaint
How Pollio talk'd of the Levant;
And how he teaz'd him near an hour
With the Grand Signior and his pow'r:
Then Athens' ruin'd domes explain'd,
And what in Egypt still remain'd.
This talk Dametas could not bear,
For Pollio had himself been there;
But from some fellow of a college
Would think the subjects worth his know-
ledge.

The table now remov'd, again
Began Dametas to complain—
'I knew Eugenius in his prime,
'The best companion of his time:
'But since he's got to yonder board,
'You never hear him speak a word,
'But tiresome schemes of navigation,
'The built of vessels, and their station—
'Such stuff as spoils all conversation.'

'Good Atticus, repeat the verses,
'You lately said were made by Thyrsis.'
John, at that instant introduces
This very servant of the Muses;
Dametas starts, and in confusion,
Cursing the d—d ill-im'd intrusion,
Whispers the servant in his ear—
'John, be so good to call a chair,'
And flies the spot, alarm'd with dread,
Left Thyrsis should begin to read.

And yet, for all he holds this rule,
Dametas is in fact no fool:
For he wou'd hardly chuse a groom
To make his chair or hang his room;
Nor with th' upholsterer discourse
About the glanders in his horse;
Nor send to buy his wife a tête
To Puddle-dock or Billingsgate;
Nor if in labour, spleen, or trance,
Fetch her Sir Thomas for Sir Hans;
Nor bid his coachman drive o' nights
To parish-church instead of White's;
Nor make his party or his betts
With those who never pay their debts;
Nor at dessert of wax and china
Neglect the eatables, if any,
To smell the chaplet in the middle,
Or taste the Chelsea-china fiddle.

N^O LII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Have been betrayed and ruined by the basest of mankind. My father was a merchant of considerable note in this town; but, by unavoidable losses and misfortunes, he died two years ago, broken-hearted and insolvent. I was his only child, and the delight of his life. My education, my dress, and manner of living, were such as would hardly have discredited a young woman of fashion. Alas! the dear parent, to whose fondness I was indebted for every advantage and enjoyment, intended to have given me a considerable fortune; but he died, as I have told you, and has left me to lament that I was not a beggar from my cradle.

I was ignorant of his circumstances, and therefore felt not my misfortune in it's full force till a month after his death: at which time his creditors entered upon his house, sold all his furniture and effects, and left me nothing but my clothes and trinkets, which they had no right to take from me.

In the days of my prosperity I had a maid-servant, of whom I was extremely fond; and to whom, upon her marriage with a reputable tradesman, I gave a little portion of fifty pounds, which were left me by a relation. This young woman was lately become a widow; and being left in but indifferent circumstances, she hired a large house near the Exchange, and let lodgings for her support. It was to this woman that I flew for shelter; being no more than eighteen years of age, and, as my father used often to tell me, too handsome to have friends.

I do not mention this circumstance, indeed I do not, as any thing to be vain of: Heaven knows that I am humble by it to the very dust; I only introduced it as the best excuse I could think of for the weakness of my acquaintance.

I was received by this favourite servant with great appearance of gratitude and esteem. She seemed to pity my misfortunes, and to take every opportunity of comforting and obliging me.

Among the gentlemen that lodged at

her house, there was one whom she used to talk of with great pleasure. One day after I had lived with her about a week she told me that this gentleman had great inclination to be known to me, and that, if I had no objection to company, he would drink tea with me the afternoon. She had hardly done speaking, when the gentleman entered the room. I was angry in my heart at this freedom; but his genteel appearance and behaviour soon got the better of my sentiment, and made me listen to his conversation with more than common attention. To be as short as I can, the first visit made me desirous of a second, that second of a third, and the third of thousand more: all of which he seem as eager to pay as I was willing to receive.

The house was so crowded with lodgers, that the mistress of it had only a parlour for herself and me; and as I had almost constant employment at home, my lover had very few opportunities of entertaining me alone. But the presence of a third person did not hinder him from declaring the most tender and unalterable love for me; nor did it abate Me from discovering how pleased a happy I was at the conquest I had made.

In this delightful situation near twelvemonth passed away; during which time he would often lament his dependence upon an old uncle, who, he said, would most assuredly disinherit him, he married a woman without a fortune.

I wanted no better reason for this delay; and was waiting for an event that promised me the possession of all I wished for, when my happiness was interrupted by the most villainous conduct and that ever was heard of.

I had waked out one morning to bid some shades of silk, in order to finish a covering of a settee which I was working for my benefactors; and was returning home through a by-court, when, my inexpressible surprize, I found myself stoped by two men, who, producing what they called a writ against me, hurried me into a coach, and conveyed me half dead with terror, to a wretched house whose windows were guarded with iron bars,

As soon as I had power to speak, I desired to know by whom and for what crime I was thus cruelly insulted. They showed me without hesitation their authority: by which it appeared that the woman with whom I lived had ordered me to be arrested for a debt of thirty pounds, which she had sworn I owed her for board and lodgings. 'It is impossible!' cried I; 'she cannot have served me so! There must be some mistake in this! Send for her this moment! I am sure it is a mistake!'—'Very possible, Madam,' answered one of the fellows with a smile; 'but if you would take my advice, it should be to find for a gentleman instead of the plaintiff. A young lady like you, Madam, need not stay here for a debt of thirty pounds.'—'Go where I find you, Sir,' said I; 'tell her what has happened to me, and bid her hasten to me, if she would save my life.' The fellow shook his head as he went out, but promised to do as I directed. His companion asked me what I pleased to call her, and explained his meaning by telling me I was in a public house. I bid him call for what he liked, and charge it to me; he thanked me very civilly, and locking the door after him, left me to myself.

I had now a little leisure to reflect upon this adventure; but the more I thought of it, the greater was my perplexity. I remained in this uncomfortable suspense for near an hour, when I heard the door open with some precipitation, and saw my lover enter the room with an astonishment not to be imagined. 'Good God!' said he, snatching me to his arms, 'is this an apartment for my charmer? That inhuman wretch!'—'What woman?' said I, interrupting him; 'can it be possible?'—'She owns it herself,' answered he; 'this professing friend, this grateful servant, owns that she has arrested you.' I was ready to faint at what I heard; but recovering myself as well as I could, I enquired into the motives of this woman's cruelty. 'Her mother,' he replied, 'was avarice; I had some words with her two days ago, and threatened her in jest that I would leave her lodgings. She thought me in earnest; and, believing I was soon to marry the angel whom I doated on, she determined to make what money she could of me by arresting my sweet

girl. She was not mistaken when she guessed with what haste I should discharge the debt.—Here, Sir,' continued he, turning to the bailiff, 'is the full sum, and a gratuity for yourself. Come, Madam, let us exchange this detested place for apartments more worthy of you.'

The coach that brought him to my prison was at the door. He immediately put me into it, and conducted me to a lace-shop upon Ludgate Hill. I remained in the coach while he stepped into the shop, and continued for a minute or two in conversation with the mistress of it; when, returning to me with great cheerfulness, he gave me joy of his success, and handed me up stairs into pleasant and convenient apartments. The exact order in which I found every thing in these apartments put me upon observing that the owner of them was a prophetess, and knew that I should have need of them that very morning. My lover made no answer to my remark; but straining me in his arms, and almost pressing me to death, he called them my bridal apartments, and bid me welcome to them as such. He then went down to order dinner and a bottle of Champagne from the tavern, and returned to me with so much love and joy in his looks, that I was charmed with him beyond expression. When dinner was removed, and the servant who attended us withdrawn, he said and looked so many fond and endearing things, and mingled such caresses with his words and looks, forcing upon me at the same time three or four glasses of a wine I was not used to, that my heart, warm as it was before with love and gratitude, consented to his desires, and in one fatal moment betrayed me to a villain.

I lived in this guilty commerce till the effects of it made me apprehensive of being a mother in a few weeks. I had often pressed him for the performance of his promises; and was now resolved to be more particularly urgent with him upon that subject; but instead of listening to me, as I hoped he would, he called hastily for his sword, and took leave of me till the evening.

I expected his return with the utmost impatience. The evening came; another, and another after that; but I neither saw him nor heard from him. Upon the fourth day of his leaving me, I received a visit from the mistress of the house, who,

who, to my great astonishment, addressed me in these words—

‘I thought, Madam, at your entrance into this house, that you were a married woman. The lady who hired the lodgings for you two days before, gave me assurance that you were married.’—‘What lady!’ cried I. ‘You amaze me! I heard not of these lodgings till I had taken possession of them. Be quick and tell me who was this lady?’—‘Alas!’ answered my visitor, ‘I knew not till this morning that you were fallen into the snares of the worst of women, and the most artful of men.’ She saw my amazement; but desiring my attention, proceeded thus—‘As for the gentleman, (if he deserves the name of one) you will never see him more.’—‘How, Madam, never see him more!’ interrupted I. My voice failed me as I uttered these words; and, leaning backwards in my chair, I fainted away. She recovered me from my swoon, and then went on. ‘He has just now sent his servant to discharge the lodgings; of whom, when I enquired how you were to be taken care of in your approaching hour, his answer was, that he had no commission to speak to such questions. Pray, Madam,’ continued she, ‘is it true that you were arrested in the street the morning of your entrance into these lodgings?’ I told her Yes. ‘The servant then is honest,’ she replied; ‘he has given me your whole history. The contrivers of that arrest were the woman where you lodged, and the villain whom you trusted. Their design was to sling you entirely into his power, that he might use it to your destruction. But do not despair, Madam,’ added she, seeing

me in the utmost affliction; ‘all are not monsters. I have confidence upon your youth, and will assist in your distresses. These apartments are yours, till you desire to resign; nor shall any thing be wanting to your situation shall require, or that in happier circumstances would be to be provided with. And he if you should chuse to continue me, and assist me in my business, will look upon you as my daughter, and forget every thing which I have fallen you.

Oppressed as I was with grief and shame, my heart bounded at the proposal; I fell upon the neck of my benefactor, and bedewed it with my tears, telling her, as well as those tears permit me, that I was bound to her forever, and would wish for no other happiness than to love and please her.

Three months are past since I have been the mother of a sweet boy; which time I have never seen (and I never may see) his father. The generous woman supports me, is even kinder to me than her promise. She pays herself, still in the comfortable thought, that I have been an instrument in the hand of heaven to save me from destruction. She told me yesterday, that the strata told me which this monster got me into his power, with every particular of his behaviour before and after it, is his father’s subject in all companies. To inform him therefore of his principal plot, I have thought proper to take him out of his hands, by telling it to

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant
A.M.

TO

THE HONOURABLE

HORACE WALPOLE, Esq.

SIR,

I Take the liberty of prefixing your name to a volume of the *World*, as it gives me an opportunity, not only of making you my acknowledgments for the essays you have honoured me with, but also of informing the public to whom I have been obliged.

That you may read this address without a blush, it shall have no flattery in it. To confess the truth, I mean to compliment myself; and I know not how to do it more effectually, than by thus signifying to my readers, that, in the conduct of this work, I have not been thought unworthy of your correspondence.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient,

Humble Servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

Q



THE
W O R L D.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Nº LIII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

THERE are very few employments which require a greater degree of care and circumspection than that of conducting a public paper. Double meanings are so much the delight of all conversations, that people seldom chuse to take things in their obvious sense; but are putting words and sentences to the torture, to force confessions from them which their authors never meant, or if they had, would have deserved a whipping for.

For this reason I take all the pains I can to be understood but one way. And indeed, were I to publish nothing in these papers but what I write myself, I should be very little apprehensive of double constructions. But, it seems, I have not been sufficiently guarded against the subtilties of my correspondents. Amanda's letter in my last paper has been discovered to be a manifest design to remove the lace-trade from Ludgate Hill to Duke's Court. Some people make no conscience of declaring that I am the author of it myself, and that I received a considerable bribe for writing it. Others are of opinion that it is the production of a very pretty journey-woman in Duke's Court, who is entering into partnership with her mistress in the lace-trade, and has taken this method to bring custom to the shop. But whoever is the writer of this letter, or whatever was the design of it, all people are agreed that the effect is certain; it

being very observable that the virtuous women have been seen, for this week past, to croud to the lace-shops in Duke's Court, and that scarcely half a dozen of them have appeared upon Ludgate Hill since they were apprized by this paper that such a person as Amanda was known to be housed there.

From at least half a dozen letters which I have received upon this occasion, I shall only publish the two following.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Beg to be informed if the letter signed Amanda in your last paper be reality or invention. If reality, please to tell me at which of the lace-shops the creature lives, that I may avoid the odious sight of her, and not be obliged to buy my laces of a milliner, or to murder my horses by driving them upon every trifling occasion to the other end of the town. I am, Sir, your humble servant,
REBECCA BLAMELESS.

CHEAPSIDE, DEC. 29th, 1753.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I Beg that you will do me the justice to inform the public that I have not had a lying-in in my house since I was brought to bed of my fourteenth child, which is five years ago next Lady Day; and that the young woman who has assisted me in the lace-trade for these

last three months, is not called Amanda, but Lucretia. I am your very humble servant,

WINNEFRED BOBBIN.

LUDGATE HILL, DEC. 30th, 1753.

I wish with all my heart, that it was as easy for me to make amends for what has happened, as it is to vindicate myself from any interested design in the publication of Amanda's letter. It was sent to Mr. Dossley's by the penny-post, written in a very pretty Italian hand, and will be shewn to as many of the curious as are desirous of seeing it.

I will not deny that I ought to have cancelled this letter; as I might reasonably have supposed that no lady who entertained a proper regard for her virtue, would be seen at a lace-shop upon Ludgate Hill, while there was a bare possibility of her being served by Amanda. Indeed, to confess the truth, I have always been of opinion, that every young creature, who has been once convicted of making a slip, should be compelled to take upon her the occupation of street-walking all her life after.

It is a maxim among the people called Quakers (and a very laudable one it is) not to suffer a convicted and open knave to be one of their body. They have a particular ceremony, by which they expel him their community: and though he may continue to profess the opinions of Quakerism, they look upon him to be no member of their church, and no otherwise a brother, than as every man is descended from one common father.

I make no doubt but that the Quakers have copied this piece of policy from the ladies: but as most copies are observed to fall short of the spirit of their originals, this industrious, prudent, and opulent set of people, will, I hope, excuse me, if I prefer a first and finished design to an imperfect imitation of it.

The Quakers have never, that I know of, excommunicated a member for one single failure; nor, upon frequent repetitions of it, have they so driven him from the commerce of mankind, as to make him desperate in vice, or to kill him with despair. How stobly severe are the ladies to the apostates from purity! To be once frail, is for ever to be infamous. A fall from virtue, however circumstanced, or however repented

is a fall from which there is no return. They

look upon the offender and the offer with equal detestation; and postpone to sin, nay, even pleasure itself, for the great duty of detraction, and for consigning to perpetual infamy a sinner who has dishonoured them.

This settled and unalterable hatred of impurity cannot be sufficiently admired, if it be considered how delicate the bosoms which harbour it are formed, and how easy it is to move them to pity and compassion in all other instances: especially if we add to this consideration, it's having force enough to tear up by the roots those sincere and tender friendships which all handsome women, in a state of virtue, are so well known to feel for one another.

Nothing can so strongly convince us of the truth of these female friendships as the arguments which shallow and superficial men have thought proper to bring against them. They tell us that no handsome woman ever said a civil thing of one as handsome as herself; but on the contrary, that it is always the delight of both to lessen the beauty as to detract from the reputation of each other.

Admitting the accusation to be true how easy is it to see through the good-natured disguise of this behaviour. These generous young creatures are apprehensive for their companions, that they deny them beauty in order to secure them from the attempts of libertines. They know that the principal ornament of beauty is virtue; and that without both a lady is seldom in danger of an obstinate pursuit: for which reason they very prudently deny her the possession of either. The lady thus obliged, is doing in return the same agreeable service to her beautiful acquaintance; and is wondering what the men can see in such trifling creatures to be even tolerably civil to them. Thus under the appearance of envy and ill-nature, they maintain inviolable friendships, and live in a mutual intercourse of the kindest offices. Nay, to such pitch of enthusiasm have these friendships been sometimes carried, that they have known a lady to be under no apprehensions for herself, though pursued by half the rakes in the town, who had absolutely fainted away at seeing one of these rakes only playing with the fan of her handsome friend.

The same discreet behaviour is observed

by almost every lady in her acquaintance. If she would express probation of him; the phrase is 'that a ridiculous animal!' When passion is grown into love, it is—'how I detest him!' But when it is to a solemn declaration of—'I'll undergo a thousand deaths rather than give my consent,' we are then sure the settlements are drawing, and she has packed up her clothes, and is leaping into his arms without remorse whatsoever.

There may possibly be cavillers at the behaviour of the ladies, as well as censors in female friendship; but I venture to affirm, that every man honours them for their extraordinary senses and good-humour to the service of their sex. Should a lady object to the company of such men, it is naturally he said that she sullies her own virtue, and was conscious of carrying passions about her were in danger of being kindled by every spark of temptation. And this is the obvious reason why ladies are so particularly oblig-

ing to these gentlemen both in public and private. Those gentle souls, indeed, who have the purity of their sex more at heart than the rest, may good-naturedly intend to make converts of their betrayers; but I cannot help thinking that the meetings upon these occasions should be in the presence of a third person: for men are sometimes so obstinate in their errors, and are able to defend them with so much sophistry, that, for want of the interposition of this third person, a lady may be so puzzled as to become a convert to those very opinions which she came on purpose to confute.

It is very remarkable, that a lady so converted is extremely apt, in her own mind, to compassionate those deluded wretches, whom a little before she persecuted with so much rigour. But it is also to be remarked, that this softness in her nature is only the consequence of her depravity: for while a lady continues *as she should be*, it is impossible for her to feel the least approaches of pity for one who is otherwise.

NO LIV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1754.

NOX NOVVM EST AUCUPIVM—
POSTREMO IMPERAVI EGOMET MIHI
OMNIA ASSENTARI. IS QUÆSTUS NUNC EST MULTO UTERRIMVS.

TER.

WHAT an essay on Hearers has not been given us by the writers of late age, is to be accounted for the same reasons that the ancients left us no treatise on tobaccoists or planters. The world is constantly changing by the two great principles of revolution and discovery: as novelty, they furnish the

pride of our ancestors distinguishing them from the vulgar by the dignity of their industry. If we consult old pictures we shall find (suitable to the dreary times) the beard cut, and the face composed to that gravity and gravity of aspect which was to denote wisdom and importance. In that play of Ben Johnson's, through the capacity and industry of its reviver, has lately so well sold the town, I mean, *Every*

Man in his Humour, a country squire sets up for high-breeding, by resolving to be 'proud, melancholy, and gentleman-like.' In the man of birth or business, Silence was the note of wisdom and distinction; and the haughty peers then would no more vouchsafe to talk to her equals than she will now to her inferiors.

In those times, when Talking was the province only of the vulgar or hireling, fools and jesters were the usual retainers in great families; but now, so total is the revolution, voices are become a mere drug, and will fetch no money at all, except in the single instance of an election. Riches, birth, and honours, assert their privileges by the opposite quality to Silence; inasmuch, that many of the great estates and mansion-houses in this kingdom, seem at present to be held by the tenure

of

brought about by degrees; for though I can conceive it easy enough to turn the writers at Constantinople into printers, and believe it possible to make a chimney-sweeper a miller, a tallow-chandler a perfumer, a gamester a politician, a fine lady a stock-jobber, or a blockhead a connoisseur, I can have no idea of so strange a metamorphosis as hat of a Talker into a Hearer. That hearers, however, have arisen in later times to answer in some degree the demand for them, is apparent from the numbers of them which are to be found in most families, under the various denominations of cousin, humble-companion, chaplain, led-captain, toad-eater, &c. But though each of these characters frequently officiates in the post of Hearer, it will be a great mistake if a hearer should imagine he may ever interfere in any of their departments. When the toad-eater opens in praise of musty nelson, or a greasy ragout; when the led-captain and chaplain commend the wife, or any other liquors, such as the French call *Chasse-cousin*, the hearer must submit to be poisoned with silence. When the cousin is appealed for the length of a fox-chace, and praises his patron; when the squire of

lands and caution

A Hearer must be nothing perplexed; he must be patient of sleep in the language; and if he is a Talker rise up a minute and thumb.

He must not be so jealous as a talker; he must be perpetually winking the eyes, and always his attention is directed to the room to which the

A Hearer must be silent; he must let a hare run its race; and never interrupt by crying out at sight of a mad-dog. He must be a mine, who lived in silence, lost a good legacy, and discovered at the end of his life as a meagre rival of a coachman; he must be announced as a meagre to the pride of the family, and opened unluckily to the lady of the house at the critical moment was in the greatest distress. A Hearer must never

erson so interrogated had not spare, which was the only old assign why the adventurer was not immediately sent Stygian tender.

we must observe, that Silence, ion of a Talker, is not merely on of the action of the tongue; cessary that every muscle of id member of the body should motion from no other sensa- that which the Talker com- through the ear.

er therefore must not have the : must not start if he hears a a gun go off, or a cry of He must not snuff with his be smell fire; because, though save the house by it, he will warded as Cassandra for her : to prevent the flames of Gulliver for extinguishing illiput.

re many more hints which I leftrous of communicating for of beginners, if I was not aking my paper too long to y read and considered within us of a week, in which the rt of every morning is neces-

sarily dedicated to mercers, milliners, hair-cutters, voters, levees, lotteries, lounges, &c. I shall therefore say a word or two to the Talkers, and hasten to a conclusion.

And here it would be very impertinent, and going much out of the way, were I to interfere in the just rights which these gentlemen have over their own officers and domestics. I would only recommend to them, when they come into other company, to consider that it is expected the talk of the day should be proportioned among them in degrees, according to the acres they severally possess, or the number of stars annexed to their names in the list printed from the public funds: that Hearing is an involuntary tribute, which is paid, like other taxes, with a reluctance increasing in proportion to the riches of the person taxed: that it is a false argument for a Talker to say to a jaded audience he will tell a story that is true, great, or excellent; for when a man has eat of the first and second course till he is full to the throat, you tempt him in vain at the third, by assuring him the plate you offer is one of the best *entremets* *Le Grange* ever made.

LV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1754.

—EXTINCTUS AMABITUR.

HOR.

MR. FITZ-ADAM.

e of those benevolent persons, iving no land of their own, ng free of any one corporation, itizens of the world, turn all ghts to the good of the public, own by the general name of . All the good I ever did or f, was for the public. My y has been for the security, venue, and credit of the pub- id I ever think of paying any y whole life, except those of

This public spirit, you al- ose, has been most amply re- nd perhaps suspect that I am rouble you with an ostenta- of the public money I have or that I am devising some ion of an enquiry into the

method by which I amassed it. On the contrary, I must assure you, that I have carried annually the fruits of twelve months deep thought to the Treasury, Pay-office, and Victualling-office, without having brought from any one of those places the least return of treasure, pay, or victuals. At the Admiralty the porters can read the longitude in my night-gown, as plainly as if the plaid was worked into the letters of that word. And I have had the mortification to see a man with the dullest project in the world admitted to the Board, with no other preference than that of being a stranger, while I have been kept shivering in the court.

After this short history of myself, it is time I should communicate the project I have to propose for your particular consideration.

My proposal is, that a new office be created

quiring some blemish.

The period which time puts to all mortal things, is brought about by an imperceptible decay: and whatever is once past the crisis of maturity, affords only the melancholy prospect of being impaired hourly, and of advancing through the degrees of aggravated deformity to it's dissolution.

We inconsiderately bewail a great man, whom death has taken off, as we say, in the bloom of his glory; and yet confess it would have been happier for Priam, Hannibal, Pompey, and the Duke of Marlborough, if Fate had put an earlier period to their lives.

Instead of quoting a multitude of Latin verses, I refer you to that part of the tenth satire of Juvenal, which treats of longevity: but I must desire particularly to remind you of the following passage—

*Provida Pompeio dederat Campaniæ febres
Optandas.——*

It is to a mature reflection on the sense of this passage that I owe the greatest thought which ever entered the brain of a projector: and I doubt not, if I could once establish the Office in question, of

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rable stink. If
Poverty is not t
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timed application
Extinguisher.

It is the use of

conceived a project of suspending hollow cones of tin, brass, or wood, over the heads of all public speakers, with lines and pulleys to lower them occasionally.

I carried this project to a certain great man, who was pleased to reject it, telling me of several devices which might answer the purpose better; and mentioning, among many other persons, that of the Robin Hood Society, where the president performs the office of an Extinguisher by a single stroke of a hammer. In short, the arguments of this great man prevailed with me to lay aside my first scheme, but furnished me at the same time with hints for a more extensive one.

At the playhouse the curtain is not only always ready, but capable of Extinguishing at once all the persons of the drama. How many new tragedies might be saved for the future, if the curtain was to drop by authority as soon as the hero was dead! Or how rapidly might the languid, pale, and putrid flame of a whole fifth act, be Extinguished by the establishment of such an office?

In applying it to epic poetry, I could not but felicitate the author of the *Iliad*. The Extinguisher of the *Æneid* deserves the highest encomiums—Happy Virgil! But O wretched Milton! more unhappy in the blindness of thy commentators than in thy own! who, to thy eternal disgrace, would preserve thy two concluding lines with the same superstition with which the Gebiers venerate the snuff of a candle, and cry out Sacrilege if you offer to extinguish it!

I perceive I shall want room to explain my method of Extinguishing Talkers in private companies; but that I may not appear to you like those quacks who boast of more than they can perform, let me convince you that the attempt is not impracticable, by reminding you of Apelles, who, standing behind one of his pictures, intended with great patience while a shoemaker was commending the foot; but the moment the mechanic was passing on to the leg, &pt from his hiding-place, and Extinguished him at once with the famous proverb in use at this day—'The shoemaker must not go beyond his last.'

But whenever this office is put into

commission, I propose, for this last-mentioned branch, to take in a proper number of ladies; I mean such as diets in the height of the mode; who, being equipped with hoops in the utmost extent of the fashion, are always provided with an Extinguisher ready for immediate use. By the application of this machine to the above-mentioned purpose, I shall have the further satisfaction of vindicating the ladies from the unjust imputation of hearing about them any thing absurd. And as the Chinese knowing powder, the ancients the loadstone, and the moderns electricity, many years before they were applied to the benefit of mankind, it will not appear strange if a similar use be at length found for the Hoop, which has, to be sure, till now, afforded mere matter of speculation.

I now Extinguish myself; and am,
Sir, your most humble servant,

A. B.

P. S. If the above project meets with your approbation, I shall venture to communicate another of a nature not very unlike the foregoing, and in which the public is at least equally interested.

Chemical medicines, from the quantity with which the patient was to be dosed, have excited of late years so much ill a teaching, that the faculty must have lost all their practice, if they had not hit upon the method of concentrating the whole force and spirit of their prescriptions into one chymical Drop or Pill.

From this hint I would propose to erect a New Chamber, with powers to abridge all arts and sciences, history, poetry, oratory, essays, &c. into the substance of a maxim, apothegm, spirit of history, or epigram. And as a proof of the practicability of this project, I will make yourself the judge, whether your last paper on Herers may not be fully comprised in the following four lines—

Our fires kept a Fool, a poor hireling for state,
Too livid all proud with his jesting and prate;
But fashion capriciously changing it's role,
Now my LORD is the WIT, and his HEARER
Is the FOOL.

N^o LVI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1754.

CORRECTO JUGULO HISTORIAS, CAPTIVUS UT, AUDIT.

HOR.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

CAER CARADOCK, JAN. 16, 1754.

SIR,

YOUR paper upon Hearers gave me that pleasure which a series of truths must always afford to him who can witness for every one of them.

I was born and brought up in the principality of Wales, which from time immemorial must have been productive of the most thorough bred, reasoned, and staunch Hearers, since every gentleman of that country holds and asserts his right to be a Talker by privilege of birth. I would not have you conclude from what I have said above, that I am not as good a gentleman as the best, (I mean of as good a family) though poverty and ill-fortune have doomed me to be forever a Hearer.

I was left an orphan in my earliest years; but I am not going to trouble you with the many misfortunes which constantly attended me to the age of forty; at which time I was a school-master, without boys to teach, or bread to eat. At this period of my life I was assisted by the patron of our parish to go and set myself in some large and wealthy family to be an Uncle; which is a known and common term in Wales, of the signification with Hearer in England; the duties and requisite qualifications being nearly the same, as will appear from the following short instructions given me by my advice; viz. Never to open my lips, except for the well-timed utterance of—'Indeed!'—'Surprising!'—'Prodigious!'—'Most amazing!' But cheerily to be used at the proper intervals of the Talker's setting his head back, coughing, or at other such occasions; and the length of the admonition to be determined to, and particularly never to exceed, the aforementioned number.

But in order to explain the method he took to qualify me for this, and therefore he is particular. I must give you a short description of the person. He was truly, what he was called, a good

sort of a man; if charity, friend and good-humour, can entitle a man that character. I must not conceal the meanneis of his education, in which I discovered, however, as great a genius as could possibly arise out of a stable or a kennel. He was a thorough farmer, and so good a Shot, that the squire took a fancy to him, made him his constant companion, and gave him the living. But, that he might not lose his study and sermon-making, he contrived to marry him to the daughter of the late incumbent, who had taught by her father Latin and physics, and exercised, from twelve years old to forty, in making themes and sermons. As she was by nature merry and deformed, by constitution fond and complaining, by education fond and disputatious, by study pale and blue-eyed, and by habit talkative and loud, the friendship of the good squire suggested her as the fittest person in the world to exercise my patience for months, and cure me to the disadvantage of my future function. In this I made a vast progress in a little time; for I not only heard above a thousand sermons, but the strict observance of my vow of attention having made me young, I was complained to when any thing went amiss in the family often scolded at for the husband, whose office grew into a sinecure: inso-much that if I had not known the sincerity and uprightness of his heart, I should have suspected him of bringing me into the house to supply for him all those duties which he wanted to be eased of. I had no such interested views; for as he found his helpmate had transferred into me a necessary portion of prayer and long-suffering, he recommended to my fortune, giving me—'a good man!'—a coat and wig, which for himself, and before him the squire worn for many years upon extraordinary days. Having thus equipped me, I resumed the duties of his family, which officiates to this day, with true Christian resignation.

My first reception was at the house of a gentleman who, in the earlier part of his life, had followed the study of botany. Nature and truth are so pleasing to the mind of man, that they never fatigue. Alas! he happened one day to take, by mistake, a root that had been sent him from the Indies: it was a most subtle poison, to which his experience in British simples knew no antidote. Immediately upon his death, a neighbouring gentleman, who had his eye upon me some time, sent me an invitation. His discourse was upon husbandry; and, as he never deceived me in any thing but where he deceived himself, I heard Him also with pleasure.

These were therefore my halcyon days, on which I always reflect with regret and tears. How different were the succeeding ones, in which I have listened to the tales of old maids running over an endless list of lovers they never had; of old beaux who boasted of favours from ladies they never saw; of senators who narrated the eloquence they never spoke! giving me such a disgust and nausea to lyres, that at length my ears, which were at that time much too quick for my office, grew unable to hear them. But prudently considering that I must either hear or starve, I invented the following expedient for qualifying a lye. While I assented by some gesticulation, or motion of the head, eyes, or muscles of the face, I resolved to have in reserve some inward expression of dissent. Of these I had various; but for the sake of brevity I shall only trouble you with one.

A younger brother, who had served abroad all his life, as he would frequently tell us, and who came unexpectedly to the citate and castle where he found me with a good character, took so kindly to me, that he seemed to desire no other companion; and, as a proof of it, never sent to invite or add to our company any one of the numerous friends he so often talked of, of great rank, bravery, and honour, who would have gone to the end of the world to have served him. I could have loved him too, but for one fault. He would lie without measure or disguise. His usual exaggeration was—*and more*. As thus—‘At the siege of Montebelli,’ a town in Italy, as he told us, ‘I received
‘in several parts of my body three-and-

‘twenty shot, *and more*. At the battle of Caratha,’ in Turkey, ‘I rode to death eighteen horses, *and more*. With Lodamio, the Bavarian general, ‘I drank, hand to fist, six dozen of hock, *and more*.’ Upon all such occasions I inwardly anticipated him, by substituting in the place of his last two words, the two following—*or less*. But it so happened, one unfortunate evening, as he was in the midst of the sharpest engagement ever heard of, in which with his single broadsword he had killed five hundred, *and more*, that I kept my time more precisely than silence: for unhappily the qualifying *or less*, which should have been tacitly swallowed for the quieting my own spirit, was so audibly articulated to the ear of him, that, the moment he heard subjoined to his five hundred—*or less*, the fury of his resentment descended on my ear with a violent blow of his fist. By this slip of my tongue I lost my post in that family, and the hearing of my left ear.

The consequence of this accident gave me great apprehensions for a considerable time: for the slightest cold affecting the other ear, I was frequently rebuked for misplacing my marks of approbation. But I soon discovered that it was no real misfortune; for experience convinced me, that absolute silence was of greater estimation than the best-timed syllable of interruption. It is to this experience that I shall refer you, after having recounted the last memorable adventure of my unfortunate history.

The last family that received me was so numerous in relations and visitors, that I found I should be very little regarded when I had worn off the character of stranger; though, as such, I was as carefully applied to as my high court of appeals. For as the force of liquor co-operated with the force of blood, they one and all addressed themselves to me to settle the antiquity of their families; vociferating at one and the same time above a score of challenges. This was a harder service than any I had ever been used to; and the whole weight of the clamour falling on my only surviving ear, unhappily overpowered it, and I became from that instant totally deaf.

Had this accident happened a few years sooner, it would have drawn we

to despair; but my experience assuring me that I am now much better qualified than ever, gives me an expectation of making my fortune: I therefore apply to you to recommend me for a Hearer in a country where there is better encouragement, and where I doubt not of giving satisfaction.

I shall not trouble you with enumerating the advantages attending post of Hearers: it will be enough for me to say, that as fish, I am no longer subject to the danger of an insatiable hunger; nor will my squeamish dislike to lies bring me again into disgrace. I shall now be exempt from the many misfortunes which our governors have formerly did me into. What a good way looks I have I had for taking my walks when I have heard a bird fly against the window, or the dog and cat quarrelling in a corner of the room! Have I been reprimanded, when detected in dividing my attention between the furies

of my patron and the brawls of his family!—‘What had I to do with the quarrels of his family?’ I own the proof was just; but I appeal to you whether any man who has his ears can restrain them, when a quarrel is to be heard, from making it the chief object of his attention?

To conclude. If you observe a Talker in a large company, you never see him examining the state of a man’s ears: his whole observation is upon the eye; and if he meet with the wandering or the vacant eye, he turns away, and instantly addresses himself to another. My eyes were always good; but as it is notorious that the privation of some parts ad strength and perfection to others, I may be sure that, since the loss of my ears, I kept my eyes (which are confessed the principal organs of attention) I strong, quick, and vigilant, that I can without vanity offer myself for as good Hearer as any in England. Yours, &c

Nº LVII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1754.

OF all the passions of the human mind, there is not one that we follow so much in judgment. Contempt. But to determine who are the proper objects of that passion, may possibly require a greater degree of acuteness and penetration than most men are masters of. Whoever conforms to the opinion of the world, will often be deceived; and whoever contradicts the opinion of the world, which I am now about to do, will as often be despised. But it is the duty of a public writer to expose popular errors; a duty which I imposed upon myself at the commencement of this work, and which I shall be ready to perform as often as I find occasion.

It is not my present intention to treat of individuals, and therefore they are apt to merit as for one another: my design is an extensive one; it is to refuse no less than three large bodies of men from the undesired contempt of almost all the good people of England, and to recommend them to the still good people for their pity and compassion. The three large bodies I am speaking of, and which, collectively considered, make up at least a fourth part of his majesty’s subjects, are Parsons, Authors, and

Cuckolds. I shall consider each of these classes in the order in which it stands beginning with the Parson, as the most respectable of the three.

And though there is no denying that this profession took its rise from exploded a thing as religion, the belief which I do not intend to inculcate, having conceived an opinion that these maledictions have admission into families too polite for such concerns yet I have hopes of shewing, to the satisfaction of my readers, that a Parson is not absolutely so contemptible a character as is generally imagined.

I know it has been urged in his favour, that, though unfortunately brought up to the trade of religion, he entertains higher notions in private, and neither believes nor practises what by his function he is obliged to teach. But allowing this defence to be a partial one, and that a Parson is really, and to all intents and purposes, a believer, I do not admit, even in this case, that he deserves all the contempt that people are inclined to throw upon him, especially if the extreme narrowness of his education be duly enquired into.

While the sons of great persons are indulged

indulged by tutors and their mothers maids at home, the intended Parson is confined closely to school; from whence he has the misfortune to be sent directly to college, where he continues, perhaps, half a score years, dreading at his country; and where, for want of money, he may exclaim with Milton, that

—Ever during DARK
Surrounds him: from the CHEERFUL WAYS
of men
Cut off; and for the BOOK of KNOWLEDGE
fair,
Presented with an universal BLANK.

Which is as much as to say, that he is totally in the Dark as to what is doing abroad; and that, while other men are gang on in the Cheerful Ways of watching, drinking, and gaming, and improving their minds by Mr. Hoyle's Book of Knowledge, the whole world is a Blank to the poor Parson, who in all probability grows old in a country cure, and comes to the squire of the parish all his knowledge of mankind. That such a Parson, even though he should have every article of Christianity, and should practise up to his belief, is not in every respect an object of contempt, is truly my opinion. For though the Demonstrations of a Fiddler, a Toland, and a Wadston, may have reached him at leisure, yet they do not always appear to him in town; and even there a man must have kept good company, and been thoroughly into the fashionable treatments, (which few Parsons are able to do) before he can be certain that these Demonstrations.

The Author comes next to be considered. And here it imports me to be extremely cautious; lest, being myself an Author, I betray a partiality in favour of the fraternity. But whatever mankind have agreed to think of an Author, he is not absolutely and at all times an object of contempt: on the contrary, if it may be proved, (which I believe no man living will deny) that at the time of his commencing Author, his choice would have led him to turn his hand to business, but that he had neither money to buy, nor credit to procure, a stock, brushes, and black-ball, I hope he may be admitted among the objects of compassion. A question indeed may occur, that if ever he has been so fortun-

nate as to have saved three shillings by his writings, why he has not then set about buying the above-mentioned implements of trade? But, supposing him to have acquired so much wealth, the proverb of—'Once a whore, and always a whore,' is less significant than—'Once an Author, and always an Author,' inasmuch, that a man convicted of being a wit is disqualified for business during life; no city apprentice will trust him with his shoes, nor will the poor beau set a foot upon his stool, from an opinion that, for want of skill in his calling, his blacking must be bad, or, for want of attention, be applied to the stocking instead of the shoe. That almost every Author would chuse to set up in this business, if he had wherewithal to begin with, must appear very plainly to all candid observers, from the natural propensity which he discovers towards Blackening.

Far be it from me, or any of my brother Authors, to intend lowering the dignity of the gentlemen trading in Blackball, by naming them with ourselves: we are extremely sensible of the great distance there is between us; and it is with envy that we look up to the occupation of Shoe-cleaning, while we lament the severity of our fortune, in being sentenced to the drudgery of a less respectable employment. But while we are unhappily excluded from the Stool and Brush, it is surely a very hard case that the contempt of the world should pursue us, only because we are unfortunate.

I proceed lastly to the Cuckold; and I hope that it will not be a more difficult task to rescue this gentleman from contempt than either the Parson or the Author. In former times, indeed, when a lady happened now and then to prefer a particular friend to her husband, it was usual to hold the said husband in some little disesteem; for as women were allowed to be the best judges of men, and as in the case before us, the wife only preferred one man to another, people were inclined to think that she had some private reason for so doing. But in these days of freedom, when a lady, instead of one friend, is civil to one-and-twenty, I am humbly of opinion that her Cuckold is no more the object of contempt for such a preference, than if he had been robbed by as many

many highwaymen upon Hounslow Heath. 'Two to one,' says the proverb, 'are odds at foot-ball;' and every one in the present case ought to make proportionable allowance for much greater odds.

But to do honour to Cuckolds, I will be bold to say that they ought oftener to excite envy than contempt. How common is it for a man to owe his fortune to the frailty of his wife? Or, though she should reap no pecuniary advantage from her incontinency, how apt are the caresses of a score or two lovers to sweeten her temper towards her husband? A lady is sometimes apt to pay so great a regard to her chastity, as to overlook the virtues of meekness and forbearance: rob her of that one virtue, and you re-

store her to all the rest, as well as husband to his quiet.

But waving every thing I have there still remains a reason for hating Cuckolds in esteem; and this regard and veneration which we owe great men. If our betters are ashamed of being Cuckolds, will not become their inferiors to treat with disrespect.

I shall close this paper with saying upon the three characters we have here endeavoured to beset: while we are obliged to the *Parl a Botte*, the Author for Abuse, the Cuckold for his Wife, the highest degree of ingratitude to him one of them in contempt.

Nº LVIII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 175

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Hardly know a more unfortunate circumstance which can happen to a young man, than that of being too handsome: it is a thousand to one that in the course of his education he loses the very dignity of his sex and nature. During his infancy his father himself will be too apt to be pleased with the delicacy of his features; his mother will be in raptures with them; and every silly woman who visits in the family, will continually lament that master was not a girl—'For what a fine creature would he have made!' If he goes to school, he will be perpetually teased by the nickname of Miss Molly; and, if he has not great resolution, he is obliged to become the most mischievous imp of the whole fraternity, merely to avoid the harder imputations of fear and effeminacy. When he mixes amongst men, the imperfections of his education will still stick close to him; the bar itself will hardly cure him of sheepishness, or the cockade defend him from the appearance of cowardice. His very excellencies (if he has them) will seem virtues out of nature; they will be the wisdom of a Cornelia, or the heroism of a Sophonisba. Nay, were we to see him mount a breach, I am afraid that, instead of those noble eulogies and exclamations which should properly attend a hero in such circum-

stances, we should only cry out *Mis. Charmont* in the play—'brave pretty creature!'

Such are the calamities, Mr. Adam, which almost necessarily on male beauty; and so pernicious times are its consequences, that more than once been tempted to some method could be found out might extirpate it entirely. What men, what generals, what prelates we have lost, merely by the misfortune of a fine complexion? It is with concern that I frequently look me in public assemblies, and see numbers of well-drest youths, who really have been of use to them and to mankind, had their parents the Indian method of marking faces to distinguish their quality: it is, their unlucky persons have them attract into perils and afflict under a notion of politeness; and ought to have been sense and judgment at best but a genteel taste in 'Thoughtless men!' have I sometimes said to myself, when the melancholy mood was on, 'how blind is he to 'rity!' Little do these flutterers while their summers are dancing in dangling to Ranelagh with Biddy and Lady Fanny, that their uncomfortable winters of their life at last terminate in prattling and playing at quadrille with Bridget and Lady Frances!

— Their way of life
Is fallen into the fear, the yellow leaf;
And that, which should accompany old age,
As it were, love, obedience, to his friends,
They must not look to have.

Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the preventing such misfortunes might very well become your care, if not that of the legislature. Every body knows that there was a time, even in a Roman army, when 'aim at their faces,' was as careful a sound, and attended with as fatal consequences, as 'keeping your fire,' was on a late glorious occasion. Now, though I would by no means impute that a beam must be a coward; nay, though the world has furnished us with many examples of very fine old men who were very great heroes; yet, as it might perhaps be better, even in time of peace, that men should not utter a profane word to their persons, I would endeavour to strike at the root of the evil. It is, I believe, admitted as a truth in legislation, that the part where the infection is made, is usually the fullest of any part of the body. I would propose, therefore, with regard to our male children, that we should follow the Christian Ciceronian motto, and 'aim at their faces.' A general practice of this kind might be extremely useful to train the literary world would, I am sure, be a better fortify; for what mother could be averse to having her sons taught to read, when perhaps the eye-lashes were gone, and the eyes themselves no longer worth preserving? Our literates of this sort win, I hope, in one fine professor by profession to undertake the affair, and draw up, what may properly enough be titled, 'A Scheme for Training MEN for the Service of the public.'

I omit, however, to insinuate to the fair youths of the present age, by confining their merriment to the company of their own affections; and, as far as their own judgments can direct them, take pains to appear manly. But, alas! the means they pursue, like most mistaken application, rather aggravate the calamity. Their drinking and raking, only makes them look like old men; their wearing is almost as blacking as would be in the other sex; their chewing tobacco not only offends, but makes us apprehensive at the time time that the poor things will be sick. When

they talk to common women, as they pass them in the Mall, they seem as much out of character as Mrs. Woffington in Sir Harry Wildair, making love to Angelica. In short, every part of their conduct, though perhaps well intended, is extremely unnatural. Whereas, if they would only spend half the pains in acquiring a little knowledge, and practising a little decency, we might perhaps be brought to endure them; at least, we should be less shocked with their beauty.

When I look back on what I have written, I am a little afraid that my zeal for the public may have hurried me too far; for as we are taught to pity natural defects, we ought to be tender of blaming the errors they occasion. But what shall we say, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to another set of animals, whom nature certainly designed for men, and made, as Mr. Pope says, 'their souls bullet, and their bodies buff?' When these louts of six feet high, with the shoulders of porters, and the legs of coachmen, affect 'to limp, and to unble, and to 'nick-name God's creatures,' surely we may laugh at such incorrigible idiots. The fair virtues of a less gentle deportment, aim at least at what they imagine to be manly; but these dairy-maids in breeches leave the rick behind them at their first setting out, and give up the only qualities which they could possibly be admired for.

Any one who is conversant in the world must have seen numbers of this latter sort; some of them tugging, others lolling in their gait, (and I may be allowed such expressions) and many of them so very affected, that they cannot even see with their eyes, but at most peep through the lashes of them, when they would be ready to public at some matters of themselves and the whole town's afflictions. I am sure, too, have peculiar softness, and a ready willingness, unless it be at the pleasure to make an appointment for the King's Arms, or to dispatch an orange-branch on a message to a lady.

In short, Mr. Fitz-Adam, what with nature and regular dissimule, the present age seems an age of dissimulation. The whole head is vanity, and the whole heart sick. And yet, (if I have not laved your readers with the same *Je ne sçais* in their minds) notwithstanding these alarming appearances, the eye of a philologist

philosopher can still trace out something to counterbalance this amazing degeneracy. However desperate the vulgar may think our situation, we, who are the fervor of the torrid zone sweetly compensated by copious dews and circulating breezes, and the whole system of nature admirably adjusted; we, I say, see likewise that this human defect is not left without its remedy. How dear delights our Men are become, we may still hope that the rising generation will not be totally enervated. The afflicted

look, the exalted voice, and theatrical step of our modern Females, pretty sufficiently convince us that there is something Manly still left amongst us. So that we may reasonably conclude, though the male and female accomplishments may be strangely scattered and disposed of between the sexes, yet they will somehow or other be jumbled together in that complicated animal, A MAN AND HIS WIFE. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

S. H.

Nº LIX. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Am a constant reader of your papers, and commend you upon the men of wit you have for your correspondents. I do not pretend to add to the number; and find only attempt to furnish you with trifles, which, considering and for what intended by a writer of your ability, may possibly be productive of entertainment (at least) to the public.

Your taste is upon the modern taste in gardening and in new buildings, excellent in their kind; and I must needs throw upon architects, even as far as they go; but, methinks, you have not carried your observation quite far enough; nor have you any where remarked the ingratitude and ingratitude with which those worthy patriots are treated, who ruin their estates, or lay out the fortunes of their younger children on their seats and villas, to the great embellishment of this kingdom, which (if it is not already one great and complete garden) contains at least more sumptuous country-houses, parks, gardens, temples, and buildings, than all the rest of Europe. If you are in danger of losing yourself on the vast and dreary wastes of some comfortless heath, and are directed on your course by a friendly beacon of prodigious height, you are told that this is such a gentleman's Folly. The munificence of a man of taste raises, at an immoderate expence, a column or turret in his garden, for no other purpose than the generous one of giving delight and wonder to travellers; and the ungrateful public calls it his Folly.

Nay, were her late majesty Queen Anne, of pious memory, to reign again, and fifty new churches to be really built, I doubt if, in this dissolute age, this also might not be called her Majesty's Folly.

But, notwithstanding these dilliculties, I am daily entertained with new beauties, and it is with great impatience that I wait the completion of a Chinese temple, now rising on the top of a very elegant villa upon the road-side near Drumpdon. I have often, too, with great satisfaction, beheld a structure of this kind, on the top of a very handsome garden-house, now in the possession of a noble foreigner at Turnham Green; which, as I am informed, is a matter of great curiosity to his countrymen who frequent it; nothing of this sort being to be met with in the environs of Paris, or indeed of Pekin itself, or in any country, as big as the life, on the spindle of a weather cock, adds also to it's merit; which, with all the beauty of the bird itself, has not it's disagreeable vociferous quality; and though it does not foretell by it's noise a change in the weather, it informs you with more certainty of the variation of the wind.

I am somewhat of an invalid; and being sensible how much exercise conduces to health, I seldom fail, when the weather does not allow me the use of my physician, a trotting horse, to take a stury (as it is elegantly called) in a hackney-coach; which affords exercise to the imagination as well as the body, and creates thinking (if I may be allowed the expression) as much as it does an appetite. The air of business in the crowds that are constantly passing; the variety

variety of the equipages, and the new and extraordinary sights, that still present themselves in this great metropolis, the centre of trade, industry, and invention, fill my mind with ideas which, if they do not always instruct, at least amuse me.

I take great pleasure in guessing at the ranks and professions of men by their appearance; and though I may now and then be mistaken, yet I am generally in the right. Once, indeed, I mistook a right reverend divine, on the other side Temple Bar, for a Jew, till the mitre on his coach convinced me of my error; as I also did a Jew, by the decorations on his chariot, for a peer of the realm. And indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, since the Herald's Office has suspended it's authority, it is surprising what liberties are taken with the arms of the first families in the kingdom; in-somuch that a man must have a quick eye who can distinguish between the pillars, flower-pots, and other inventions of the curious painter, and the supporters of the nobility. But what most of all perplex me are the ornaments, after the Chinese manner, over the arms by way of coronet: and were not these distinctions confined solely to Europe, I should sometimes be in danger of mistaking an Indian director for a Mandarin.

It has not escaped your notice how much of late we are improved in architecture; not merely by the adoption of what we call Chinese, nor by the restoration of what we call Gothic; but by a happy mixture of both. From Hyde Park to Shoreditch, scarce a chandler's shop or an oyster-stall but has embellishments of this kind; and I have heard that there is a design, against the meeting of the new parliament, to fit up St. Stephen's Chapel with Chinese benches and a throne, from the model of that on which the Eastern monarch distributes justice to his extensive empires. It is whispered also, that the portico to Covent Garden church is to give place to one of the Gothic order. But before I leave the city, let me not neglect to do justice to that excellent engineer, the great pastry-cook in St. Paul's Church Yard. My good fortune conducted me thither on Twelfth-day; when, seeing a

vast concourse of people assembled, my ruling passion, curiosity, engaged me to quit my vehicle to partake in the satisfaction so visible in all their countenances. But how shall I describe the pomp and parade of so noble an appearance? The triumph of a lord-mayor's day is nothing to it; though, if I mistake not, those brave and faithful guardians of the wealth and safety of the city, the train-bands and militia, make a most comely and warlike appearance; for, not to mention the flags shining with silver and gold; troops innumerable of gingerbread both horse and foot, finer in these uniforms than the French king's household; there was not even the smallest mince-pye, but for it's strength and just proportion was equal at least to the *chef d'œuvre* of a Vauhan or a Cohorn. But what above all excited my praise and admiration, was a citadel of an enormous magnitude, that would have appeared impregnable to a whole army of Dutchmen, had it not been for several breaches that had been made in it by some small field-pieces of copper: but this, indeed, astonished me the less, having been told that the towns in Flanders, which cost so much blood, which were so stubbornly disputed in the former war, and which fell so easily into the hands of the immortal Saxe in seventeen hundred and forty four, were chiefly obtained by an ordnance of this kind, though somewhat heavier in it's quality.

And now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if I was not afraid of troubling you with more observations, I should lead you again into the country. But were I to expatiate on the hermitages and sylvan temples, formed like the earths of those instructive builders, the badgers, (from whom the hint was taken) and furnished with ivy, moss, cobwebs, and strawbeds, with all the elegance of primitive simplicity, contrasting the magnificent structures of our most favourite architects, I fear my letter would exceed your patience. I shall therefore defer, at least, these most important subjects, till I find how these my observations have been received; and whether you do them justice or not, I shall continue your constant admirer.

or none to which we may more fairly lay in our claim than the spirit of Generosity, which is so eminently exerted amongst us. I question whether our great attribute of bravery deduces more real honour on us, or is more deservedly celebrated. But there is a certain limit which true valour never exceeds; and it is from this excess that a just distinction is made between courage and rashness, magnanimity and fool-hardiness. In the same manner, liberality differs from profusion. When this amiable quality of benevolence is perverted from its high and noble uses, when it is applied to no meritorious services, but is degraded into the indiscriminate overflowings of the purse, the appellation that accompanies it is by no means a desirable part of a character.

What led me into this turn of thinking, was an incident in one of my morning walks. Passing by the house of a noble lord with my friend, he raised my attention by assuring me, that in that house he spent a great deal of money every week: 'And I do not doubt,' added he, 'but that we shall in a short time be able to raise a very comfortable subsistence for the family.' I was somewhat astonished at the easy freedom of his ex-

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I observe, there is hardly a custom amongst us, be it what it will, that we are not as tenacious and jealous of, as of any national privileges. It is from this consideration that I expect rather to see an increase, than an abolition of our follies, an improvement rather than a change. *I should not, therefore, con-*

O. S.

That a very great number are the domestics of persons of quality, in whose services they have so little to do, from the crowds maintained in them, that they find themselves under a necessity of spending a great part of their time in ale houses, and other places of resort, where, in imitation of their masters, they divert themselves with the fashion-

...they apprehend they have a better title to than any other of the fraternity, as the maid-servants in such cases happen to be as great traders as their masters, and are rarely to be dealt with but at extravagant prices. That a third part, at least, of the whole body of servants in this great me-

ing money to servants, I wish it as my opinion, that where the said servants number than a dozen in an, pitiful, and be person whatsoever, to without giving to all.

Nº LXI. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21

THOUGH the following letters are written upon more serious subjects, and in a graver stile and manner than are common to this paper, which is professedly devoted to the ridicule of folly, and false taste; yet, as they are intended for public benefit, and may contain some useful hints and informations, I shall present them to my readers without farther preface.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

Sir, Your Majesty having frequently recommended to his parliament to use proper means to put a stop to numerous robberies and murders, I shall want no apology for

but when the mind is once so great a degree, it is not of any virtuous sentiment. The case of such persons is, that they rally return from transgressions in a short time, and fall into the same company and practice of life as before. Such kind of persons are considered by rogues rather than as giving them hope of their crimes with it, consequently must produce no effect. I am confirmed in this by Monsieur Secondat, who writes a excellent treatise upon the subject. He says, That if we enquire of all human corruptions, that they proceed from

attributes the number of robberies in a great measure to the luxury and extravagance of the nation: but it appears to me that these are only remoter causes; for though luxury and extravagance reign in all our principal towns, yet the robberies are chiefly in and about London; and even when they happen in the country, they are generally committed by rogues, who make excursions out of London to fairs, horse-races, and other public meetings; which clearly and evidently points out the true cause of them to be the *overgrown size of London*, affording infinite receptacles to sharpers, thieves, and villains of all kinds. Our magistrates have lately exerted themselves with a very becoming spirit, in suppressing houses of gaming and debauchery; but I am afraid the number of these houses is so great, that all their endeavours will not produce any considerable benefit to the public. The buildings in London have been encreased prodigiously within these thirty years; and the ill consequences of this increase seem not to have been enough considered; but it is certain that a large metropolis is the greatest evil in any country, and the source and fountain of all the corruption that is in it. It appears from the bills of mortality that the burials in London vastly exceed the christenings. This annual surplus, supplied in a great measure from the several counties, is a continual drain from the people, and an immense loss to the nation: and I cannot help recommending it to those gentlemen who are for encreasing the number of our people by a general naturalization bill, to provide in the mean time for the security and preservation of those we have already.

The monstrous size of our capital is one great cause of the excessive luxury that prevails amongst us. The infinite number of people that resort hither, naturally rival each other in their tables, dress, equipage, furniture, and, in short, extravagances of all sorts. Notwithstanding the late necessary regulations, a continual round of amusement and entertainment is invented for every day in the week; and by this means the mind is kept in a constant hurry and dissipation, and rendered unfit for any serious employment. Can mothers of this turn, immersed in vanity and folly, be supposed capable of any domestic concerns? *What a prospect is here of*

the morals of the rising age! And, what is worse, this love of pleasure is carried into the country, and a general dissoluteness spreads itself through the whole kingdom. Hence it is that gentlemen even of small fortunes are impatient of the country, and crowd to the diversions of London, contracting an expensive taste, and ruining their families. Nor is this love of pleasure confined only to genteel life; the common people easily follow the example of those above them; and as they have no fund to support them without labour, the consequence of idleness, in them, is immediate poverty; which necessarily throws them into sharpening, robbery, and all kinds of dishonesty. So that I believe it may truly be affirmed, that the luxury and corruption of any nation is just in proportion to it's wealth, and the largeness of it's metropolis.

Thuanus tells us, that in the reign of Henry the Second there was an edict made to prohibit any buildings in the suburbs of Paris; and in Queen Elizabeth's time a bill passed to prevent the increase of London; but, like other good laws, it soon grew obsolete, and lost it's effect.

In what manner our metropolis may be reduced without injury to the proprietors of houses and ground-rents, I do not pretend to determine; but it seems absolutely necessary that a stop should be put to any farther building; and if, besides this, the ruinous houses in the back parts of the town, such as Hockley in the Hole, &c. which are the grand receptacles for sharpers and pickpockets, and which might be purchased at an easy rate, were annually to be bought up, the materials sold, and the ground thrown into open fields, the town in a few years would be considerably reduced, the health of the people very greatly improved, and the number of gamblers, thieves, lewd women, &c. gradually diminished. I am, &c.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

517.

AS you profess not only to amuse, but to instruct; and as the early grounding of youth in true fortitude and the love of their country are objects worthy of the most serious attention; give me leave to caution parents and guardians,

guardians, through your channel, against an evil they seem insensible of, the evil of sending youths unacquainted with the world, even raw from school, to French academies; where no sooner are they got together, than those who preside in the councils of that kingdom, ever attentive to sow the seeds of dissension in these nations, detach a number of Irish officers, who, by speaking our language, and introducing these heedless boys into the pleasures of the place, easily insinuate themselves into their good graces; and then, with no less art than judgment, gradually instil into their vacant minds the poisons of popery and disaffection. I speak by experience. If any one doubts the truth of this assertion, let him enquire into the present condition of a French academy in a

neighbouring maritime province, where these measures will be found to be at this hour warmly pursuing. Are there not other countries, countries of liberty, where the French tongue, and the exercises which contribute to fashion the exteriors, are to be acquired with equal success? Doubtless there are: and those parents who, by the advantage of their own education, are capable of directing that of their children, never hazard them among these dangerous people, till by reading, travel, and an acquaintance with mankind, they are proof against such unhappy impressions.

If the inserting this short letter saves but one Briton from perdition, you and I, Mr. Fitz-Adam, shall not esteem it as an useless precaution. I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

Nº LXII. THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,
I Have somewhere read of the saying of a philosopher, I believe it was in the Spectator, That every one ought to do something in the world; I shew that he has been in it. I am therefore, though a woman, desirous of leaving behind me the following testimony of my existence, and of convincing posterity, that in point of birth I have had the start of them.

It is of late grown into a fashion among the men to treat the business of Visiting with great disrespect: they look upon it as a mere female recreation, and beneath the dignity of their superior natures. Yet notwithstanding their contempt of it, and the odious name of Gadding which they have given it, I do not find that they fail in their appearance at any of our assemblies, or that they are better able than us women to shut themselves up in their own houses, when there is any thing to be done or seen abroad. If they would content themselves with finding fault with the Name and not the Thing, I should have no quarrel with them; the word Visit being of so various and uncertain a signification, that I am always at a loss in what sense to understand it.

A sister-in-law of mine, who lives about ten miles from town, sent me *some time ago* a very pressing letter, de-

siring my assistance, and that of my cook-maid, for a few days; her house, as she said, being likely to be put into great hurry and confusion from the preparations they were making for the reception of my Lord Whimley, who had sent my brother a card that he intended him a Visit the week following. I set out accordingly with my cook; and when every thing was got ready in the best and genteelst manner that my brother's fortune would afford for the entertainment of so noble a guest, down comes my lord as expected; who, upon alighting from his chariot, gave orders to his coachman to keep the horses in motion, for that his stay should not exceed fifteen minutes. His lordship took a walk through the garden; seemed greatly pleased with it's situation and design; very politely excused himself from making a longer stay; and took his leave with saying, that he hoped soon to do himself the pleasure of making him a second Visit.

It would be taking up too much of your time to enter minutely into the family distress upon so vexing a disappointment; let it suffice to tell you, that it was near a fortnight before my poor sister perfectly recovered it, or before she left off her hourly repeated question of—'What shall we do with all this load of victuals?' My lord next day at White's was giving high encomiums

on my brother's seat, and the goodness of the air in that part of Surrey; and was pleased to say that he thought it the completest thing of its size within twenty miles of London. Upon which Sir Humphry Hobbling, a distant relation of ours, proposed being of my lord's party at his next visit. Accordingly in about three weeks a second card informs my brother of a second Visit.

By this time I and my maid, together with two or three supernumerary assistants and female humble cousins, were dismissed, after having it did a fortnight, by particular desire, to help to eat up the pasties, pyes, tarts, jellies, fillabubs, &c. which had been provided for my lord, and were now looked upon as mere drugs in a family, which usually contented itself with two substantial cakes, or one and a pudding.

It was not in the least doubted that my lord's second Visit would be of the same nature with the first: his lordship's card being conceived exactly in the same words: there was therefore no need of talk or preparation; my sister too had pretty well worn off the dread of making acquaintance before to great a man. According to his appointment my lord arrived, and with him Sir Humphry, and Colonel Shille, a great favourite of my lord's, and a number of servants with portmanteaus, guns, pointers, setters, spaniels, &c.—My poor dear sister!—I wish you were a woman, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and had kept house in the country, that you might know how to pity her. The rumour of my lord's arrival having soon spread itself, several of the neighbouring gentlemen came the next day to dine with my brother, and to pay their compliments to his lordship; the greater part of whom, by Sir Humphry's incessantly pushing about the claret, were rendered utterly incapable of returning to their homes that night. To shorten my story, my lord and the colonel, finding the air to agree with them every day better than the other, continued there a fortnight; and Sir Humphry, having drank himself into a fit of the gout, is, with his lady and family, (whom he sent for to attend him) at this day upon his Visit.

I have heard much of the copiousness of the English language, and would fain know why it is that people can find no term to express their design of staying fifteen days at your house, different from

that which signifies fifteen minutes? Have they no way of expressing the time of their continuance but by the one word Visit? Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, a more correct and intelligible method of conveying up cards or otherwise the Visitor's design upon the Visited might be found out; giving him to understand at sight what he has to do towards a proper reception: whether it be to order a fire in the best parlour; to see if the death-warrant for poultry, roasting-pigs, &c. be to be signed; if sheets, beds, and chambers, are to be aired, or a month's provision to be laid in. All this, I conceive, may be easily effected by a method, which for the good of all matters and mistresses of families, I am now going to communicate.

When a fine lady, having a new-fashioned suit of clothes, or a new piece of scandal to circulate, finds it necessary to call upon forty or fifty of her acquaintance in one day; or when a fine gentleman chuses to signify his intention of making a short Visit, like my Lord Whimsy's first; I am for an abridgement of the word, and only calling it a Vis. When a gentleman or lady intends taking a family dinner with a country friend, or a dish of tea with a town one, I would have that called a Visit. But when a person proposes spending some days, weeks, or months, at a house, I would call that a Visitation. So that for the future cards might very properly be written in the following form.

'Lady Changeherfriend's compliments to Lady Fiddlefaddle, and intends to visit her ladyship this evening.—'Lord Stiff's compliments to Sir Gregory Quibus at his house at Hampstead, and intends to visit him the first fair day.—Captain Fearaball's compliments to Ralph Hardhead, Esq. at his seat near Bunsford Downs, and intends him a Visitation the beginning of next month, to take a crack of hunting with him.' Thus, Mr. Fitz-Adam, will the terms of Visiting, Visitation, and Visitationing, always carry an exact meaning with them, and be such as the lowest capacity cannot fail of understanding. I am, with great esteem, dear Sir, your constant reader and admirer,

SUSSANNA FRETATABIT.

P. S. If this letter should happen to please you, who are all the world to me, I may

ou gave us lately so lively a description) ed-captains, younger brothers brought p to no business, humble cousins, &c. The Visited in these cases, or more properly speaking, the Patients, have incited on their parts several curious iants towards shortening the length of a

embrace so fine a n in; for, you know, one seldom sees in a time of the year. seems, took the hin decamped a few hour

Nº LXIII. THURSDAY, MARCH :

ANIMI CULTUS QUASI QUIDAM HUMANITATIS CI

[F the love of indolence did not sometimes as entirely possess me as the love of fame, I should no doubt feel myself a little piqued at being in a manner compelled to withdraw my own wit, in order to publish that of my correspondents. For many weeks past I have considered myself as a mere postmaster, whose only employment is to receive and distribute letters. But what most mortifies me, is, that I do not find my readers to be at all clamorous about my summing the pen. I am particularly hurt by my correspondent of this day, who, under the friendly appearance of favouring me with his assistance, has

doctrine as the most pher: for the stomach nitary twitches, in equally of how great is, not only to their being at all. I that he may eat, and labour; and his very hutes also to the he Now, Sir, I beg leave of your readers, who stances of their birth fortune, are unhappily dily labour, and who they have leisure, that requires sustenance,

fellows of Rome—*‘Videmus, cum re nullā impediuntur necessariā, aut al- volum poscere, aut querere quempiam ludum, aut sermonem aliquem requirere; cumque non habeant ingenuas ex doctrinā oblectationes, circulos aliquos et festiunculas confectari.’* As this moriel of Latin may possibly stick with such of your readers as have had Leisure enough to neglect the improvement of their school-learning, to make it go down more glibly, I will dress it for them after the English manner—*‘The idle, as they have no occupation or business to employ them, resort either to a gaming-table, or a cricket-match, or Mother Midnight’s oration; and, as they have not, for want of learning, any of the amusements of a gentleman, become members of clubs and frequenters of coffee-houses.’* From the illustrious convention at White’s down to those who assemble on birth-days at the Black, whether they rejoice in champagne and ortolans, or tripe and porter; whether they are employed at a hazard-table or a shovel-board, the Mind in each fraternity seems to be alike provided for, and has little else to subsist upon than the scraps and broken pieces of knowledge picked up from the common news-papers.

We cannot wonder, if, with such miserable fare, the Mind should be impaired in it’s strength, and grow languid in it’s motions; but we may well wonder that men, who are far above the ordinary rank of life, who are proud of their abilities to distinguish themselves from the vulgar in their cloaths, tables, houses, furniture; in short, in all the conveniences of mere living, even to luxury; should take up with so poor a diet; should be contented with diversions which even the lowest mechanic may aspire to. Is it no mortification to their pride to find men of low birth, mean fortune, and no education, on a level with themselves in their amusements? Is it no reproach to them to look upon a picture of Raphael, or a Medicean Venus, with the same stupid eye of indifference, as the labourer who ground the colours, or who dug in the quarry? Yet many there are, and men of taste too, as the phrase goes, who, through a shameful neglect of their Minds, have hule or no relish of the fine arts; and I doubt whether, in our most splendid as-

semblies, the Royal Game of Goose would not have as many eyes fixed upon it, as the lately published curiosity of the ruins of Palmyra. I mention this work, not only to inform such of your readers as do not labour under a total loss of appetite for liberal amusements, what a sumptuous entertainment they may sit down to, but also to give it as a signal instance, how agreeably men of ingenious talents, ample fortune, and great leisure, may amuse themselves, and, laudably employing their leisure time, do honour to their country.

Among the polite and idle, there are none whom I behold with more compassion than those meagre and half-famished souls whom I meet every day, in fine cloaths and gay equipages, going about from door to door, like common beggars; and like beggars too, as commonly turned away; with this difference, that the porter gives the Ragged stroller a surly No, and a civil dismissal to the vagrant in Embroidery. The former, to excuse his idleness, says—*‘Nobody will employ me;’* the latter does as good as say—*‘I cannot employ myself.’* This in high life is called visiting; which does not imply any friendship, esteem, or the least regard towards the person who is visited, but is the effect of pure generosity in the visitor, who having more time upon his hands than he knows what to do with, prodigally bestows some of it upon those whom he cares not one farthing for. I look upon visiting to be the art of squandering away time with the least loss of reputation: a very great invention indeed! and as the other ingenious arts have been produced by hungry bellies, so this owes it’s rise to the emptiness of the Mind.

But the hunger of the Mind for the most part creates a constant restlessness, frequent indisposition, and sometimes, that worse than bodily disease, the spleen, which happens when, by low keeping, it is reduced to the necessity of gnawing and preying upon itself. Every man, who does nothing, because he has nothing to do, feels himself more or less subject to these disorders. And can his flying to places of pastime and diversion remove them? Should we not condemn a mother as unnatural, who, when her child cries for bread and butter, should carry it abroad to a puppet-show? Yet full as absurdly does every man as-

who, regardless of the cravings of his mental appetite, stands gaping at vertical suns or a painted waterfall.

I have heard that the master of Vauxhall, who so plentifully provides Beef for our Bodily refreshment, has, for the entertainment of those who visit him at his country-house, no less plentifully provided for the Mind; where the guest may call for a fowl to chew upon the infirmity of human life, or sit down to a collation of poetry, of which the hangings of his room of entertainment take up, as I am told, many yards. I wish that this grand purveyor of beef and poetry would turn for some of the latter to his gardens at Vauxhall. Odes and songs pulled on the lamp-posts would, I believe, be much more studiously attended to than the prices of cheese-cakes and custards; and if the unpictured boxes were being round with celebrated passages out of *Flower-de-luce*, many a company would find something to say, who would otherwise sit cram-

ming themselves in silent stupidity. I am led to this thought by an observation I once made at a country church, where the walls were set out with several plain dishes of good wholesome doctrine. It happened that the pastor of the flock, who was round and fat, by the heaviness of his discourse, and the lazy manner of delivering it, laid to sleep three fourths of his audience. Upon enquiry, I found that the sleepers were those only who could not read, and that the rest kept themselves awake by feeding on the walls. In the waking part of the congregation, I had a proof of the advantage of reading; in the languid preacher, an instance of a decayed habit of Mind; which certainly would not have been in so weak a condition, if, instead of cold ham and venison-pasty, he had now and then taken for breakfast a luncheon of Barrow, or a slice of Tillotson.

Yours, &c.

L. M.

Nº LXIV. THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1754.

ANIMUM PICTURA PASCIT INANI.

VIRG.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Readily agree with your correspondent of last week in his conclusion, that hocks, or more properly, that kunnig is the food of the Mind; and as what happened to me lately was occasioned by giving my Mind a meal, I beg leave to relate it to you. You must know, Sir, I have under a misfortune common to many in this great metropolis, which is, to have a very good appetite and very little to eat. This lays me under the necessity of spunging upon my friends: my calamity, indeed, sits lighter upon me, as I do not prize the little arts and shifts of many fine gentlemen, who drop in it; it were by chance at dinner-time; who saunter about the town in hopes of meeting with some generous master of a family; or who, in a morning visit, protract the conversation till it is too late for them to dine any where else. No, Sir; I have a mind above such low contrivances, and openly avow my spunging

without any reserve or shame-facedness.

With the view of getting a breakfast, I waited the other morning on Lord Finical, who is remarkable for having a very elegant library. The familiarity of his conversation with me in public places gave me courage to make him the first visit; and as I knew that his time of rising was about twelve, I was at his door by nine; where, after the fashion of mumpers, I gave but one single knock for fear of disturbing him. After some time the door was opened to me by a slipshod footman, who asking my honour's pardon for having made me wait so long, shewed me into the library. Here I found my lady's woman, with a damask napkin in her hand, taking down the books one by one, and, after wiping them as tenderly as if they had been glass, putting them into their places again. She very politely hoped I would excuse her; said she should soon have done; that to be sure the books were in a great dishabille, and not fit to be seen in that pickle. 'For you must know,

Sir,

'Sir,' said she, 'that this is the largest room in the house; and my lady gave a ball here last night, well knowing that my lord would not leave White's till the dancers were gone.' This she desired me to keep to myself. I told her, I thought there was no great harm in making use of a room which would otherwise be useless. 'True, Sir,' said she; 'but as my lady knows that my lord does not *chuse* it, and as my lady would not willingly offend my lord, she has strictly ordered all the servants not to blab, and desired me to be up thus early to wipe the books, for fear the dust upon them should occasion a discovery: for you know, Sir, if my lord knows nothing of the matter, it is just the same thing as if there had been no dancing at all.' As I did not controvert to eminent a doctrine, her conversation ended with wiping the last book; and after having received an assurance from me of keeping secret what she had no occasion to intrust me with, she very graciously dismissed herself.

I was now left by myself, and was going, as I thought, to sit down to a most delicious repast; but I found myself in the state of a country booby at a great man's table, who sits gaping and staring at the richness of the plate and elegance of the service while he should eat his dinner. I stood astonished at the gay prospect before me: the shelves, which at the bottom were deep enough to contain just a folio, tapered upwards by degrees, and ended at the dimension of a small duodecimo. All the books on the same shelf were exactly of the same size, and were only to be distinguished by their backs, which were most of them gilt and lettered, and displayed as great a variety of colours as is to be seen in a bed of tulips: for the bindings of some were red, some few black, others blue, green, or yellow; and here and there, at proper intervals, was stuck in one in vellum covering, as white as a card, and lettered black, in order to make a stronger contrast of the colours on each side of it.

Hence to I stood at some distance, to take with more advantage a general view of the beauty of the whole; but curiosity leading me to a closer inspection of each individual, I had the pleasure to find myself surrounded by the best authors in ancient or modern learning. I took down several of them by way of

tasting; (for, as Lord Bacon observes, 'some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested;') and by the sticking together of the leaves, occasioned by the marbling and gilding of the edges, I found that not one of them had been opened since they came out of the hands of the bookbinder.

I now fell to with a good appetite, intending to make a full meal; and while I was chewing upon a piece of Tully's philosophical writings, my lord came in upon me. His looks discovered great uneasiness, which I attributed to the event of his last night's diversion; but good manners requiring me to prefer his lordship's conversation to my own amusement, I replaced his book, and by the sudden satisfaction in his countenance, perceived that the cause of his perturbation was my holding open the book with a pinch of snuff in my fingers. He said, he was glad to see me, for he should not have known else what to have done with himself: I returned the compliment, by saying I thought he could not want entertainment amidst to choice a collection of books. 'Yes,' replied he, 'the collection is not without elegance; but I read men only now; for I finished my studies when I set out on my travels. You are not the first who has admired my library; and I am allowed to have as fine a taste in books as any man in England.' Hereupon he shewed me a Petrar-fido bound in green, and decorated with myrtle leaves: he then took down a volume of Tillotson in a black binding, with the leaves as white as a law book, and gilt on the back with little mitres and crosses; and lastly, a Cæsar's Commentaries clothed in red and gold, in imitation of the military uniform of English officers. He reflected with an air of satisfaction upon the usefulness of making observations in travelling abroad; and acknowledged that he owed the thought to his having seen, in a French abbé's study at Paris, all the Dauphine editions of the classics with gold dolphins on the back of them. *Nam visceris ipsâ, quam laudat, plumâ?* was frequently at my tongue's end; but good-breeding restrained me from taking the liberty of a too familiar expostulation.

We now sat down at the table; and my lord, having ordered the tea-water,

begged the favour of me to reach out my hand to the window-seat behind me, and give him one of the books, which lay flat one upon another, the backs and leaves alternately. I did so; and endeavouring to take the uppermost. I found that they all clung together. His lordship seeing my surprize, laughed very heartily, saying it was only a trick, and that I was not the first by many whom he had played the same trick upon. On examining it, I found that the upper book opened as a lid, and the hinges and key-hole of the lock were concealed so artfully, as they might easily escape common observation. But it was with great concern that I beheld the backs of these seeming books lettered POPE'S WORKS. Poor Pope! with what indignation would he have swelled, had he lived to see but the mere phantom of his works become the vehicle of grocery! His lordship, observing my eyes fixed with attention on the lettering, gave me the reason of it. 'What could I do?' said he, 'the credit of my library required the presence of the Poet; but where to place him was the difficulty; for my shelves were all full, long before the last publication of him, and would have lost much of their beauty by any derangement; so, to get clear of the *embarras*, I thought it might be as well to have Mr. Hallet's edition as Mr. Knapton's.' I perfectly agreed with his lordship, reserving to myself my meaning as to his own particular. Mr. Cash the banker being now introduced, after hearing a joke or two upon Mr. Cash's books, which his lordship was pleased to call a more valuable library than his own, I left them to their private business.

And now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, for the sake of many, who, like Lord Finiel, have a fine taste in books, and not the least relish for learning; and for the con-

venience of many more, who are fond of the appearance of learning, and can give no other proof of it, than that of possessing so many books, which are like gloves to a cunning man; I desire you will give a hint to Mr. Bromwich to form a paper hanging, representing classes of books, which may be called for at his shop by the name of Learned or Library-paper, as he pleases. The ingenious gentleman, whose gains and reputation have risen equally with our paper-madness, will exert his fancy in so many pretty designs of book-cases or pieces of ornamental architecture accommodated to the size of all rooms in such richness of gilding, lettering and colouring, that I doubt whether the Chinese-Paper, so much in fashion in most of our great houses, must not to his great enshroument, give place to the Learned: I think the Library-paper will look as pretty, may be made as costly, and I am sure will have more meaning. The books for a lady's closet must be on a smaller scale, and may be thrown into Chinese Houses and there and there blank spaces may be left for brackets to hold real Chinese ware and Dresden figures. It is to be observed, that the lettering should not be put on till the paper is hung up for every customer ought to have the choosing and the marshalling his own books: by this means he may have those of the newest issue immediately after their publication; and, besides, he should grow tired of one author or one science, he may be furnished with others at reasonable rates, by the multiplication of the lettering.

I make no apology to Mr. Dodds on this occasion, as I do not think I will lose a single customer by this commendous, yet comprehensive method of Performing libraries. Yours, &c.

L. A

Nº LXV. THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1754.

CAMPESTRIS MELIUS CYTHÆ.

QUORUM PLAUSTRA VAGAS RITE TRAHUNT DOMOS.

HOR.

THAT Experience is the best, and should be the only guide of our conduct, is so trite a maxim, that one can hardly offer it without an apology:

and yet we find the love of innovation and the vanity of invention, carrying men daily to a total neglect of it. In a country where mode and fashion govern

eyes

every thing, we must not be surprized that men are ruled by no fixed principles, but rather should expect they will frequently act in direct opposition to every thing that has been long established. The favourite axiom of the present times is, that our ancestors were barbarous; therefore, whatever differs from the ignorance of their manners must be wise and right.

To shew the folly of an overweening opinion of inventive wisdom, and to bring the foregoing remarks to the purpose and subject of this day's paper, I shall give an instance from Garcillaso de la Vega, who tells us, that when the Spaniards began to settle in Peru, and were erecting large stone buildings, the Indians stood by and laughed at them, saying, that they were raising their own tombs, which, on the first heaving of the earth, would fall and crush them. Yet, big with their European improving genius, they despised the light cabins of the Americans, and at length became the victims of their own opinionated pride. Equally ridiculous would be the Peruvians in England, who, disesteeming the old established models of strength and solidity, should build himself a hut after the fashion of his own country, and adapted only to the temperature of that climate.

As I would willingly pay my countrymen the compliment of supposing all their actions to be founded in reason, when I cannot demonstrate the contrary, I have imputed the number of slight wooden edifices with which we see our parks and gardens so crowded, to the extravagant fears with which it may be remembered the inhabitants of more solid structures were seized at the time of the late expected earthquake. If such a time of universal panic should again occur, I doubt not but the builders of these asylums, who had mercenary views, would see good interest for their money, while the generous and benevolent would enjoy the greatest of pleasures, that of making numbers easy and happy. But even in this case, how have they acted against Experience! For as a storm of wind is a much more usual phenomenon in this climate than an earthquake, it is evident that the expence of erecting these occasional receptacles (though not indeed very considerable) must be totally thrown away; unless we are to believe those remarks in political arithmetic, who assert

that these retreats have contributed as much to the service of the public in the Increase of it's inhabitants, as they could have done in the Preservation of them, according to their original institution.

The same spirit which influences men to despise and neglect ancient wisdom, leads them to a hasty and precipitate imitation of novelty. Thus, many, ignorant of the original design of these slight shelters, and not imagining there could possibly be any use in them, concluded that they must imply ornament and beauty; and recollecting the proverb, that 'Every thing that is little 'is pretty,' dotted their parks with sections of Hogheads. The first I saw of these gave me a high opinion of the modesty of it's owner. 'A wise man of Greece,' thought I to myself, 'was immortalized for his self-denial and humility in occupying the whole of that mansion, of which my wiser countryman is 'contented with the half.' But upon looking round me, and seeing this new old whim propagated all over his park, and these philosophical domicils so numerous as to make a town big enough to hold all the wise men upon earth, I soon changed my opinion of the founder, and concluded him rather to be possessed with the ambitious madness of Alexander, who coveted MORE WORLDS, than with the moderation of the Cynic, who, as Hudibras observes, expressed no manner of solicitude about a PLURALITY OF TUBS.

The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd,
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a narrow paltry tub to
Diogenes; who is not said
(For aught that ever I could read)
'To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
Because he had ne'er another tub.

The situations usually destined for these monuments of taste, are not in covered vallies, embosomed in groves, or in some sheltered dell; (there indeed we have the modesty to place our wood-piles, bone-stacks, cinder-heaps, and other more heavy fabrics, composed of rubbish, oyster-shells, and sometimes more glittering worthlesses, under the ennobling title of grottoes, hermitages, &c. &c.) to make them conspicuous, they are placed on eminences in the blackest exposures; insomuch, that I have

have over-heard an assembly of modern improvers, condoling with one another at a drum on a windy night, like a company of merchants at Jamaica, who had a meeting in the harbour at the time of a hurricane.

The most valuable of the South-Island, defended in my motto, are worthy our admiration. We must acknowledge them to be the perfection of all virtues, since they will stand the criticism of Momus himself, finding that residence, for the winter or winter he could not find all other pleasures they could give him, and cannot afford him any pleasure, nor be converted to shelter from the fury of the winter, or the storming of the rain. What wish could make it be to a man ever for use to be told that such houses are a manufacture of this age and country, and that he may be supplied with a very complete one, at the common and moderate price of three hundred pounds! It is to be presumed that no gentleman, whom this intelligence may reach, will hereafter till his park with hussies, turkeys, crabs, lundry-boxes, &c.

The taste of the present age is universally for annuals. Their politics, books, plantations, and now their buildings, must be all annuals: and it is to be apprehended, that in a few years, large trees and substantial structures will be no where to be found, except in our Desarts: unless we could bear testimony in our expectations as a certain schemist, of whom I shall relate some particulars.

This gentleman, whose Chinese temple had been blown down a few weeks after it was erected, was comforting himself that he had found in Hanway's Travels a model never yet executed in this part of the world, which, from the advantage of its form, must stand against the most violent gusts of wind on the highest mountains. This was, it seems, a *pyramid of bricks*, after a genuine plan of that great improver Kouli Khan. He immediately contracted with the sexton of his parish for a sufficient supply of human skulls; and was preparing the other materials, when the scheme was prevented by the over-scrupulous conference of the sexton's wife. The schemist was extremely mortified, yet remained pertinacious in the execution of his design; and, as I am told, set out the next morning for Cornwall to obtain a *seat in parliament*, in order to

bring in a bill for the erecting mid in every county, with the reception of the heads of nuns hereafter to be executed. No pain for the success of his for though the legislature has objections to every scheme for misdirections of Use, he doubtless will have concurrence in a for making them an Ornament country.

In former times, the Great the object to which the strangeness was particularly involved this purpose uses of trees we to direct, and walls built to your purposes, in such a manner as to be constantly in the contemplation of the prince. Now it is thought necessary *all this*; you are therefore led about serpentine walks, and prospects to be often intercept visible and unexpected lines of ornaments, and the mansion adorned by new plantations, noblest trees of the old grove bid down to give you a peep then at an out-building of four square of plaster and can different from this was the of our ancestors, that whenever such little edifices, (which only from necessity) they planted before them Jews, aquatic, according to the soil or dry, and I could venture are modern improvers, who having all things open, that he one morning fell down the part of the Thames, and with hatchet among the willows, many masked editors of the size and figure, as, proper and fancifully variegated paint, might make Hoenstival to many an admired this age.

A Philosopher would not fix the matter of the place affixed to himself from such trifles; hardly imagine that even the gant of palaces could add any worth to the possessor, whose must be raised and sustained dignity, wisdom, and hospitable being the maxim of *Tu domo dominus, sed dominus nequanda est.* But to judge common observer, and to r

the general race of Improvers, if it be absolutely necessary for every man to shew his taste in these matters, let him endeavour to compass solidity, duration, and convenience, in the mansion he in-

habits, and not attempt to display his magnificence in a number of edifices, which, whatever they may seem to imitate, are Unnecessary Houses.

LXVI. THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

TO confess an unfashionable kind of truth, I am a woman who now and then think a little; and when I do, I sometimes turn my reflections on my own sex. Man, you know, is said to be 'a creature formed for society;' and I do not deny it to be in general true; but then, pray, what is Woman? To say that she too is 'a creature formed for society,' is saying nothing at all; she is a great deal more than all that. Shall I tell you what she is? Woman is 'a creature formed for Crouding,' and for being Crouded.

Mr. Pope, who you know thought it worth his while to write a whole epistle about us, declares, after he thinks he has analysed us to the bottom, that the love of Pleasure, and the love of Sway, are the general ruling passions of the whole sex. In direct contradiction to which, I assert, that the love of Crouding and of being Crouded, is a passion infinitely more general and predominant. It will be allowed, probably, that this passion is included in one of the former; but I answer, No; it is absolutely distinct from either of them: for as to the love of Pleasure, ask a woman of fashion in the midst of a crouded assembly, (and thanks to the taste of the age we live in, you may make the experiment in this dear town any evening you please) ask her, I say, if she takes any Pleasure in being crouded?—"No," she will tell you, "she hates and detests it; it breaks her hoop, tears her ruffles, puts her in a horrid stuffer, makes her a fright in short, and she wonders what could persuade her to come there." A plain proof this, that it does not result from her love of Pleasure: and that it is not a consequence of our love of Sway, is still more obvious; for the very idea of a crowd excludes all notion of superiority and distinction. But, if you want an experi-

mental proof of this too, go to the same assembly, and observe the lady of the house herself; she is distinguished indeed, but in a manner quite opposite to what you would expect; for it is only by bustling through the crowd she has herself ranked, with all the hurry and vulgar obsequiousness of a coffee girl.

All then that can be said in your friend Pope's defence, is, that he did not live long enough to see this predominant female passion display itself in that full strength and vigour which it does at present. Yet one might think, too, from what one has heard of the ring and other fashionable amusements in his time, (for I do not remember them myself) that he had, even then, sufficient opportunity given him to discover this truth; but as he totally omitted it in all his essays, I shall (without making apologies for my inferior abilities, for I hate apologies) endeavour to demonstrate, that this very passion is superior to all our other passions put together.

First, as to our love of Play. Let us in the first place, to proceed methodically, consider what Play is. Play is a science, or rather a science and an art put together; the former of which has been rendered systematical by the philosophic pen of Mr. Hoyle; the other, though perhaps as well understood as the former, has yet been honoured with no distinct treatise: though I am told, indeed, that a gentleman, now in the Old Bailey, has, at his leisure hours, complicated an essay, which, when published, will render the whole of this matter clear to the meanest capacity. But this *en passant*. Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, whether we consider Gaming as a science that employs the head, or as an art which exercises the hand of its fair professors; whether we suppose it a matter of judgment or ingenuity; we must agree, that a private room, and a small party, would be infinitely more eligible for the purpose (that is, if a woman loved

loved Play for it's own sake) than a full assembly; for if she plays with judgment, I would presume that a noise and tumult about her would certainly disturb her; and if she plays with skill, I should imagine a number of lookers on might possibly disconcert her: yet this is not the case; *to game in a crowd* is the thing; and rather than not game so, she is willing either to be beat or to be fined, or either to lose her money or her reputation.

Having now, I think to my satisfaction, told I hope, Sir, to you, that even the love of Play is a fever, I will now touch upon our love of Dress. That this is made subservient to it, is evident to any person that will deign to contemplate that most important part of our dress, the Hoop, and I need not say, or to speak more properly, a piece of machinery, which owes it's very being and existence to this passion: for since that invention, a lady is enabled to make a crowd even by herself, and thirty women can now cram a room as completely as a hundred would do, if deprived of so necessary an auxiliary. On this principle too we may account for that seeming paradox, why the Hoop, contrary to the fleeting and short-lived nature of all other parts of dress, holds it's place in the realms of fashion so much longer than any other mode was ever known to-day; and while our caps have, from the size of a china plate, dwindled away to the breadth of a half-crown, and then entirely vanished, our Hoops, on the contrary, continue to enlarge their circumference gradually, and keep pace with our rule of passion. So that I shall venture to assert, that this part of our dress will be immortal; for so long as women are women, so long must they wear large Hoops.

Again, as to our love of Music; ask any woman of fashion, if the opera sounds as well on a Tuesday as a Saturday, and she will stare at your question, and answer coolly, No; she does not think it does. And why, pray? For this short reason, that Saturday is the Crowded Night.

The thing is now so very plain, that I might spare myself all farther trouble; yet to proceed, let me ask why we prefer gallantry to love, and general acquaintance to particular friendship? Because the one goes on full as well in a

crowd (excepting indeed some necessary short intervals with regard to gallantry) as in any other place. But should a woman condescend to cultivate love or friendship, she would be frequently seduced into solitude, or, what is as bad, be obliged sometimes to undergo the insupportable *ennui* of a grave *tête à tête*.

Lastly, I would fain ask, why does that small part of our sex, that think at all about the matter, prefer enthusiasm to religion, and Mr. Whitefield to their parish priest? For no other reason in the world, but because Mr. Whitefield of all men living has the greatest knack of gathering a Crowd about him.

Now that I am talking of religion, I have heard of an author who wrote a treatise to prove, that the place of future punishment was the centre of the earth, which, since it could not fairly hold half the inhabitants that would be assigned to it, he supposed the principal torment would consist in Squeezing. I believe, indeed, the doctrine was soon exploded; and it was fit it should: for surely, Sir, it would have a manifest bad tendency in point of female morals; for who can think that we should have any dread of Squeezing in the next life, when we love so dearly to be Squeezed to death in this?

Yet though I have hitherto endeavoured to prove, that this love of Crowding is the ruling passion of the Female world, I would not have it inferred, that it does not sometimes also predominate in Man. I know myself various instances to the contrary: many young fellows of my acquaintance are at present warm borough-bunters: now, as most of them are infinitely too ignorant to suffer one to imagine they do it with a view of serving their country, and much too negligent and *dégaçé* to aim at living themselves, I championably conclude, in order to give them some motive for action, that they commence candidates purely from this principle, as wanting only to push themselves into a present momentary Crowd at the ensuing election, and to secure to themselves a septennial Crowd, by getting into parliament. I could enumerate many more instances of the same kind, but really I have scribbled till I am tired: I have, however, one word to say to your friends the poets before I conclude. You know, Sir, they frequently make

similar

families about us women, and are particularly fond of taking them from the feathered part of the creation: for instance, if a woman is constant, (as perhaps some women have formerly been) they compare her to a turtle; if she sings well, they instantly clap a nightingale into her throat; and if she is fair, the swan's plumage immediately becomes dirty by comparison. Now all these similies may do well enough in the confined way they use them; but they never yet

found out any single bird that could be made use of as a general symbol of the whole sex. I have, Mr. Fitz-Adam; and I shall give it them to put into verse, if they please; assuring myself that, if they are convinced of the truth of my foregoing reasonings, they will think it a just one: not to keep them or you longer in suspense, it is a Wild Goose. I am, among the crowd of your admirers,

M. B.

Nº LXVII. THURSDAY, APRIL II, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

ALL the fashionable part of mankind set out with the ambition of being thought men of Taste.

This is the present universal passion: but the misfortune is, that like sportsmen, who lose their hare, and start colonies, which lead them over warrens, where their horses break their legs, and sling their riders; so in the pursuit of Taste, we frequently see men following some false scent, with the same ardour that they would have pursued the proper object of a chase, and with much greater inconveniences.

Of all the various subjects that have yet exercised the genius of modern writers, that of Taste has appeared to be the most difficult to treat; because almost all of them have lost themselves in endeavouring to trace it's source. They have generally indeed referred us for it's origin to the polite and imitative arts; whereas those are rather it's offspring than it's parents. Perhaps their mistakes in the treating this delicate subject may have arisen from the great resemblance which False Taste bears to True, which hasty and inaccurate observers will find as difficult to distinguish, as to discern Pinchbeck's metal from genuine gold at the first transient glance. To the end, therefore, that the ideas of our fine gentlemen may be somewhat more precisely adjusted upon this important article, I shall venture to assert, that the first thing necessary for those who wish to acquire a True Taste, is, to prepare their minds by an early pursuit and love of moral order, propriety, and all the rational beauties of a just and well-regulated conduct.

True Taste, like good-breeding in behaviour, seems to be the easiest thing in nature to attain; but yet, where it does not grow spontaneously, it is a plant of all others the most difficult to cultivate. It must be sown upon a bed of virgin-soil, and kept perfectly clean of every weed that may prevent or retard it's growth. It was long erroneously thought to be an exotic; but experience has convinced us that it will bear the cold of our most northern provinces. I could produce instances to confirm this assertion, from almost every county of Great Britain and Ireland.

The folly is, that every man thinks himself capable of arriving at perfection in this divine accomplishment; but Nature hath not dispensed her gifts in such profusion. There is but one sun to illuminate our earth, while the stars that twinkle with inferior lustre are innumerable. Thus those great geniuses that are the perfect models of True Taste are extremely rare, while thousands daily exalt themselves to ruin and ridicule by vain and awkward imitations.

Perhaps to arrive at Taste in one single branch of polite refinement, might not be altogether to frustrate an ambition; but the absurdity is to aim at an universal Taste. Now this will best appear by observing what numbers miscarry even in the most confined pursuit of this difficult accomplishment. One seeks the coy mistress in books and study; others pursue her through France, through Italy, nay, through Spain; and after all their labours, we have frequently seen them ridiculously embracing pedantry and foppery with the raptures due alone to Taste. Thus it happens with many deluded travellers in

and charms of that most amiable part of our species which constitutes the most essential quality of a man of Taste. Who indeed ever knew a mere soldier, a mere politician, a mere scholar, to be a man of Taste?

Were we to erect a temple to Taste, every Science should furnish a pillar, every Virtue should there have an altar, and the three Graces should hold the high-priesthood in commission.

We daily see pretenders to this quality endeavouring to display it in a parade of dress and equipage; but these, alas! can only produce a beau. We see others set up for it amongst cards and dice, but these can create nothing better than a gamester. Others in brothels, which only form a debauchee. Some have run for it at New Market; some have drank for it at the King's Arms: the former, to their great surprize, have acquired only the title of good Jockeys, the latter of jolly Bucks. There are many who aim at it in literary compositions, and gain at most the character of intruding authors.

However, this general pursuit of taste has it's uses; those numbers who in quest of it, where it is never to be found, serve at least as so many

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by him with perpetual delight; as thing ill-fashioned and deformed him with disgust and abhorrence. is, in a word, the avenues of his are open only to those enjoyments ring with them the passports of and reason.

Phalæthes is a man of Taste, according to the notion I have here given of quality. His conduct is influenced by sentiment as well as by principle, and if he were ever so secure of safety and impunity, he would no more be capable of committing a low or a vicious action, than of admitting a vile admixture into his noble collection of painting and sculpture. His just Taste in fine arts, and his exquisite delineation of moral conduct, are but one and the same sense, exerting itself upon different objects; a love of beauty, order, propriety, extended to all their various intellectual and visible exhibitions. Accordingly, Phalæthes is consistent every part of his character. You see me elegant and noble simplicity, the same correct and judicious way of living, expressed in his dress, his age, his furniture, his gardens, his actions.

How different is Micio from Phalæthes! Yet Micio would be thought a man of Taste; but the misfortune is, he has not a heart for it: I say a heart,

however odd the expression may sound; for as a celebrated ancient has defined an orator to be *vir bonus dicendi peritus*, so I must insist upon it, that a good heart is an essential ingredient to form a good Taste. When I see Micio, therefore, dissipating his health and strength in lewd embraces and midnight revels; when I see him throwing away over-night at the gaming-table what he must refuse the next morning to the just clamours of his injured tradesmen; I am not the least surprized at his trimmed trees, his unnatural terraces, his French *treillage*, his Dutch parterres, his Chinese bells, and his tawdry equipage.

In fine, though every man cannot arrive at the perfection of this quality, yet it may be necessary that he should be sufficiently instructed, not to be deceived in his judgment concerning the claim of it in others. To this end the few following queries may be applied with singular advantage. Is the pretender to Taste proud? Is he a coxcomb? Is he a spendthrift? Is he a gamester? Is he a slanderer? Is he a drunkard? Is he a bad neighbour? a sham patriot? or a false friend? By this short catechism, every youth, even of the most slender capacity, may be capable of determining who is NOT a man of Taste.

I am, &c.

J. T.

Nº LXVIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

THE kind reception which you gave to my letter of November last, has made me take the liberty of sending some farther anecdotes of my fa-

my grandfather, Sir Josiah Pumpkin, had made a considerable figure in Charles's court, his only son, my honoured father, was no less conspicuous for his valour towards the latter end of King William's reign. Though the race of kings was changing, the laws of Honour still remained the same. But my grandfather had retired with his family to Pumpkin Hall, a year and a half before the Revolution, much discontented with the times, often wishing that Judge Somebody (yet his name) had been a *militia co-*

lonel, that he might have run him through the body, or cut off one of his cheeks with a broad sword. In the same strain he frequently wished Father Peters a life-guard-man, that he might have caned him before the court-gate of Whitehall. 'These fellows,' said he, 'put me in mind of murderers in popish countries, who, if they run into a church after cutting a throat, are secured from all danger of punishment. Our English ruffians too are frequently safe, if they can but shew a lawyer's gown, or a priest's cowl.' My grandmother, Lady Pumpkin, was a prudent woman, and, not without some difficulty, persuaded Sir Josiah to content himself with drinking constant bumpers of prosperity to the church and state, without fighting Duels, or breaking beads, in defence of the British constitution.

without receiving a strict command to do some brave act becoming a man of honour and a Pumpkin. As he was remarkably an obedient son, and indeed as we were all, not only as Pumpkins, but as old Britons, very choleric and fiery, my father scarce ever returned home without some glorious achievement, the heroism of which generally reached Pumpkin Hall before the hero. Of his several exploits, give me leave only to mention three; not so much in regard to his honour, as that they carry in them some particular and remarkable circumstances.

There was an intimacy between my father and Major John Davis of the foot-guards. Their first acquaintance and friendship had begun when the major was quartered at a market-town near Pumpkin Hall. Their regards had continued towards each other with the greatest strictness for several years; when one day at dinner with a large company at a tavern, my father jocularly in discourse said—‘Ah! Major! Major! you still love to ride the fore-horse.’ Alluding to his desire of being foremost in all parties of pleasure, Major Davis immediately changed colour, and took the earliest opportunity of calling Mr. Pumpkin aside, and demanding

were to fight in captain was drawn forth with fiercest indignation to his thoughts might possibly or, if otherwise, meditated was of a nature; he then his adversary, and

I with this had their combats; engaged in a duel who had taken that duel he received after throwing him a languishing misadventure proved fatal by emotion. He bore an amazing fortitude; an abhorrence of noble murders; might have lived to have shewn that

I leave you, I make your moral several stories; but I never without giving the only Duet in husband, Mr. So engaged; if a married who was the

lighted man, chose Primrose Hill for the field of battle, and swords for the weapons of defence. To avoid suspicion, and to prevent a discovery, they were to walk together from Piccadilly, where we then lived, to the summit of Primrose Hill. Truncheon's scheme took effect. Mr. Muzzy was much fatigued and out of breath with the walk. However, he drew his sword; and, as he assured me himself, began to attack his cousin Truncheon with a valour which must have charmed my grandfather, had he been present. The brigadier went back; Mr. Muzzy pursued; but not having his adversary's alacrity, he stopped a little to take breath. He stopped, alas! too long: his lethargy came on with more than ordinary violence; he first dozed, as he stood upon his legs, and then beginning to nod forwards, dropt by degrees upon his face in a most profound sleep. Truncheon, hate man! took this opportunity to wound my husband as he lay snoring on the ground; and he had the cunning to direct his stab in such a manner as to make it supposed that Mr. Muzzy had fled, and in his flight had received a wound in the most ignominious part of his body. You will ask what became of the seconds? They were both killed upon the spot; but being only two servants, the one a butler, the other a cook, they

were buried the same night; and by the power of a little money, properly applied, no farther enquiry was ever made about them.

Mr. Muzzy, wounded as he was, (the blood trickling from him in great abundance) might probably have slept upon that spot for many hours, had not he been awakened by the cruel bites of a mastiff. The dog began first to lick his blood, and then tearing his cloaths, fell upon the wounded part, as if it had been carrion. My poor husband was thoroughly awakened by the new hurt he had received; and indeed it was impossible to have slept, while he was losing whole coilsops of the fattest and most pulpy part of his flesh: so that he was brought home to me much more wounded, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by the teeth of the mastiff, than by the sword of his cousin Truncheon.

This, Sir, is the real fact, as it happened; although I well know that the Truncheon family take the liberty of telling a very different story, much to the dishonour of my husband's memory. Permit me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by your means, to do public justice to Mr. Muzzy's character, and at the same time to assure you that I am, Sir, your most obliged, and obedient humble servant,

MARY MUZZY.

Nº LXIX. THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1754.

FOR the entertainment of those of my readers who love variety, and to oblige those of my correspondents whose epistles to me are too short to be published singly, I have set apart this paper for miscellaneous productions.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IF you are a strong-bodied man, be so kind as to open your arms to your fair readers, and lift them down safely from their high-heeled shoes. I am really in pain when I see a pretty woman tottering along, uncertain at every step she takes whether she shall stand or fall. If the ladies intend by this fashion to display the leg to greater advantage, to be sure we are obliged to them: but I cannot help being of opinion, that the

shortness of the modern petticoat might fully answer this desirable purpose.

Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, favour us with your thoughts upon this matter; and if you can reduce this enormity, and take the ladies down (I will not say in their Wedding only, but) in all their shoes, you will oblige every husband and father, whose wife and daughters may be liable, from walking in stilts, to make False Steps. I am, &c.

T. H.

SIR,

AS almost every session convinces us that it is not beneath the wisdom of parliament to spend much time and consideration in the enacting and amending laws for the preservation of the game, and to determine who should, and who should

bers of either house, an exclusive privilege of ruining themselves at any game they shall think proper to play at.

I dare say, Mr. Fitz-Adam, a bare hint of this will be sufficient to get it carried into a law; especially if it be added, that till such a law is made, my Lord and the Chairman are upon a level in their amusements; except that his lordship is losing his estate with great temper and good-breeding at White's, and the chairman begging his family with oaths and curses in a Night-cellar. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

W. X.

112,

YOUR paper upon Servants put me in mind of a passage in the Life of the Marquis (afterwards Duke) of Ormonde, which I believe will not be uninteresting to your readers.

The marquis having been invited by French nobleman to pass some days at his house in *St. Germain en laye*, in compliance with an inconvenient English custom, at his coming away, left the *maitre d'hotel* ten pistoles, to be distributed among the servants. It was all the money he had; nor did he know how to get credit for more when

embraces till he had arrived in a point which I will not mention. He asked for a reason to complain of a defect which he perceived, but very far from being answered by the marquis, he had never passed so agreeably in his life. He wondered that the contrary. The nobleman that the leaving contributed among the servants his house as an inn, and affront that could be of quality; that he was well, and hired the best friends as well as his own. He considered him as a stranger, unacquainted with the way and err through for less dishonourable in otherwise his resentment vented any expostulation. He stood, after having nature of the affair, dressed the mistake by ten pistoles, or give satisfaction of men of honour.

charge brought against us in that letter to be true, namely, that those who have nothing to give may go whistle for a clean plate or a glass of wine; yet I do not agree that a poor poet (for I am sure he must be a poet that wrote that letter; if he had been a gentleman, he would have done as gentlemen do; I say, that I do not agree that a poor poet) has any right to abuse those that are his betters. A good servant, and one who knows his business, will endeavour all he can to keep low people from intruding at his master's table; and yet, so far are many of us from holding poets in contempt, that they are always welcome to dinner in the hall with the best of us, and have free leave to read their verses, or sing their songs, for the entertainment of the company.

If this same Mr. O. S. had been a philosopher, or a man of deep learning, he might have had some sort of reason to find fault; for it is not to be denied that we are a little apt to overlook such sort of gentry; but not so much because they have nothing to give, as from an ab-

sence of mind which we constantly observe in these philosophers and men of deep learning, who, if they ask for bread, beer, or wine, are as well contented with oil, vinegar, or mustard, or any thing else that happens to be readiest at hand.

I beg pardon for troubling you with this letter, which is only to set these matters in a clear light, and to request that you will publish no more papers about servants, but let things go on in the old way; and in so doing you will oblige us all in general, and in particular, honoured Sir, your dutiful servant to command,

I. K.

As I am desirous of being a peacemaker upon all occasions, I shall comply with the request of this correspondent, and conclude my paper with a hint to all gentlemen in livery, that as poets, philosophers, and men of learning, will be sometimes intruders at their masters' tables, let them consider them as brethren, and treat them with humanity.

Nº LXX. THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1754.

ΥΟΥΣ ΙΑΤΡΙΩΝ.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,
YOUR correspondent in your sixty-third paper has, I must confess, shewn no less ingenuity than the Duke de Vivonne did wit in his celebrated answer to Lewis the Fourteenth, upon that king's asking him at table—'Mais à quoi sert de lire?'—'La lecture,' said the duke, 'fait à l'esprit ce que vos perdrix font à mes joues.' But whatever new doctrines these gentlemen are pleased to broach, that Books are the Food of the Mind, I must beg leave to say, that they have from time immemorial been called Physic, not Food: and for this I appeal to the famous inscription on the Alexandrian library, which I have placed at the head of my letter—'Physic for the Soul.'

For my own part, I can truly say that I have considered all books as Physic from my earliest youth; and so indeed have most of my schoolfellows and ac-

quaintance, and nauseated them accordingly: nor can any of us at this time endure the sight or touch of them, not even a present from the author, unless it be as thoroughly gilt as the most loathsome pill, or qualified and made palatable by the syrup of a dedication.

Those who have endeavoured to conquer this disgust, have given the most forcible proofs of the truth of my argument: many of them, by venturing to prescribe to themselves, have so injudiciously taken their potions, that their minds have been thrown into various ill habits and disorders. Some have fallen into so lax a state, that they could neither digest nor keep any thing whatsoever. Nay, I have been acquainted with such as have taken the most innocent and salutary of these medicines, but by over-dosing themselves, and making no allowance for their own corrupt and acrimonious humours, have fallen into the most violent agitations, discharging such a quantity of undigested and viru-

lous

toever. In all ages and countries the poets have constantly described the avidity with which it is taken, by the figurative expressions of eating or drinking. Shakspeare uses a more general term—

With open mouth **SWALLOWING** a taylor's
NEWS.

Another witty author calls News the Manna of the day: alluding to that God with which the Israelites were supplied in the Wilderness from day to day, and which in a very little time became stale and corrupt: as indeed Providence has in it's wisdom ordained, that all kinds of sustenance shall be in their nature corruptible, to remind man continually of the dependency of his state on earth. Whereas Physic (particularly of the modern chymical preparation) preserves it's efficacy and virtues uncorrupted and unimpaired by time; a property it has in common with Books; which never suffer by age, provided they be originally well composed, and of good ingredients. The principal of these ingredients are generally thought to be wit; and I fancy, Mr. Fitzlam, by the quantity of it with which you now and then season your Speeches—

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while England, that land of liberty, equally indifferent to works of wit, and encouraging the licentiousness of the old comedy, can relish nothing but personal character or wanton romance. Hence arises that swarm of memoirs, all filled with abuse or impurity, which, whatever distinctions my present correspondent may make with relation to Food and Physic, are the Poison of the Mind.

The best antidote to this poison, and the most salutary in every respect, is that species of writing which may properly be termed *Regimen*; which, partaking of the qualities both of Physic and Food, at once cleanses and sustains the patient. Such have I studied to make these my papers; which are therefore neither given daily for sustenance, nor occasionally as medicine, but regularly and weekly as an *Alterative*. I have been extremely careful in the composition, that there shall not be wanting a proper quantity of sweet, acid, and salt; yet so justly proportioned, as not to cloy, sour, or lacerate the weakest stomach. The success I have met with will be better proved by the attestations of my patients, than by any boasts of my own. Out of many hundreds of these attesta-

tions, I shall content myself at present with only publishing the following.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM
BATH.

SIR,

I Can assure you with the greatest truth, that my three eldest daughters were for more than a whole winter most strangely affected with a Nakedness in the Shoulders; insomuch that the thinness and slightest covering whatsoever was almost insupportable, especially in public. The best advice in the place was procured; but the disease increased with so much violence, that many expressed their opinion that every part of the body was in danger of the infection. At last, when nothing else would do, they were prevailed upon to enter into a regular course of your papers; and in a few weeks, to the surprise of every body in the rooms, were perfectly cured. I therefore beg of you, good Sir, to let the bearer have thirty dozen of the papers, for which he will pay you, I am, Sir, &c.

The original letter, sealed with a coronet, may be seen at Mr. Doddsley's in Pall Mall.

Nº LXXI. THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1754.

NE SCUTICA DIGNUM HORRIBILI SECTERE FLAGELLO.

HOR,

I Flatter myself it must have been frequently remarked, that I have hitherto executed the office I have undertaken without any of that harshness which may deserve the name of satire; but, on the contrary, with that gentle and good-humoured ridicule, which rather indicates the wishes of paternal tenderness, than the dictates of magisterial authority. My edicts carry nothing with them penal. After I have spent five pages out of six to shew that the ladies disfigure their persons, and the gentlemen their parks and gardens, by too much art, I make no other conclusion, than by coolly informing them, that each would be more beautiful, if nature was less disguised.

A certain great traveller, happening to take Florence in one of his tours, was much caressed and admired by the Great

Duke. The variety of countries he had seen, and his vivacity in describing the customs, manners, and characters, of their inhabitants, rendered him highly entertaining. But it happened a little unfortunately that he had taken a fancy to adopt one of the fashions of the East, that of wearing whiskers, which he did in the fullest and largest extent of the mode. The Great Duke could by no means relish this fashion; and as constantly as he finished his second bottle, his disgust would break out, though never with greater harshness than in the following word:—'Signor Giramondo, I am not Duke of Tuscany while you wear those whiskers.' In like manner, I say, I am not Adam Fitz-Adam while the ladies wear such enormous hoops, such short petticoats, and such vast patches near the left-eye; or while gen-

tlsmoa

tlemen ruin their fortunes and constitutions by play, or deform the face of nature by the fopperies of art.

The moderation of the Duke of Tuscany, who, with the help of a pair of scissars, might so easily have removed the object which at once offended and degraded him, is greatly to be preferred to the tyranny of Procrustes, whose delicate eye for proportion was apt to take such offence at an over-grown person, that he would order him to be shortened to the just standard, by cutting off his feet. But a tyrannical system cannot be lasting: and violent measures must destroy that harmony which I am desirous should long subsist between me and those whom I have undertaken to govern, even were it probable that I could carry such measures into execution. But nothing exposes weakness so much as threats which we are not able to enforce. It is told us in the Acts, that forty of the Jews bound themselves under a curse, that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul. We hear no more of those Jews, though the apostle survived their menaces. I flatter myself that I have no less zeal for the abolishing folly and false taste; yet I am so far from uttering any such threats, that I very frankly confess I intend to eat and drink as heartily as if there was no such thing as folly remaining in the world. My enemies, indeed, have been pleased to throw out, that it is owing to my desire of continuing to gratify those appetites, that I have not long ago entirely suppressed all folly whatsoever. They make no scruple of asserting, that there would not have been so much as a patch, pompadour, or Chinese rail remaining amongst us, if I had not thought proper to borrow a piece of policy from the rat-catchers, who suffer a small part of the vermin to escape, that their trade may not be at an end. But I must take the liberty of acquainting these gentlemen, that they know as little of me, as of human nature, the chase after folly being like hunting a witch; if you run her down in one shape, she starts up in another, so that there is no manner of danger that the game will be destroyed. And I most solemnly declare, that wherever I have seen a beautiful face, or a fine garden, very grossly deformed by injudicious attempts at amendment, I have laboured with the greatest ear-

nestness to effect a reformation where the conduct of my pupils, sometimes faulty in itself, has been harmless in its consequences, constantly forborne, and will instantly forbear, an officious reproof of it, however disagreeable such silence may appear in the eyes of gentlemen.

It is upon this plan that I have pressed innumerable complaints, splenetic and ill-humoured corrections: as a specimen of which comes I shall lay before my readers the beginnings of some of their letters.

SIR,

I Am greatly offended at the silent behaviour of a lady of acquaintance. You see her in a room at St. James's church, and in the evening at the play-house in Drury Lane. One would think that either I should drive plays out of her head, or she should drive religion. Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, tell her how absurd—

SIR,

I Trouble you with this letter to my complaints of a very great cold, and to desire your animadversion on it. I returned yesterday from a visit to a family in the country, in every particular but one, where our times as became reasonable. When the weather was good, we went abroad; when bad, we amused ourselves within doors either with evening conversation, or instructive reading. But it was the custom of the (though in all other respects very good) people constantly to play for a whole hour before supper. I have, Mr. Fitz-Adam, this met with killing time—

SIR,

I Am shocked at the indecency of modern head-dresses. Do they intend to lay aside all modesty and nakedness?—

This is the manner in which singuifhing zeal treats things that themselves are indifferent: for is it not the duty of absolute indifference when a lady wears on her head a becoming ornament of clean lace, or her own



Or if there be any preference, would it not be shewn, both from nature and experience, to be on the side of the hair?

*Nun tu, quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdoniis opes
Permutare velis crine Liciniae?*

Horace, we see, prefers a beautiful head of hair to the riches of a king. But I cannot help giving it as my opinion, that Licinia's hair flowed in natural ringlets, without being tortured by irons, or confined by innumerable pins. Yet, though I have seen with patience the cap diminishing to the size of a patch, I have not with the same unconcern observed the patch enlarging itself to the size of a cap. It is with great sorrow that I already see it in possession of that beautiful mass of blood which borders upon the eye. Should it increase on the side of that exquisite feature, what an eclipse have we to dread! But, surely, it is to be hoped, the ladies will not give up that place to a platter, which the brightest jewel in the universe would want lustre to supply.

I find that I am almost insensibly got

upon the only subject which is likely to move my indignation, and carry me beyond the bounds of that moderation which I have boasted of above. I shall therefore conclude this paper with offering terms of composition to those of my fair readers who are willing to treat with me. The first is, that all those young ladies, who find it difficult to wean themselves from patches all at once, shall be allowed to wear them in what number, size, and figure, they please, on such parts of the body as are or should be most covered from sight. The second (and I shall offer no more) is, that any lady, who happens to prefer the simplicity of such ornaments to the glare of her jewels, shall, upon disposing of the said jewels for the benefit of the Foundling or any other hospital, be permitted to wear (by way of publishing her good deeds to the world) as many patches on her face as she has contributed hundreds of pounds to so laudable a benefaction. By pursuing this method, the public will be benefited; and patches, though no ornament, will be an honour to the sex.

Nº LXXII. THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1754.

NE CURES EA QUÆ STULTE MIRARIS ET OPTAS.
DISCERE ET AUDIRE ET MELIORI CREDERE NON VIS.

HOR.

IT is an observation of the Duke de Rochefoucault, That there are many people in the world who would never have been in love if they had never heard talk of it. As strange as this assertion may appear, there is nothing more certain, than that mankind pursue with much greater ardour what they are talked into an admiration of, than what they are prompted to by natural passions: nay, so great is the infatuation, that we frequently see them relinquishing real gratifications for the sake of following ideal notions, or the accidental mode of thinking of the present times.

The story of the Princess Parizadæ, in the Arabian Tales, is a proper illustration of what I have here advanced. I shall give my readers a short abstract of this story, as it may furnish matter for reflection, and a very useful moral,

to such of them as regulate their whole conduct, and even their desires, by Fashion.

This princess, the happiest as well as most beautiful of her sex, lived with her two beloved brothers in a splendid palace, situated in the midst of a delightful park, and the most exquisite gardens in the East. It happened one day, while the princes were hunting, that an old woman came to the gate, and desired admittance to the oratory, that she might say her prayers. The princess no sooner knew of her request than she granted it, giving orders to her attendants, that after the good woman's prayers were ended, they should shew her all the apartments of the palace, and then bring her into the hall where she herself was sitting. Every thing was performed as directed; and the princess, having regaled her guest with some fruits

' your name to tell me what they
 ' are; and if there be a possibility of
 ' obtaining them, neither difficulties nor
 ' dangers shall stop me in the attempt.'—
 ' Madam,' replied the old woman, ' the
 ' first of these three things is the Talk-
 ' ing Bird, the second is the Singing
 ' Tree, and the third is the Yellow or
 ' Golden Water.'—' Ah, my good
 ' mother!' cried the prince, ' how
 ' much am I obliged to you for the
 ' knowledge of these things! They are
 ' no doubt the greatest curiosities in the
 ' world; and unless you can tell me
 ' where they are to be found, I am the
 ' most unhappy of women.' The old
 woman satisfied the prince's in that ma-
 terial point, and then took her leave.

The story goes on to inform us, that
 when the two princes returned from
 hunting, they found the Princess Pari-
 sade so wrapt up in thought, that they
 imagined some great misfortune had be-
 fallen her; which when they had con-
 vinced her to acquaint them with, she
 only lifted up her eyes to look upon
 them, and then fixed them again upon
 the ground, telling them that nothing
 disturbed her. The entreaties of the
 two princes, however, at last prevailed,
 and the princess addressed them in the
 following manner:—

' Reasonable wor-
 and things not
 tures, but also
 having been one
 some fashionable
 are now become
can do without t

But though the
 roid of a lady, th
 is chiefly to be fo
 I mean, in respect
 sequences attendu
 pursuits.

If we enter into
 tion of these idle lo
 we shall find that t
 any thing more
 their pin-money,
 consequence than
 thoughts from for
 they actually possi
 expectation. The
 china, and the like
 ling; but it is only
 tion to the anxiety
 fued: but what is
 the desolation of ar
 magnificence, and

Madame Montel
 mice was not a mor
 a less mischievous f
 of her lover.

life? Among the numbers who have changed a sober plan of living for one of riot and excess, the greatest part have been converted by the arguments in a drinking song. Thousands have taken the same fruitless and expensive journey, because they have heard that it is very John Trott not to have visited France, and that a person who has not been abroad has Seen Nothing. I was once told by a gentleman, who had undone himself by keeping running horses, that he owed his ruin to a strong impression made upon him, when a boy, by his father's butler, who happened to declare in his hearing, that it was a creditable thing to keep good cattle; and that, if he was a gentleman, he should take great pleasure in being always well mounted.

But to apply our fable to the most recent instance of this species of infatuation: how often have we seen an honest country gentleman, who has lived a truly happy life, blessed in his family, amused with his farms and gardens, entertained by his own beneficence, use-

fully employed in the administration of justice, or in reconciling the differences of his litigious neighbours; but who being talked into an opinion of the great service a man might do his country, as well as honour to himself, by getting into parliament, has given up all his real enjoyments and useful occupations for this imaginary phantom, which has only taught him by experience, what he might have learnt from example, that the Family Interest, as it is called, is too often the destruction of the Family Estate.

As to all those gentlemen who have gained their elections, I most sincerely wish them joy: and for those who have been disappointed, and who now may have leisure to turn their thoughts from their country to themselves, I beg leave to recommend to them the pleasures, and I may add, the duties of domestic life: in comparison of which all other advantages are nothing more than the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water.

Nº LXXIII. THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1754.

—ILLE POTENS SUI
LÆTUSQUE DEGIT, CUI LICET IN DIEM
DIXISSE, VIXI: CRAS VEL ATRA
NUBE PŒLUM PATER OCCUPATO,
VEL SOLE PURO: NON TAMEN IRRITUM
QUODCUNQUE RETRO EST, EFFICIET.—

HOR.

IT was the saying of Epaminondas, upon being asked which of all his friends he esteemed most, that 'they must all die before such a question could be answered.' But if Epaminondas had lived in this country, and in these times, he would have known that the greatest heroes at their deaths are frequently those who have been the greatest villains in their lives. And yet most men are apt to think like Epaminondas, and to pass their judgments upon a man's life from what he has said and acted in the last scene of it; that reason being thought the reason of sincerity, because dissimulation is to no purpose, and because the conscience finds ease in disclosing crimes which can no longer profit us, and which threaten us with destruction in the state to which we are hastening, unless truly confessed and

repented of in this. But of those who die in their beds, as well as malefactors, I have known and heard of many debauched and dissolute men, who have met death with the utmost patience and resignation; while the pious and moral Christian, whose life has been spent in the constant exercise of religion and virtue, has beheld it's approach with confusion; and from a consciousness of not having done exactly as he ought to have done upon every occasion, has died fearful and depending.

From hence it will appear that those who judge of men's lives by their behaviour at their deaths, will be sometimes mistaken. The contempt of death may be owing in many to infatigability; in some to a brutal courage; in others to the dislike of life; in a few to philosophy; as well as in many to a well-grounded

grounded hope of a happy hereafter. The jest of Sir Thomas Moore upon the scaffold, who after laying his head upon the block, bade the executioner stay till he had put aside his beard, because *that* had committed no treason, was no more a proof of the goodness of his life, (if there had been no other voucher) than that of the murderer at the gallows, who entreated the hangman not to touch his neck with his fingers, because he was ticklish. The thief, for the reputation of dying hard, as it is called, and the philosopher, to support the doctrine he has taught that death is no evil, will rush into eternity with an affected bravery, and offend Heaven rather than confess their apprehensions of dissolution.

Men are sometimes hypocrites in their last moments through pride, as they have been all their lives through interest; nor will it appear strange that they are so: for as every man is desirous (if it can be done without much trouble) of leaving a good name behind him, he is unwilling to confess at his death that he has been a rogue all his life. Upon principles like these have the worst of criminals gone to the gallows with as much triumph and exultation, as the martyrs of old did to the stake for the cause of Heaven and religion.

For my own part, (and I hope it will not be imputed to me as presumption) I should think of death with much greater terror than I do, if I considered it as the final end of being. The thought of annihilation to one whose life had not been marked with any of the capital vices; and whose frailties, he humbly hopes, are no more than those which are incident to humanity; who has been unprofitable to his Maker because he was human, and to mankind because unfriended by fortune; and whose connections in this life have been such as to make him desirous of their eternal duration; I say, to one who thus thinks, and who hopes he has thus lived, the thought of annihilation would make death most terrible. And yet, in the circle of my own acquaintance, I have found a man of decent life and conversation, who wished well to every body, and who loved and enjoyed his friends, but who, through a tedious and painful illness, had conceived I sleep to be so great a blessing, as to make him wish for an eternity of it; and having taken pains

to believe that death was such a sleep, he talked of it with pleasure, and within a very few hours of his exit, as a confirmation that he died in the opinion he had professed, he wrote the following epitaph upon himself, and directed it to a friend with his own hand.

Beneath this stone, to worms a prey,
(Himself as poor and vile as they)
EUGENIO lies, in hopes of Rest,
Who deem'd all farther hope a jest:
Who ne'er on Fancy's wings could rise
To heav'n-built domes above the skies;
Content from whence he sprung to lie,
Nor wish'd to live, nor fear'd to die.

I shall only observe upon the writer of this epitaph, that as I believe him to have been honest and sincere, it is but charity to hope that he is now rejoicing in his mistake.

There is nothing more true in the general, than that those people are the most averse to death, who have had the least enjoyment of life; as, on the contrary, those who have enjoyed life most, have been the least anxious about dying. To many of my readers such an assertion as this may appear strange and unaccountable; but a very little enquiry will, I believe, convince them of the fact.

Men who, through necessitous circumstances, gloomy dispositions, or sickly habits of body, have lived in perpetual discontent, are apt to flatter themselves that life is in arrears to them: that as their days have hitherto passed without enjoyment, every thing is to be made up to them before they come to die. They look upon riches, pleasure, and health, to be blessings that never tire, and consider the possessors of them as living in a state of uninterrupted happiness, which they long to taste, and cannot bear the thoughts of dying before they have enjoyed. Thus are the miserable in love with life, and afraid of death. Hope still flatters them with happy days; and death, that would inevitably cut off that hope, is beheld by them as the cruelest of all enemies.

Let us cast an eye now to those in happier situations; to those who are contented with their lot, and who, if there are any such, have lived all their days in health, cheerfulness, and affluence. What can to-morrow bring to such as these, that they have not known before, unless it be misfortune? It is from this consideration that such persons are more resigned

signed to dying. We part more easily with what we possess, than with our expectations of what we wish for: the reason of it is, that what we expect is always greater than what we enjoy. And hence it is that the enjoyment of life makes us less desirous of it's continuance, than if it had hitherto given us nothing, and fed us only with expectation.

I have waved in this place all consideration of a future existence, and have considered the happy and unhappy only in regard to this life. If we take religion and a future state into the question, the happy here will have a thousand times stronger reasons for being resigned to death than the unhappy. Pain, sickness, and misfortune, as they do not wean us from a love of life, so neither do they beget in us a proper frame and temper to prepare for death. It is the enjoyment of life that calls forth our gratitude to Him who gave it; that

opens the heart to acts of kindness and benevolence; and by giving us a taste here of the happiness of Heaven, excites in us a desire of securing it through Eternity; and by thus securing it, makes us eager to embrace it; enabling us to resign with joy the happiness which is uncertain and temporal, for that which is without change and without end.

I shall conclude this essay with observing, that those who make religion to consist in the contempt of this world and it's enjoyments, are under a very fatal and dangerous mistake. As life is the gift of Heaven, it is religion to enjoy it. He, therefore, who can be happy in himself, and who contrIBUTES all that is in his power towards the happiness of others, (and none but the virtuous can so BE and so DO) answers most effectually the ends of his creation, is an honour to his nature, and a pattern to mankind.

Nº LXXIV. THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1754.

DICITUR MERITA NOX QUOQUE NOBILIA.

MOB.

I Have lately got a set of new correspondents; and have had the favour of letters from various persons, with whom I have not the honour to be in the least acquainted. They seem, indeed, to be of another order of beings, as they seldom make their appearance till the ordinary race of mortals are asleep in their beds. It is astonishing to think how much business these people carry on in this populous city, at that season which Nature has allotted for rest: for it must be owned of these children of the night, that they are as diligent in their several callings as those of the day.

For the entertainment of my readers, I shall lay before them the contents of some of these extraordinary dispatches: and as I look upon the watchmen, by virtue of their office, to have the right of precedence among the sons of darkness, I shall give them the preference in this paper.

One of these gentlemen, who calls himself King of the Night, complains of the great increase of riots and disturbances which happen nightly in the streets of this metropolis. He commends his

Majesty for the paternal care he has shewn his people, by recommending it to his parliament to provide means of putting a stop to these disorders; and declares he will use his utmost endeavours to assist him in so good a work.

Another of this venerable fraternity, who it seems has been lately disciplined by a set of Bucks, acquaints me with the antiquity and dignity of his office, and of the high esteem in which those who watch for the public safety have always been held by the people. He complains of the insult which, in his person, has been offered to the dignity of magistracy, and the sacredness of office; and concludes, that as he has served his country faithfully in this public capacity many years, he intends, after the example of other great men, to return to his private calling of a cobbler. A link-boy, indeed, who begs my honour would prefer him to the post of a watchman, does not seem to have so high a notion of the dignity or usefulness of that ancient order: for he says, if he should be so happy as to obtain his desire, he shall have nothing to do but to sleep at his stand; whereas

whereas in his present calling he is obliged to be upon the watch all night long.

Whether the author of the following advertisement is in jest or earnest, I am unable to determine; however, at his request I have inserted it.

WHEREAS W. Y. who lately kept the Round-house in the parish of ***, well known to several of the quality, gentry, and others, is lately removed to the Knave of Clubs in the same street; this is to entreat all such gentlemen and ladies as used to honour him with their company, to continue their favours; and to assure them of the same civility and good usage as formerly.

N. B. There are private rooms for those who play deep.

Innumerable are the letters, cards, and messages, which I have received from places of the most polite resort. In particular, I must confess my obligations to a venerable matron in Covent Garden, who invites me to spend an evening at her house, where she assures me none but people of the best fashion are admitted. She speaks much in my praise for my endeavours to promote virtue; and is extremely severe upon the low and dirty houses of intrigue, which have brought that part of the town into so much disrepute. She adds very obligingly, in a postscript, that she has a very fine creature of sixteen, who has never seen company, and whom she reserves purposely for Mr. Fitz-Adam.

I cannot omit to mention the honour Mr. *** has done me, by inviting me to the next masquerade, and offering me a domino for that purpose. But as I can see no reason why people, whose intentions are honest, should be ashamed to shew their faces, I have declined his invitation. His argument for the morality of these midnight meetings, viz. — That by reducing all mankind to a level, they teach the Great an useful lesson against pride—is, I own, ingenious; though I am apt to think, as men's manners are generally borrowed from their outward circumstances, a lady of quality, when she finds herself degraded to the rank of a milk maid, may be tempted to familiarities which she never would have suffered in her exalted sphere.

But the most extraordinary of all the invitations I have been favoured with, is from a society in St. Giles's. This letter is written in a fair hand by the secretary, who tells me he has the misfortune to be stone blind; but I must not wonder at that, he says, for the most active young fellow among them is a poor old cripple, who pines all day long in the Mews. He assures me that, notwithstanding their miserable looks by day, I shall find them at night a set of the merriest fellows in the world; and as to drinking, wenching, gaming, and the like fashionable amusements, no Gentleman can go beyond them.

I have letters by me from people of all ranks and conditions, giving an account of the different employments and diversions of the night: so that, was I not for fear of disturbing the peace of reputable families, I could make as many pleasant discoveries as the ingenious author of the Devil upon two Sticks.

I have the morning adventures of a noted Buck, and the midnight rambles of a female Rake. A lady who writes to me from Bridges Street, complains of the insufferable insolence of watchmen and constables, inasmuch that she can hardly walk along the streets about her lawful occasions without being stopp'd and questioned by these Jacks in an office.

There is something so reasonable in Lady Betty Moonlight's proposal, that I cannot refuse giving it to my readers. Her ladyship complains that her first sleep is constantly broke by the noise of carts, drays, and hackney-coaches; or by the vociferous cries of small-coal brick-dust, kitchen-stuff, &c. She thinks it very hard that people of quality should be disturbed at such unreasonable hours and therefore hopes that the parliament will take it into consideration. She proposes, that as they have already altered the year, an act may be passed next session to turn night into day; which, she observes, will be more agreeable to their own times of doing business.

As I have adapted the former part of this paper more particularly to the taste of those who frequent the polite circle in this town, I shall now consider my grave readers, and present them with the following composition on the same subject.

ODE TO NIGHT.

THE busy cares of day are done;
In yonder western cloud the sun
Now sets, in other worlds to rise,
And glad with light the nether skies.
With ling'ring pace the parting day retires,
And slowly leaves the mountain tops, and
gilded spires.

Yon azure cloud, enrob'd with white,
Still shoots a gleam of fainter light:
At length descends a browner shade;
At length the glimmering objects fade;
Till all submit to NIGHT's impartial reign,
And undistinguish'd darkness covers all the
plain.

No more the ivy-crowned oak
Resounds beneath the woodman's stroke.
Now Silence holds her sov'ign sway;
Mute is each bush, and ev'ry spray;
Nought but the sound of murmur'ing rills
is heard,
Or, from the mould'ring tow'r, NIGHT's
solitary bird.

Hail, sacred hour of peaceful rest!
Of pow'r to charm the troubled breast!
By thee the captive slave obtains
Short respite from his galling pains;
Nor sighs for liberty, nor native soil;
But for a while forgets his chains, and sultry
toil.

No horrors hast thou in thy train,
No scorpion lash, no clanking chain.
When the pale murder'rer round him spies
A thousand grisly forms arise.
When shrieks and groans arouse his palsy'd
fear,
'Tis guilt alarms his soul, and conscience
wounds his ear.

The village swain whom Phillis charms,
Whole breast the tender passion warms,

Wishes for thy all-shadowing veil,
To tell the fair his love-sick tale:
Nor less impatient of the tedious day,
She longs to hear his tale, and sigh her soul
away.

Oft by the covert of thy shade
LEANDER woo'd the THRACIAN maid;
Through foaming seas his passion bore,
Nor fear'd the ocean's thund'ring roar.
The conscious virgin from the sea-girt tow'r
Hung out the faithful torch to guide him to
her bow'r.

Oft at thy silent hour the sage
Pore on the fair instructive page;
Or, wrapt in musings deep, his soul
Munited active to the starry pole:
There, pleas'd to range the realms of end-
less night,
Numbers the stars, or marks the comets
devious light.

Thine is the hour of converse sweet,
When sprightly Wit and Reason meet;
Wit, the fair blossom of the mind,
But fairer still with Reason join'd.
Such is the feast thy social hours afford,
When Eloquence and GRANVILLE join the
friendly board.

GRANVILLE, whose polish'd mind is
fraught
With all that ROME or GREECE e'er
taught;
Who pleases and instructs the ear,
When he assumes the critic's chair,
Or from the STAGYRITE or PLATO
draws
The arts of civil life, the spirit of the laws.

O let me often thus employ
The hour of mirth and social joy!
And glean from GRANVILLE's learned
store
Fair Science and true Wisdom's lore.
Then will I still implore thy longer stay,
Nor change thy festive hours for sunshine
and the day.

Nº LXXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1754.

I Have hinted more than once in the
course of these papers, that the pre-
sent age, notwithstanding the vices and
folies with which it abounds, has the
happiness of standing as high in my
opinion as any age whatsoever. But it
has been always the fashion to believe,
that from the beginning of the world to
the present day, men have been increas-
ing in wickedness: and though we have

the Bible to turn to, which gives us the
history of mankind before the flood, and
of the Jews after it, we have still the
humility to retain this opinion, and to
lament the amazing degeneracy of the
present times. But the eye of a philo-
sopher can penetrate into this false hu-
mility, and discover it to be mere peev-
ishness and discontent. The truth is,
that the present times, like our wives
and

and our other possessions, are **OUR OWN**, and therefore we have no relish of them.

Many of my readers may possibly object to these encomiums on the times, imagining they may tend to make men satisfied with what they are, instead of inciting them to become what they ought to be. But it was always my opinion, (and I believe it to be universally true) that men are more likely to be *praised* into virtue, than to be *railed* out of vice. It is a maxim in every body's mouth, that reputation once lost is never to be recovered. He, therefore, to whom you give an ill name, will have little or no encouragement to endeavour at a good one, as knowing that it a character of infamy is once fixed, no change of behaviour can have power to redeem it. On the contrary, the man to whom you give a good name, though he should have merited a bad one, will find in his commerce with the world the advantages of such a name, and from conviction of those advantages be so solicitous to deserve it, as to become in reality the good man you have called him. People may reason away the merit of such a person's behaviour if they please, by ascribing it solely to self-love; they may add too, if they chuse, (and they have my hearty leave) that all virtue whatsoever has it's source in that passion: if this be true, (though the revealers of such truths cannot be complimented on their intention to promote virtue) can there be a stronger argument for goodness, than that it is necessary to our happiness? It is said of that sagacious insect, the bee, that he extracts honey from poison: and a mind, rightly tuned, may draw instruction even from these gentlemen. But to return to my subject.

If people, when they are railing against the present times, instead of asserting in the gross that they are more wicked than the past, would content themselves with pointing out what are really the vices that have gathered head amongst us; if, for instance, they were to say that luxury and gaming are at present at a much higher pitch than formerly, I should be far from contradicting them. There are indeed the vices of the times: but for the first of them, I am afraid we must content ourselves with complaints, instead of offering at a remedy; for as luxury is always owing to too much *wealth*, Providence in it's wisdom has

so ordered it, that in due course of time it will destroy itself. The cure therefore of luxury is poverty; a remedy which, though we do not care to prescribe to ourselves, we are preparing at great pains and expence for those that are to come after us. Of gaming I shall only observe, that, like luxury, it will in time work out it's own cure; and, at the rate it goes on at present, one should imagine it cannot last long.

I know but of one evil more that seems to have gathered any degree of strength in these times, and that is corruption: for as to extravagance, and a love of pleasure, I include them in the article of luxury. And perhaps the evil of corruption, as it is now practised, may admit of palliation: for though it has been asserted by certain writers upon ethics, that it is unlawful to do evil that good may ensue, yet something may be said in favour of a candidate for a seat in parliament, who, if he should be tempted to commit the small evil of bribing a borough or a few particulars in a county, it is, no doubt, in order to effect so great a good as the preservation of the liberty, the property, the happiness, the virtue, and the religion, of a whole nation.

As to all other vices, I believe they will be found to exist among us pretty much in the same degree as heretofore, forms only changing. Our grandfathers used to get drunk with strong beer and port; we get drunk with claret and champagne. They would lie abominably to conceal their wenching; we lie as abominably in boasting of ours. They stole slyly in at the back-door of a bagnio; we march in boldly at the fore-door; and immediately steal out slyly at the back-door. Our mothers were prudes; their daughters coquets. The first dressed like modest women, and perhaps were wantons; the last dressed like women of the town, and perhaps are virtuous. Those treated without hanging out a sign; these hang out a sign without intending to treat. To be still more particular, the abuse of power, the views of patriots, the flattery of dependents, and the promises of great men, are I believe pretty much the same now as in former ages. Vices that we have no relish for, we part with for those we like; giving up avarice for prodigality, hypocrisy for profligacy, and lewdness for play.

But as I have instanced in this essay,
the

the particular vices of the times, it would be doing them injustice if I neglected to observe, that humanity, charity, and the civilities of life, never abounded so much as now. I must also repeat, what has already been taken notice of in these papers, that our virtues receive a lustre, and our vices a softening, by manners and decorum.

There is a folly indeed (for I will not call it a vice) with which the ladies of this age are particularly charged: it is, that not only their airs and their dresses, but even their faces, are French. I wish with all my heart that I could preserve my integrity, and vindicate my fair country-women from this imputation; but I am sorry to say it, what by travelling abroad, and by French milliners, mantua-makers, and hair-cutters, at home, our politest assemblies seem to be filled with foreigners. But how will it astonish many of my readers to be told, that while they are extolling the days of good Queen Bess, they are complimenting that very reign in which these fashions were originally introduced! But because in a matter of so much consequence no man's bare word should be taken, I shall make good my assertion by publishing an authentic letter, written by that subtle minister Sir William Cecil (afterwards Lord Burleigh) to Sir Henry Norris, Queen Elizabeth's ambassador at the court of France. This letter was originally printed in the year sixteen hundred and sixty-three, among a collection of state letters called *Scrinia Ceciliana*, or *Mysteria of Government*; and is as follows:

SIR,
THE queen's majesty would fain have a taylor that had skill to make her apparel both after the French and Italian manner: and she thinketh that you might use some means to obtain some one such there as serveth the queen, without mentioning any manner of request in the queen's majesty's name. First to cause my lady your wife to use some such means to get one, as thereof knowledge might not come to the queen mother's ears, of whom the queen's majesty thinketh thus; that if she did understand that it were a matter wherein her majesty might be pleased, she would offer to send one to the queen's majesty: nevertheless, if it cannot be so obtained by this indirect means, then her majesty would have you devise some other good means to obtain one that were skilful. Yours in all truth,

W. CECIL.

I shall only observe upon this letter, (which I confess to be a matter-piece for subtilty and contrivance) that if, by the introduction and increase of French fashions, our religion and government are also in time to be French, (which many worthy patriots and elderly gentlewomen are in dreadful apprehension of) we ought no doubt to throw off all regard to the memory of Queen Elizabeth, and to lament that her minister was not impeached of high treason, for advising and encouraging so pernicious an attempt against that Magna Charta of dress, the old English Ruff and Farthingale.

Nº LXXVI. THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1754.

DIVIT, ADIFICAT, MUTAT QUADRATA ROTUNDIS. HOR.

AT this season of the year, when every man is raising his share of dust on the public roads, in order to fast his lungs with fresh air, and his eyes with novelty, I am led to consider a modern character, scarce ever touched upon before, and which hitherto has obtained no other name from the public than the general one of an Improver.

In former times, when the garden was made for fruit, the water for fish, and the park for venison, the servants presided in their several departments, and

the lord of the manor and his guests had nothing to do but to sit down and cram themselves with the products of each. But since the Genius of Taste has thought fit to make this island his principal residence, and has taught us to enjoy the gifts of nature in a less sensual manner, the master of the place thinks it incumbent on him to change the old system, to take all under his own care, and to see that every thing be of his own doing. Alteration, therefore, must of necessity be the first great principle of an Improver.



for him to reflect that these gentlemen do not always bring with them that desire to be pleased, which, by his own disposition, he is too apt to suppose, and which, one would think, should be essential to every part of pleasure: for, (exclusive of that natural inclination to censure which so generally attends all exercise of the judgment) on these occasions, every occurrence of the day will probably administer to the spleen of the critic. If the weather be too hot or too cold for him; if it be windy or showery; if he has slept ill the night before; if he is hungry or sick; if he is tired or sore; if he has lost a bett upon the road; if he has quarrelled with his friend; if he has been rebuked by his wife; or, in short, if any thing has offended him, he is sure to take his revenge in full, by finding fault with every thing that was designed for his entertainment. In this disposition of mind, there is nothing safe but the shady gravel walk, with the few plain and necessary resting-places, which leads to the undisguised farm, or the navigable river. He will be sure to allow you no postulatam. He absolutely denies the existence of hermits, mandarines, and the whole heathen system of divinities. He disputes the antiquity of your ruin, and the genuineness of your hermitage: nay, he will descend to cavil at the bell with which the hermit is supposed to ring himself to prayers. He is so cruel as to controvert your supposition that the new-made water is a river, though he knows it must have cost you an immense sum, and that it covers the richest meadow-ground you are master of. He leads the company to every sunk fence which you chuse should be unobserved. If he suspects a building to be new-fronted, he finds out a private way to the decayed side of it; happy if he can discover it to have been a stable or a pig-stye. His report of your place, after he has left it, is exactly of a piece with his behaviour while there. He either describes it as a bog that will not

bear a horse, or a sand that cannot produce a blade of grass. If he finds in reality neither bog nor barren sand, his wishes supply his belief, and he labours to persuade himself and others that one of these defects is the characteristic of your soil, but that you hate to be told of it, and always deny it.

One cannot but admire his ingenuity in particular cases, where it has been judged impossible to find a fault. If you lead him to a knowl of uncommon verdure, varied with the fortunate disposition of old oaks, commanding the most rural scenes, and, at a proper distance, the view of a large city, he shrugs up his shoulders, and tells you it wants water. If your principal object be a lake, he will strain a point to report it green and stagnated; or else take the advantage of a thunder storm to pronounce it white or yellow. If you have a stream, he laments the frequency of floods; if a tide-river, the smell of mud at low-water. He detects your painted cascades, misconstrues your inscriptions, and puns upon your mottos. Within doors, he doubts if your pictures are originals, and expresses his apprehensions that your statues will bring the house down.

As I wish most sincerely to reconcile these gentlemen to each other, I shall recommend to the Improver the example of a particular friend of mine. It is said in Milton, that before the Angel disclosed to Adam the prospect from the hill in Paradise, he

—purged with euphrasy and rue

His visual nerve, for he had much to see :

so this gentleman, (borrowing the hint from Milton, but preferring a modern ophthalmic) upon the arrival of his Visitor, takes care to purge their visual nerves with a sufficient quantity of Champaign; after which, he assures me, they never SEE a fault in his Improvements.

№ LXXVII. THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

^{172,}
I Am the daughter (I will not say of a gentleman, but) of one who, by a constant attention to gain, and many

lucky circumstances in life, from a very mean condition, arrived at the highest character of gentility amongst his neighbours, in a part of this island where farmers are almost the only, and with-
out

out dispute the proudest gentry. Being tolerably handsome, and a favourite child, I was sent very early to a country boarding-school; and was allowed to bring from it some tendencies to elegance and politeness, rather exceeding those that are generally acquired in such places; and which, for want of a better name, I shall call a kind of half-good-breeding.

Thus accomplished, you may imagine I soon had many admirers; but being young and unexperienced, I prudently left the choice of the happy man to my father's decision; which choice, after due caution, he made; but though exceeding notable himself, yet happening to engage with an old gentleman more notable, it is said, and I believe with truth, that he was outwitted. In the holy estate of matrimony I lived a few years, without any thing to relieve the dulness and insipidity of a husband's conversation, but now and then a visit from his relations, and a game at cards.

When my widowhood commenced, then opened the scene: and though my jointure was not equal to the fortune my father had paid, yet having many good prospects, the value of which I had learnt to calculate with great accuracy, I resolved to regulate my conduct accordingly.

And now it was that I engaged in the strangest project that ever entered a whimsical woman's head. It was this: to collect all the most haughty and insolent forms that I had ever heard to have been practised in the rejection of lovers; to enter those forms in my pocket-book; to get them by heart, and to use them occasionally, as circumstances might admit: arguing with myself, that I should hasten the succession of lovers in proportion to the number of pretenders I bafled and discarded.

The first who offered me his addresses in my new situation, was Mr. Twit the mercer. He made his visit in about two months after my husband's decease; and upon being shewn into my parlour, really surprized me with so strange and ridiculous a figure of a man, that it was not without the utmost difficulty I was able to preserve any composure of countenance. Pale, trembling, looking askance, and out of breath, he muttered over something in broken words and half-sentences, about 'cruel delays—

'decencies—boldness—and,' at last, 'his ambition of being admitted my 'most humble servant.' Fixing my eyes full upon him, I answered, That I was very sorry he should come at so unseasonable a time; for that I had no thoughts of parting with my footman; but if he should be out of place when I had a vacancy, and would call again, I might perhaps prefer him to my service. The poor man, unable to bear such a shock, fell into the most violent distortions of face, and left me, with precipitation, to enjoy my triumph alone.

The next who honoured me with an application of the same kind, but without the same dismal and rueful grimaces, was Mr. Frankly, an under officer in his majesty's customs. He approached me with a pretty good air, and with an easy unconstrained utterance declared, That he had long been charmed with the agreeableness of my person and behaviour; that they had made the deepest impressions on his heart; and that he did not despair of finding in my fair bosom something susceptible of the same tender and elegant sentiments. Piqued and amazed at the confidence of the man, my memory and pretence of mind had almost failed me; but recovering in an instant, I made him a curtesy, and assured him, That, though he knew it not, I was really the mistress of that house; but that my maid Mary was in the kitchen, who would no doubt be highly pleased with so fine a speech, which I hoped he had got by heart, and would be as capable of repeating to his mistress as he had been to me. I looked to see if my gentleman was not sinking into the floor; but, to my utter confusion, he made me a low bow, and with a most significant glance protested, That he was become perfectly sensible of his mistake, and that his next visit should be to my maid; for that it was impossible for Mrs. Mary to return an answer to any thing he might say to her, so utterly destitute of good sense and good manners. As soon as he was gone, I had recourse to my pocket-book, crossed out my two first common-places, and wrote in the margin—'N. B. Too much alike, and not to use either of them again on any account whatsoever.'

My third inamorato was Mr. Smart, a young attorney, very spruce and very much a coxcomb. As he lived in the
neigh-

neighbourhood, we had a slight acquaintance. One evening he came to my house, staid supper; and, after drinking a glass or two of wine, began a rhapsody of nonsense about flames, darts, killing eyes, wounds, and death. It is enough that I was able to comprehend his meaning; and therefore, putting on an air of seriousness and concern, I assured him, That I was most prodigiously sorry to see him so flustered; I supposed that he had been drinking before he came to my house; for otherwise it was impossible he should be disguised to such a degree. I hoped it was only an accidental thing, and that he would take care not to contract habits so extremely prejudicial to his character and complexion. He looked so tame and foolish, that for the life of me I could not forbear pursuing my blow; and therefore, ordering my servant to light him home, I recommended strongly to him to clear his stomach with a quart or two of warm water before he went to rest: and in the morning I sent a card with compliments and enquiries after his health; hoping he was as well as could be expected after his last night's irregularity. He kept my man two hours, and then returned me the following answer, fairly engrossed upon a clean queen of hearts—

MR. Smart's compliments to Mrs. G—, and thanks for her kind message. He shall not contend that he is in his sober wits: no, he is proud to own himself drunk with the large draughts of love he has drawn from her bright eyes.

This I thought was pretty enough; I therefore put the card between the proper pages in my book; and, under the common-place to which it related, wrote—'Memorandum, a good thing, and may do again with a little variation.'

My fourth humble servant was Doctor Scarfe, the minister of the parish. He was really a good sort of a gentleman; and, to say the truth, I had for a long time played my artillery directly at him; as I imagined, without success, but not without a most vexatious chagrin at his seeming insensibility. However, when I least expected any such thing, I perceived I had conquered his stubborn heart: and then I resolved to take some revenge for the trouble it had cost me.

His advice and assistance, which were useful to me in the management of my affairs, gave him a claim to a more frequent and familiar reception than I vouchsafed to any other male visitor. One day, upon my thanking him in civil terms for a considerable service he had done me, he hastily interrupted me with—'Madam, you are too obliging; I beg you to say nothing more upon the subject; 'tis I am the indebted person; indebted for the favour of your esteem and confidence. I wish I could merit them: to be able to give you the least satisfaction, is the highest pleasure of my life. You know in what manner I have transacted these little matters; put my zeal and sincerity to a nobler test: allow me not casual but continual occasions of expressing, in a tender way, my regard to your interests, my affection to your person, which is dearer to me than all the interest upon earth.'—'Why, now, doctor,' says I, 'what I have long dreaded, is, I find, come to pass. I have often desired you to use more exercise, and not to sit perpetually poring upon books. The intemperance of your studies has impaired your understanding; and all that I can do at present is to advise you to go directly home, and take a little something for your head. If you neglect your disorder, you will soon be subject to more violent ravings.'—'Madam,' he replied, 'I see you are disposed to make merry with my pain: I did not expect such treatment at your hands; but I heartily wish you a good night.' The deliberation with which he spoke, fully convinced me that I had lost both a lover and a friend; and the reflection on my folly filled me with shame. However, I concealed it as well as I could, and wrote in my pocket-book, under this common-place—'N. B. Not to be repeated.'

It would make a history, Mr. Fitz-Adam, instead of a letter, to relate all my achievements in this way. In short, my character became, in time, so extraordinary and formidable, that I remember to have seen but three lovers in the last seven years, and two of the three were gentlemen from Ireland.

It is owing to this timidity in the men, that I trouble you with this letter, and desire it's publication. They have no doubt imagined from my behaviour that I have made a vow against marriage: but

from an unknown correspondent.

S O N G.

I.

A Nymph there lives, whom many a swain
Has sigh'd for oft, but sigh'd in vain,
And borne the insults and disdain
Of proud but handsome MOLLY.
Around her throng'd the wits and beaux,
With cringes, compliments, and bows,
And drest, and oaths, and lies, and vows,
And gave for lovely MOLLY.

II.

The charms that deckt this fav'rite maid,
In verse and prose were sung and said:
For wits will write, and beaux may read)
O happy, happy MOLLY!

Unheeded now at ba
She hates the pretty,
Ah! who one tender

To poor deserted A
Yet still she ling'ring
Where once she acted
And every simple bea
The slave of tyrant

At length, with fruit
She quits the giddy ye
And turns so monstrou
No saint was e'er li
Yet while this solemn
Each world by turns e
And slander, sermons,
Divide still wretched

Nº LXXVIII. THURSDAY, JUNE

INVENTIO SIMILIIUM FACILIS ERIT, SI QUIS SIBI OMNES RE-
INANIMATUS——FREQUENTER ANTE OCULOS POTEST PER
ALIQUAM VENARI SIMILITUDINEM, QUAE AUT ORNARE, A
APERTIOREM REM FACERE POSSIT.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

112

Am of opinion that a very pleasing

nent degree of excellen-
ing or behaviour, wi
of discipline in the f
The charming

at the accomplishments of the one much more requisite and important than those of the other, and that an irregular action is not so easily reformed as an negligent stroke.

resolve the whole of beauty into a complexion, a just symmetry of features, and a nice regularity of features, together as absurd as it would be to all the qualifications for good painting to a manual skill of mixing colours for the pallet, and sketching out the outlines of single portraits. There is no certain gracefulness and unity in every part of a lady's character to make her appear amiable to a discernment; just as a consistent and a proper combination of colours in a history-piece can alone recommend the painter to a critical ob-

servations. Extravagances of the prude and are analogous to a timid exactness and a dissolute licentiousness of style. A degree of freedom, far from a cheerful affability, shall in ladies be attended with many a good charm; and affect one, like a daring stroke, with warmer and animated sentiments than could be seen excited by the cold and spiritless efforts of a deliberate regularity.

There are others, in whom a delicate sensibility, bordering almost on the confines of a prudish shyness, shall appear very engaging to men of a nicer and easily captivate all such fans. They are delighted with the chastified sentiment of a Corregio's pencil. Nor want a third sort of ladies, who endowed with an admirable talent in painting themselves admirers by an imitation of capricious levities, whimsical singularity of carriage: several who can give as happy an idea of their expertness in this fantasy, as ever Le Piper could of his success for grotesque representations, who are qualified to trifle with as much success as that artist has been known to do with a piece of charcoal on a wall. But it is to be observed, that these privileges are only suited to irregular characters, and can never produce good effect, unless they derive power from some inbred gift, and directly from the genuine source of

talent. There may be as great a variety in the ideas of right behaviour as in the

styles of good painting. Many pictures may be worthy of admiration besides those of the most celebrated masters; and many a lady may deserve to be classed amongst the lovely, the polite, and accomplished, though she be not a perfect Lady ***. It is not requisite for us to shew a general disregard to the examples of others, in order to be distinguished for something peculiar to ourselves; all we are to be cautioned against, is a ridiculous imitation of such as are either inconsistent with our genius, or above the reach of our capacities.

The propriety of attitude and drapery depends so much on characters, circumstances, and designs, that they cannot well be reduced to any fixed and determinate regulations. There is no one, I believe, but will readily allow that the airs and movements of an Italian dancer on the theatre, must appear almost as unbecoming in an English lady dancing at a ball, as the picture of a Venus in the antic posture of a Mercury. Yet there can be no more danger in a lady's making too free a use of her limbs, while she keeps clear of all hoydening and affected gestures, than there is of a painter's having too great a knowledge of anatomy, so long as it is only made a secret guide to him in his designs. Nor can either be remarkably faulty in point of drapery, provided they do but pay a due regard to shape, quality, and custom.

There is so strict an agreement between the disclosing art in dress, and the carnation art in painting, that I believe it would be difficult to find out a fault or excellence in the one, that could not be paralleled with some corresponding beauty or defect in the other.

There is no WOMAN where there's no RE-
SERVE,
And 'tis ON PLENTY your poor lovers
STARVE,

says the witty and ingenious Dr. Young; and it is very well known by all good critics and proficient in painting, that an uncommon share of skill and judgment is requisite for the production of every part of the naked. Nor is it hard to assign a reason why it should be so; for if it be not extremely delicate in texture and complexion, it will of course appear disgusting; and if it be not extremely

trremely modest in posture and design, it must needs be thought indecent: whereas the most imperfect concealment, a covering even thinner than the thinnest gauze, will not only be sufficient to relieve the offended eye, but will likewise enable the fancy to improve into beauty every thing it hides. As the propriety of dress is so much more dependent on fashion than nature, I am cautious of affirming that a woman ought always to be mistress of a pretty face, before she has the confidence to appear in public with a bare bosom. But allowing that, under the sanction of fashion, she may display so distinguishing a characteristic of her sex, without danger of incurring an immodest reputation; yet she cannot possibly do it without forfeiting all pretensions to discretion: for as she cannot be ignorant how the beauty of a new gown decreases with the frequency of its appearance, she ought always to know how little value the men place in a privilege of surveying ever so pretty an object in itself, if it be constantly exposed to the familiar gaze of the multitude. It is not natural for us to regard any thing that is held too apparently cheap in the estimation of the proprietor: and I am well satisfied that a lady cannot take a worse method of gaining particular admirers, than by making general treats. If your fair readers, Mr. Fitz-Adam, will take my word for it, I can assure them that the men are ten times more affected with an accidental momentary glance, than with

a designed exposure for a whole together.

Upon the whole; as Mr. Pope shewn us that he could collect enough for the composition of an ingenious treatise, even from one single ment in the literary lining of a box; and as Leonardo da Vinci has served that the spots on an old wall, forming a confused resemblance of different objects, may be sufficient to supply an improving fancy with an assemblage of the most perfect images, so it is to be hoped that the World in the same manner be able to collect a great deal of instruction from their own and undigested reflections: I am, sincere admirer, and most humble servant,

PHILOCOLOS.

P. S. It may not be improper to you, that I have been sometimes employed in drawing up a system of rules for the ladies dress, in order to determine how far personal beauty, as the gift of nature, is capable of being improved by the assistance of art. In this I shall endeavour to fix the standards of decorum, and to circumscribe the authority of fashion by the reasonable limitations of prudence and discretion: and as this attempt is principally calculated to reform the present nakedness of the ladies, I intend to publish it under the title of ‘*Code for the Toilet.*’

Nº LXXIX. THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,
YOU cannot do a greater service to the world, than by promoting the real happiness of the best part of it, the fair sex: for whose sake I beg you will publish the following animadvertences upon an error in education, which the good sense of the present age, with all its attachments to nature, has not yet fully eradicated. The error I mean is putting Romances into the hands of young ladies, which being a sort of writing that abounds in characters no where to be found, can, at best, be but a useless employment, even supposing

the readers of them to have neither sense nor understanding for superior conduct. But as this is by no means the case, as the happiness of mankind is interested in the sentiments and conduct of the ladies, why do we contrive the filling their heads with ideas which render them incapable either of enjoying or communicating that happiness? Why do we suffer those who ought to be appropriated to various affections of social life, to be alienated by the mere creatures of imagination? In short, why do we suffer those who were born for the enjoyment of living in society with men, to be rendered incapable of it by passions and frailties like those

to be bred up in daily expectation of living *out* of it with such men as never have existed? Believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, (as much the age of nature as this is thought to be) I know several unmarried ladies, who in all probability had been long ago good wives and good mothers, if their imaginations had not been early perverted with the chimerical ideas of romantic love, and themselves cheated out of the Charities, (as Milton calls them) and all the real blessings of those relations, by the hopes of that ideal happiness, which is no where to be found but in Romances.

It is a principle with such ladies, that it matters not if the qualities they ascribe to the heroes of these books be real or imaginary: upon which principle, a footman may as well be the hero as his master; for nothing, it seems, is necessary to dub him such, but the magic power of a lady's fancy, which creates chimeras much faster than nature can produce realities.

Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, this doctrine of ideal happiness is calculated for the meridian of Bedlam, and ought never to be received beyond the limits of Moorfields. For if we should admit that the monarch in his cell is as happy as the monarch on his throne, while both their objects are ambition; yet the happiness of society must depend only on the reasonableness of individuals. A father is by this pernicious doctrine frequently robbed of the comfort he expected in his child; a daughter is deprived of the protection and support she might otherwise have claimed from her father; and society is interrupted in forming it's general system of happiness, which those relations should contribute to establish.

These, Mr. Fitz-Adam, are almost the necessary consequences of reading Romances: and as human nature is apt to be more influenced by example than precept, I shall beg leave to enforce the truth of what I have advanced by the following history.

Clarinda was the only child of a wealthy merchant, who placed all his happiness in the expectations of her merit and the rewards of it. Nature had encouraged him in that expectation, by giving her a very liberal portion of her favours; and he determined to improve it by every means which the fondness of a parent could suggest to him. But,

unfortunately for Clarinda, her father's good intentions were not guided by a judgment equally good: for it happened to her, as it too often does in the education of young women, that his endeavours were rather directed to grace her person than to adorn her mind; and whatever qualifications he might wish the latter to possess, he seemed solicitous only of such as might recommend the former. Dress, dancing, and music, were the whole of her accomplishments; and they so immoderately softened the natural effeminacy of her mind, that she contracted an aversion to every kind of reading which did not represent the same softness of manners. Every hour which was not appropriated to one of these accomplishments, was spent in the ensnaring practice of reading Novels and Romances; of which Clelia was her favourite, and the hero of it continually in her head.

Whilst Clarinda was thus accomplishing herself, the father was studying to reward the merits of his daughter with a husband suitable to her rank and fortune. Nor was he unsuccessful in his care: for Theodore, the son of a neighbouring gentleman in the country, was chosen for this honour. But though all who knew him declared him to be worthy of it, unhappily for Clarinda, she alone thought otherwise: for, notwithstanding he loved her with a sincerity hardly to be equalled, yet, as he did not approach her in heroic groves, he was not the hero she expected; he neither bowed gracefully, moved majestically, nor sighed pathetically enough to charm a heart which doated on romantic grimace: in short, he was not the hero which Clelia had impressed on Clarinda's imagination. But, what was still more unfortunate, Theodore's valet de chambre was completely so. That happy hero was a Frenchman, who, to an imagination little less romantic than Clarinda's, had added all the fantastic levity of his country; which happening first to discover itself in those very shades where she used to meditate on the hero of Clelia, so captivated her heart with Monsieur Antoine the valet, that her imagination instantly annihilated every circumstance of his rank and fortune, and added every enchanting accomplishment to his mind and person.

lled all distinctions of birth and fortune, and introduced the lowest and meanest into Elysium together.

Antonio, who had been almost as conversant with Romances as Clarinda, received the first intimations of the lady's passion for him with a transport that had less surprize than joy in it; and from the first discovery of it, there arose an intercourse between them which entirely defeated the pretensions of Theodore, and confirmed Clarinda's passion for his rival.

But as much a hero as Antonio appeared to be both to Clarinda and himself; during the first part of this tender intercourse, in the progress of it he discovered that he wanted one principal ingredient in the composition of that ideal lover: he had not courage enough to be a martyr. For though he adored Clarinda's person, whilst her fortune was annexed to it, yet he could not

though the more her disappointment charged it all upon herself only them and Her father at the same resolution to disinherit her folly: actually to prevent it, to leave England; Clarinda's passion, (as banished on her made a solemn vow to other man.

To conclude; the condition was, that the father should retain his daughter's estate on his next kinship she still lives to the fifty-fifth year of her visionary happiness of and thinking on her An blessings of those social in all probability she had life, if she had never Romances. I am, &c

Nº LXXX. THURSDAY, JULY 11.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

THE indulgence you have for

of those accomplishments necessary for a husband You will imagine.

See " "

all his pretensions all at once, as the description of the only world that I will consent to read whom I shall beg leave to

MAID'S HUSBAND.

standing it is a fatal maxim men. To please the eye, though hurt the heart; yet I am so far from pleasing the eye, that I have an idea of must have a graceful and engaging. The of his face must be regular; high regular, agreeable; which I hardly remember to have seen, generally observed, that where most exact, she is least engaging. Her eyes must be lively, sparkling; and over the whole must be a clear complexion, cheerfulness, and sensibility. He must be inclining to the tall; in easy and genteel; free from the pert trip of the affected beau, the mighty tragic step of the most top. His behaviour serious, rational; neither too open, nor too

His look, his laugh, his and his whole manner, must be without affectation, and free with-

much for his person. I now the endowments of his mind; which, grace, beauty, and talents, will avail him nothing. He must be fanciful; his knowledge. Men, as well as books, have been his study. Learning, and gallantry, must be so in him, as to make him always a loving friend, the gay companion the entertaining lover. In conversation he must say nothing without or yet any thing at random. His rights must flow from him naturally yet not without that delicacy of which is necessary to give a genteel turn. To the talents of I let me add (if I may be allowed distinction) the qualities of

He must be generous without vanity; humane without weakness; not severe; and fond without To his wife he must be endearing; his children affectionate; to his warm; and to mankind bene-

Nature and Reason must join force, and to the openness of the and the virtue of economy; mak-

ing him careful without avarice, and giving him a kind of unconcernedness without negligence. With love he must have respect; and by a continued compliance always win upon the inclination. He must take care to retain his conquest by the means he gained it, and eternally look and speak with the same desires and affections, though with greater freedom.

It has been observed by experienced people, that the soul contracts a sort of blindness by loving; but the man I am speaking of must derive his sentiments from reason; and the passion, which in others is looked on as the mark of folly, be in him the true effect of judgment.

To these qualities I must add that charm which is to be considered before all the rest, though hard to be met with in this libertine age, Religion. He must be devout without superstition, and pious without melancholy: far from that infirmity which makes men uncharitable bigots, infusing into their hearts a morose contempt of the world, and an antipathy to the pleasures of it. He must not be such a lover of society as to mix with the assemblies of knaves and block-heads, nor yet of an opinion that he ought to retire from mankind to seek GOD in the horror of solitude: on the contrary, he must think that the ALMIGHTY is to be found amongst men, where his goodness is most active, and his providence most employed. There it is that Religion must enlighten, and reason regulate his conduct, both in the cares of salvation, and the duties of life.

With such a man, a woman must enjoy those pleasures in marriage which none but fools would ridicule. Her husband would be always the same, and always pleasing. Other wives are glad if they can now and then find with their husbands one agreeable hour; but with this a disagreeable minute will be impossible. On whatever occasions we should see or speak to each other, it must be with mutual pleasure, and assured satisfaction.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, let your dressing, scribbling, handsome young fellows, whether of the Temple, of the University, of the Army, or of the City, who would be glad of a woman of five-and-twenty, not disagreeable in her person, and with ten thousand pounds

in her pocket, read this character; and if any one of them will assert and prove it to belong to himself, my heart, hand, and fortune, are entirely at his service. But I believe, Sir, that instead of a man, I have been describing a monster of the imagination; a thing that neither is, was, nor ever will be: I am therefore resigned to my condition; and can think, without repining, of dying a maid, (and I hope an old one) since I am not to expect a husband to the wilches of, Sir, your humble servant, reader, and correspondent,

A. B.

Though I doubt not but my fair correspondent is thoroughly deserving of the husband she knows so well how to describe, yet I could have wished, for her own sake, as well as for the sake of some happy man, that she had added a qualifying postscript to her letter, signifying that she was willing to make some little abatement in her demands. When gentlemen build houses, it is usual with them either to give up conveniency for a prospect, or prospect for conveniency. In this manner should a lady act in the choice of a husband: if she sets her heart upon a Face, she should have no dislike to a coxcomb; or if she falls in love with a Mind, a sloven should appear charming; for the odds are against her, that the handsome man is the one, and the man of knowledge the other.

Exclusive of myself, I know of no such character as the lady has described: nor dare I say a word of my own person and accomplishments, being unfortunately near seventy, and a married man. It has also been hinted to me,

(for I scorn to deceive any body I have a small stoop in my gait, and I am not quite so well-bred up occasions as a young lady might me to be.

I am also cautious of recommending any of those gentlemen who are advertising for wives in the papers: for whether it be owing to extreme modesty, or whether the really no other accomplishment they usually set forth to the world descriptions of themselves amount more, than that they are tall, well and very agreeable; that they healthy constitutions, have had educations, and are of sober &c. But as these descriptions are by no particular enough, I cannot be that the publishers of them will exactly the idea of the Maid's band. Besides, I have lately received letters from particular ladies, whether as principals or friends, have examined these gentlemen; which assure me that they do not at all up to the idea given of themselves in their own modest advertisements.

But before I take leave of my nious correspondent, I promise to give notice in this paper of the Maid's Husband that falls with knowledge; and if she pleases to where and when she will be waited by any such gentleman, her correspondence shall be executed with the nicest propriety. 'Or,' as it is very confidently expressed in an advertisement now me, 'if the lady does not chuse to appear personally for the first time, send any other proper lady of acquaintance to the place appointed

Nº LXXXI. THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1754.

THE following letters need no apology. With regard to the first, it may be proper to observe, that the complaint contained in it is a very just one: of the second I shall say nothing till I have given it to my readers.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

1754,

I Can assure you with great truth, that you are the first man I ever wrote a letter to, or wished to correspond with,

except my father and my brother, am the youngest of three sisters, quite twenty-one, love dress, and fashions, but cannot content to in the public walks like a woman town. I am sorry to say it, but really my opinion, that if the prostitutes were to walk in the Park no other covering than a shift on her, half the young ladies of acquaintance would come into fashion.

o sisters may take it as they see fit; they are so far gone into the world that I hardly ever go abroad, so that we are not addressed by names who are utter strangers to us, but in familiar (and sometimes the best) terms imaginable. No more than last week we were mobbing the Gardens, from my side being affronted a couple of gentlemen would fain have entertained me with a glass of wine at the Cardigan. On my part, I tell them both very much that while they endeavour to make women of the town, it is a mistake in them to be above their

Mr. Fitz-Adam, favour us with your opinion upon this subject; for, as my sister, my opinion goes for nothing, and, besides, I want to have justified a little; for they neither esteem me, because I am said to be no more than they, and am received by all our relations and friends. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

SARAH MEANWELL.

very good-hearted, honest girl; from my situation in life, I am obliged to think me otherwise. It is my opinion, that from too high a fortune, and too low a fortune, I am obliged to live constantly with the great; tell you the truth, I am really better than most of the women I know. From this circumstance I am surrounded with envy by many of my acquaintance; but indeed, Sir, when I know my heart, you will rather consider me an object of pity.

Though I have the best spirits in the world as gay as innocence will be, I am called a queer by the men, and a prude by the women. And all this for what? because I have more modesty in my company I keep. And yet so I am an example, and so necessary to the present state are good-humour and compliance, that I have not been all times to be quite as modest as I should be. I do not mean that I am downright wicked, or that I am led to be so; but if my grand-uncle was to rise from the grave, and address to the Sentiments I have used the romps I have played,

she would certainly box my ears, and call me by a name too coarse for me to mention.

If you are an old man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you will hardly understand me; and as I am a young woman, I dare not come to a particular explanation. But if you will be so kind as to convince the people of fashion that decency is a virtue, it would save me from many a rent in my cloaths, and make my evenings at home, as well as my parties abroad, much pleasanter to me.

I think I may be allowed to speak a little plainer. The privilege of high birth is to do every thing; you have a mind to do. It is a maxim with men to attempt every thing, and with the women to refuse but one thing. The attacks that are made upon a lady's honour are considered only as compliments to her beauty; and she is the most flattered, who is oftenest insulted. Your correspondent, Mrs. Shuffles, never said a truer thing in her life, than that 'cards were an asylum against the dangers of men;' and I really grow fond of routs and drums, because their designs, at such parties, are only against my purse.

But if women in the most elevated situations, either from their own levity, or the impudence of men, are liable to these fashionable attacks, how must it fare with a poor girl, who has no fortune to awe these libertines into respect, and no example among her companions to authorize her repentment? They construe my very complaints into design—'The prude would take us in, would she? She had better be one of us, or, I repeat, we'll blow her.' This, with a little plainer swearing, and coarser threatening, has been said of me in my own hearing.

What shall I do, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to live comfortably, and preserve my reputation? My fortune, which is no more than two thousand pounds, is hardly sufficient to maintain me even in the country; and I see nothing but ruin before me, if I continue where I am. I have always considered the marriage state as a woman's surest happiness; and I verily believe I have every qualification, except money, to make it easy to him who chose me. But unless I transport myself to the East or West Indies for a husband, I have no hopes of one. I neither expect nor desire a man of fa-

shion,

shion; for a clergyman I am too poor; a country squire would beat me; and an honest tradesman, who knew my education, might imagine I should beat him. Neither of these would be my choice. But if you know of any private gentleman, who has seen enough of the world to despise the follies of it; one who could support me decently, and think himself rewarded by love and gratitude; who could share with me in domestic pleasures, or lend me his arm for a visit to a friend; who at his leisure hours would be pleased with my prattle, and with a look of delight could tell me that he was happy; if you know of such a man, you may honestly assure him, that though I have lived all my life among the great, I am as clean in my person, and as modest in my inclinations, as if I had never seen good company. You may also add, and with equal truth, that, excepting a hobble in my gait, and a small propensity to talk loud in public, I have not the least tincture of quality about me. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

M. A.

The true spirit of irony which so plainly appears in this letter, must no doubt be highly pleasing to the polite part of my readers. But as there are many dull people in the world, who have no conceptions beyond the literal meaning of what they read, I shall subjoin a few remarks of my own, to prevent the aforesaid dull people from mistaking a very fine panegyric for an insolent libel against the chaste and most valuable part of mankind.

This young lady seems to have formed her plan upon the inimitable Doctor

Swift, who, of all men that were derisive of irony the best; and who the happiest art of conveying comment under the disguise of abuse. The whole epistle is irony; which (a sagacious friend Mr. Nathan in his etymological dictionary, it) is a figure in rhetoric, by which we speak contrary to what we think are therefore to understand by the letter, that the nicest decorum and most exemplary chastity are the glistening characteristics of our men of fashion; that they live in constant practice of all the virtues which are the shining examples of temper, modesty, and true politeness. Sentiments which are given by a man who dies over a glass of wine, may sardonically hint, that women of condition are the only in the world who can be merry and that the bottle, which is too apt to intoxicate the vulgar, can inspire tenderness in the most refined ideas and things; which ideas are poured in Sentiments that Plato, Socrates, and all the sages of antiquity, never uttered.

I shall only add, that the ironical which mean and ignorant women commonly conceive of matrimony, is only ridiculed in this letter. The very humourously supposes, that melting endearments of private life are more eligible than the separate pleasures of people of condition; and, with an archness peculiar to herself, prefers the husband who is the companion of his wife, to the companion of rank, who is the companion of other women.

Nº LXXXII. THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1754

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,
IT is a received opinion among the politicians, that the spirit of liberty can never be too active under a constitution like ours. But though no lover of his country would desire to weaken this principle, which has more than once preserved the nation, yet he may lament the unfortunate application of it, when perverted to countenance party violence, and opposition to the most innocent mea-

sures of the legislature. The consequence against the alteration of the style to be one of these instances. This was given, and the most fatal consequences to our religion and government were immediately apprehended. This opinion gathered strength and received a tincture from the remains of superstition still prevalent in the counties most remote from the knowledge of several worthy gentlemen west, who lived many months





J. H. Murray del.

W. H. W. sculp.

the daily apprehension of some dreadful visitation from pestilence or famine. The vulgar were almost every where persuaded that Nature gave evident tokens of her disapproving these innovations. I do not indeed recollect that any blazing stars were seen to appear upon this occasion, or that armies were observed to be encountering in the skies: people probably concluding, that the great men who pretended to controul the sun in his course, would assume equal authority over the inferior constellations, and not suffer any aerial militia to assemble themselves in opposition to ministerial proceedings.

The objection to this regulation, as favouring a custom established among Pupils, was not heard indeed with the same regard as formerly, when it actually prevented the legislature from passing a bill of the same nature; yet many a president of a corporation club very eloquently harangued upon it, as introductory to the doctrine of transubstantiation, making no doubt that fires would be kindled again at Smithfield before the conclusion of the year. This popular clamour has at last happily subsided, and shared the general fate of those opinions which derive their support from imagination.

In the present happy disposition of the nation, the author of the following verses may venture to introduce the complaints of an ideal personage, without seeming to strengthen the faction of real parties, without forfeiting his reputation as a good citizen, or bringing a scandal on the political character of Mr. Fitz-Adam, by making him the publisher of a libel against the state. This ideal personage is no other than the Old May Day, the only apparent sufferer from the present regulation. Her situation is indeed a little mortifying, as every elderly lady will readily allow; since the train of her admirers is withdrawn from her at once, and their veneration transferred to a rival, younger than herself by at least eleven days. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

E. L.

THE

TEARS OF OLD MAY-DAY.

LED by the jocund train of vernal hours,
And vernal airs, up rose the gentle MAY;

* Alluding to the country custom of gathering May-dew.

† The pine garlands of London.

Blushing the rose, and blushing rose the flow'rs
That sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.

Her locks with Heaven's ambrosial dews were
bright,
And am'rous Zephyrs flutter'd on her
breast:

With ev'ry shifting gleam of morning light
The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.

Imperial ensigns grac'd her smiling form,
A golden key, and golden wand the bore;
This charms to peace each sullen eastern
storm,
And that unlocks the summer's copious
store.

Onward in conscious majesty she came,
The grateful honours of mankind to taste:
To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,
And blend fresh triumphs with her glories
past.

Vain hope! No more in choral bands unite
Her virgin vot'ries, and at early dawn,
Sacred to MAY and LOVE's mysterious rite,
Brush the light dew-drops* from the
spangled lawn.

To her no more AUGUSTA's† wealthy
pride

Pours the full tribute from POTOSI's
mine:

Nor fresh-blown garlands village maids pro-
vide,

A purer offering at her rustic shrine.

No more the MAYPOLE's verdant height
around

To valour's games th' ambitious youth
advance;

No merry bells and tabors' sprightlier sound
Wake the loud carol, and the sportive
dance.

Sudden in pensive sadness droop'd her head,
Faint on her cheeks the blushing crimson
dy'd—

'O chaste, victorious triumphs! whither fled?
'My maiden honours, whither gone?' she
cry'd.

'Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,
The earth and smiling ocean saw me rise,
With time coeval and the star of morn,
The first, the fairest daughter of the skies.

Then, when at Heav'n's prolific mandate
sprung

The radiant beam of new-created day,
Celestial hymns, to airs of triumph strung,
Hail'd the glad dawn, and Angels call'd
me MAY.

SPACE in her empty regions heard the sound,
And hills and dales, and rocks, and val-
lies rung;

The sun exulted in his glorious round,
And shouting planets in their courses sang.

For ever, then, I led the constant year;
 Saw **YOUTH**, and **Joy**, and **Love's** en-
 chanting wiles;
 Saw the mild **GRACES** in my train appear,
 And infant **BEAUTY** brighten in my
 smiles.
 No Winter frown'd. In sweet embrace al-
 ly'd,
 Three sister **SEASONS** danc'd th' eternal
 green;
 And **SPRING's** retiring softness gently vy'd
 With **AUTUMN's** blush, and **SUMMER's**
 lofty mien.
 Too soon, when man prophan'd the blessings
 giv'n,
 And **VENGEANCE** arm'd to blot a guilty
 age,
 With bright **ASTREA** to my native heav'n
 I fled, and flying saw the **DELUGE** rage:
 Saw bursting clouds eclipse the noontide
 beams,
 While sounding billows from the moun-
 tains roll'd,
 With bitter waves polluting all my streams,
 My nectar'd streams, that flow'd on sands
 of gold.
 Then vanish'd many a sea-girt isle and grove,
 Their forests floating on the wat'ry plain:
 Then, fam'd for arts and laws deriv'd from
 Jove,
 My **ATALANTIS*** sunk beneath the
 main.
 No longer bloom'd primæval **EDEN's** bow'rs,
 Nor guardian dragons watch'd th' **HES-
 PERIAN** sleep:
 With all their fountains, fragrant fruits, and
 flow'rs,
 Torn from the continent to glut the deep.
 No more to dwell in sylvan scenes I deign'd,
 Yet oft descending to the languid earth,
 With quick'ning pow'rs the fainting mafs
 sustain'd,
 And wak'd her slumb'ring atoms into
 birth.
 And ev'ry echo taught my raptur'd name,
 And ev'ry virgin breath'd her am'rous
 vows,
 And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame,
 Shower'd by the **MUSES**, crown'd my lofty
 brows.
 But chief in **EUROPE**, and in **EUROPE's**
 pride,
 My **ALBION's** favour'd realms, I rose
 ador'd;
 And pour'd my wealth, to other climes de-
 ny'd,
 From **AMALTHEA's** horn with plenty
 stor'd.
 Ah me! for now a younger rival claims
 My ravish'd honours, and to her belong
 My choral dances, and victorious
 To her my garlands and trium
 O say what yet untasted beauties
 What purer joys await her ge:
 Do lilies fairer, v'lets sweeter bl
 And warbles **Philomel** a softer
 Do morning suns in ruddier glory
 Does ev'ning fan her with serene
 Do clouds drop fatness from th
 skies,
 Or wantons **Plenty** in her hap:
 Ah no! the blunted beams of day
 Skirt the pale orient with unce
 And **CYNTHIA**, riding on the c
 Through clouds embattled fa
 her way.
 Pale, immature, the blighted verd
 Nor mounting juices feed th
 flow'rs;
 Mute all the groves, nor **Philome**
 When **SILENCE** listens at th
 hour.
 Nor wonder, Man, that **Natur**
 face,
 And op'ning charms her rud
 fear:
 Is she not sprung from **APRIL'**
 race,
 The sickly daughter of th' unri
 With show'rs and sunshine in her
 With hollow smiles proclaim
 rous peace;
 With bluihes, harb'ring, in thei
 guise,
 The blasts that riot on the **SP**
 crease?
 Is this the fair invest'd with my
 By **EUROPE's** laws, and **SEN**
 command?
 Ungen'rous **EUROPE!** let me fly
 And waft my treasures to a gra
 Again revive, on **ASIA** drooping
 My **DAPHNE's** groves, or **LY**
 cient plain;
 Again to **AFRIC's** sultry sands re
 Embow'ring shades, and **LY**
MON's fanc:
 Or haste to northern **ZEMBLA's** f
 Their hush to silence elementa
 Brood o'er the regions of eternal
 And swell her barren womb wit
 life.
 Then **BRITAIN**——' Here she c
 dignant grief,
 And parting pangs, her salt'r
 supprest:
 Veil'd in an amber cloud, she sob
 And tears, and silent anguish
 rest.

* See Plato.

N° LXXXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

112,
WHEN the studies of learned and philosophical men are employed in extending the commerce and improving the manufactures of their country, they cannot be held in too high a degree of estimation by a trading people.

The perfection at which our home manufactures are arrived, we impute in a great measure to the ingenuity of our ordinary handicrafts, to the industry of our merchants, and to the honesty and integrity of our trading companies. But, in my humble opinion, if our natural philosophers had not kindly stepped in to the assistance of the said handicrafts and others, our manufactures would scarcely have been carried to so great a degree of excellence above those of the ancient, as well as of the modern world. For by as much as we are before all other countries in the knowledge of natural philosophy, by just so much are all other countries behind Us in the goodness of their manufactures.

It is by the head of the philosopher that the hand of the mechanic is put in motion: and though the ancients and a few nations of the moderns may have produced some good hands, yet their having made so mean a figure in trade, must be owing to their want of philosophical heads.

The manufactures of glass-porcelain and cephalic snuff were absolutely unknown to the ancients; and they had very little knowledge in the making thunder and lightening, which our own countrymen, from the sagacity of our philosophers, and the help of electrical experiments, are now able to make in very considerable quantities, to the great honour and emolument of these kingdoms.

I am not afraid of asserting, that from this manufacture alone (provided it were under proper regulations, and honoured with a parliamentary encouragement) we might have it in our power to be the most potent, the most wealthy, and the happiest people in the whole universe. It would enable us to pay off our national debt in six months: it

would secure us from our enemies without the expence either of fleet or army: or we might conquer France, whenever the common people of England should order it to be done, without the assistance of allies, or paying one penny to the land-tax. These, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I think, are considerations which deserve the attention of the public; at least, they are considerations which have induced Me to be very particular in my thoughts upon this valuable commodity.

When electrical experiments were first exhibited to the curious, I did not hear that the professors proposed any advantages to mankind, except that with the help of their curious engine, they could give a patient a pretty smart blow on the elbow, without the use of any other weapon. It is true that a small crab-stick might have performed the operation; but then it would have been effected by a method common and vulgar. We were informed, indeed, that the electrical engine had been made use of in the cure of several distempers; but I do not recollect to have heard that they had any great success in that way, except that some very few mean people were made blind, that three or four necks were dislocated, and that a child of five years old was frightened into fits. But these cases not being sufficiently attested, and the same sort of cures having been tolerably well performed by many regular bred surgeons and apothecaries in this town, I was glad to learn that our philosophers had confined all their experiments to the manufacture above-mentioned; the process of which is so clear and easy, (all the ingredients being to be found in our own country, and none of them liable to any duty) that I make no doubt of our being able to bring thunder and lightening to market at a much cheaper price than common gunpowder.

I am informed by a friend, who for these last five years has applied himself wholly to electrical experiments, that the most effectual and easy method of making this commodity is by grinding a certain quantity of air between a glass ball and a bag of sand; and when you have ground it into fire, your lightning

is made; and then you may either bottle it up, or put it into casks, properly seasoned for that purpose, and send it to market. My friend very honestly confesses, that what he has hitherto made is not of a sufficient degree of strength to answer all the purposes of natural lightning; but he assures me that he shall very soon be able to effect it, and that he has already brought it to a very surprizing degree of perfection; inasmuch that, in the presence of several of his neighbours, he has produced a clap of thunder which blew out a candle, accompanied with a flash of lightning which made an impression on a pat of butter as it stood upon the table. He also assures me that in warm weather he can shake all the powder upon his shelf; and that he expects, when his thermometer is at sixty-two degrees and a half, he shall be able to pour all the small-beer in his cellar, and break his largest pier-glass. If he accomplishes the two last, he flatters himself that it will be strong enough to kill a young child; but he is obliged to defer that experiment till his lady is brought to bed.

If these facts are true, which I do not in the least doubt, we may soon see this manufacture in a very flourishing condition. For if from a glass ball of one foot and a half diameter, which is the size of my friend's, we can produce a sufficient quantity of lightning to destroy a child, it follows, that a ball of four times that diameter will kill a man in perfect health and vigour; which must be a great advantage to the public, and save a considerable sum of money which is yearly given to apothecaries and doctors. And if the wheel, thus increased in its diameter, increases the power; by increasing it still farther, you will make lightning enough to split a church steeple.

As for example. Suppose A, fig. the 1st, to be a glass ball 4672 feet diameter, turned upon the spindle B, being in length 5752 feet, by the handle C, against the lead bag a a a a, which suppose to be fixed to the side of Richmond Hill. The quantity of air ground in an hour will be equal to XX, which will produce of pure lightning, 1,694 753 tons; the force of which being applied to St. Bride's steeple, will make the crack G H, in fig. the 2d. If this should not be intelligible to those who are unacquainted with the mathematics, I will at any time, at a

day's notice, attend and exp. them.

I can think of but one objection to the machine above which is the greatness of the c being too heavy for any private company will undertake it, & governors will favour it with consideration, and order it to be the public expence. I, who the good of my country before most readily agree to inspect men, and see that the money fl out with the strictest economy desiring a shilling for my trouble.

But lest some malicious person suggest that I am writing me commend a job to myself, I declare, that a full week before any thoughts of addressing the means of your paper, I applied a club of Anti-Gallians, I have the honour to be an member, and proposed in a (our laudable society should transform manufacture into their gun and protection. And as we discovered that nothing excited to good and virtuous actions as honourable pecuniary gratification was unanimously agreed that should order premiums to be of their public stock, for the benefit of those who should make improvements for the improvement of manufacture; and the following instrument was ordered to be published.

CAT AND FIDDLE LODGE, J
1754.

PRESENT THE VICE-GR.

Ordered, That for the execution of the making Thunder Lightning, the following pre given by this society, to be paid secretary within twelve months time shall be respectively ad the several claimants.

To any person or persons on or before Christmas day a clap of Electrical Thunder, nial by a sufficient quantity of ing, beat down and destroy the St. Paul's cathedral, 20s.

To ditto for ditto, the Mon Fish Street Hill, 15s.

Covent Garden church, 7s.
Westminster Hall, in Term

Westminster Bridge, 2s. 6d.

For the first man under forty, and the first woman with child, killed by the said Thunder and Lightenings; and for the first hay-rick of thirty load and upwards, burnt and consumed, 1s. each.

When, from the above encouragement, these useful works shall be performed, we may conclude the manufacture brought to perfection: and then there will remain a few queries most humbly to be submitted to the wisdom of the legislature.

I. Whether, when we have got a stock in hand, more than sufficient for our own consumption, we should suffer any to be exported?

II. What market will it be likely to meet with abroad? And

III. Whether it will be most prudent to trust this commodity in private hands, or in the hands of the ministry, the city of London, or the crown?

In regard to the first of these queries, I am of opinion, that we may safely venture to export whatever is more than sufficient for our home consumption,

provided it be shipped on board our vessels, and insured by the French.

As to query the second, it is not to be doubted that the commodity will meet with a good foreign market. I have conversed with several merchants upon the subject, and know of two who have already received orders from their correspondents at Jamaica to send twenty tons to Barbadoes, to make a hurricane in that island; and there are orders from Barbadoes to send more than double the quantity to Jamaica. I am also assured that a certain Spanish governor, who is to pass his accounts next spring, has offered ten thousand pounds for a Tornado, provided it can be sent over before Christmas.

The last of these queries is, I own, the most difficult to be answered: I shall therefore submit it to the public, with only observing, that as a good patriot, I am against giving it into the hands of the crown, from an opinion that his present Majesty will forbid the use of it in his own dominions, and command the whole of it to be sent abroad amongst our most inveterate enemies. I am, Sir, your most humble servant, M. D.

Nº LXXXIV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1754.

I Am indebted to a correspondent for the following allegory. The manner in which it is written, and the moral it contains, will be a better recommendation of it than any compliment of mine. I shall therefore lay it before my readers without further preface.

Prosperity and Adversity, the daughters of Providence, were sent to the house of a rich Phœnician merchant, named Velasco, whose residence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom.

Prosperity, the eldest, was beautiful as the morning, and cheerful as the spring; but Adversity was sorrowful and disfavoured.

Velasco had two sons, Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship. But Love, before whom all the affections of the soul are as the traces of a ship upon the ocean, which remain only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to set them at variance; for both were become en-

amoured with the beauties of Prosperity. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns; but, to avoid a particular declaration, she avowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time.

Velasco, who was no stranger to the passions of his sons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent consequences, obliged them by his authority to decide their pretensions by lots; each previously engaging in a solemn oath to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn; and Prosperity became the wife of Felix, and Adversity of Uranio.

Soon after the celebration of these nuptials Velasco died, having bequeathed to his eldest son Felix the house wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his huge fortune and estates.

The husband of Prosperity was so transported

transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he clothed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the woods; he turned rivers into his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as strangers, and the companions of his youth passed by unregarded. His brother also became hateful in his sight; and, in process of time, he commanded the doors of his house to be shut against him.

But as the stream flows from its channel and loses itself among the valleys, unless confined by banks; so also will the current of fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by economy. In a few years the estate of Felix was wasted by extravagance, his merchandize failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied himself for support to the nobles and great men whom he had feasted and made presents to; but his voice was as the voice of a stranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected derided him in their turn; his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart so bewitched with her forceries, that he pursued her with entreaties, till by her hate to abandon him, her mask fell off, and discovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards, tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deserted him; and that he died in a short time, wretched and an exile.

Let us now return to Uranio, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adversity, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant upon his steps; and to aggravate his sorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richest vessel was taken by a Sardinian pirate; that another was lost upon the Lybian Syrtes; and, to complete all, that the bankrupt with whom the greatest part of his

ready money was entrusted, had seduced his creditors, and retired into Constance, therefore, the small part of his fortune, he bid adieu to and, led by Adversity through thicket and forest, he came at last to a village at the foot of a mountain. They took up their abode for some time, and Adversity, in return for her anxiety he had suffered, softened the severity of her looks, administered him the most faithful counsel, withdrew him from the immoderate pursuit of earthly things, and teaching him to place his trust and happiness in their government and protection. She humanized him, made him modest and humble, inclined him to compassionate the distressed fellow-creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

‘I am sent,’ said she, ‘by thee to those alone whom they love to not only train them up by my discipline to future glory, but to prepare them to receive with a relish all such moderate enjoyments are not inconsistent with this profane state. As the spider, when a fly seeks shelter in its inmost web, mind which I afflict contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for refuge to itself. It was I who raised the characters of Cato, Socrates, and the moleman, to so divine a height, and set them up as guides and examples to every future age. Prosperity, smiling but treacherous sister, frequently delivers those whom she seduced, to be scourged by her followers, Anguish and Despair. Adversity never fails to lead the way; he will be instructed by her, to the salutary habitations of Tranquillity and Content.’

Uranio listened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earnestly on her face, the deformity seemed insensibly to decrease. But little degrees his aversion to her abated, and at last he gave himself wholly to her counsel and direction. She often repeat to him the wise maxim of the philosopher, That those who prize the fewest things, approach nearest to the Gods, who want nothing. She admonished him to turn his eyes from the many thousands beneath him, and to gaze on the few who live in

and splendor; and, in his addresses to the Gods, instead of asking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet state, an unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him to be every day more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed him in the following manner.

'As gold is purged and refined from dross by the fire, so is Adversity sent by Providence to try and improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my task is finished; and I now leave you, to go and give an account of my charge. Your brother, whose lot was Prosperity, and whose condition you so much envied, after having experienced the error of his choice, is at last released by death from the most wretched of lives. Happy has it been for Uranio, that his lot was Adversity, whom, if he remembers as he ought, his life will be honourable, and his death happy.'

As she pronounced these words, she vanished from his sight. But though her features at that moment, instead of inspiring their usual horror, seemed to display a kind of languishing beauty, yet as Uranio, in spite of his utmost efforts, could never prevail upon himself to love her, he neither regretted her departure,

nor wished for her return. But though he rejoiced in her absence, he treasured up her counsels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandize; and having in a short time acquired a competency sufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had bought for that purpose, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening, and husbandry; in quelling all disorderly passions, and in forming his mind by the lessons of Adversity. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompassed with eglantine and honeysuckles. Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a spring issuing from a rock, and over the door was written in large characters the following inscription—

Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,

TRUTH, LIBERTY, CONTENT, and VIRTUE, dwell.

Say, you who dare this happy place disdain,
What PALACE can display so fair a train?

He lived to a good old age; and died honoured and lamented.

Nº LXXXV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

712,

I Am a young country bride of eighteen, (if I may call myself a bride after having been married a month and two days;) and if my husband, who every body says is the handsomest and best-made man in the country, does not flatter me, I am as agreeable as youth, health, good features, a clear skin, and an easy shape, can make me. We both married for love; and I may venture to say that no couple in the world have been happier than we. But, alas! Mr. Fitz-Adam, within this week the dear man has appeared to be unusually thoughtful and low-spirited; and the day before yesterday he came booted to me at breakfast, and told me that a sudden and unexpected affair had

made it necessary for him to set out that morning for his estate in Berkshire.

As I thought it my duty not to pry into more than he had a mind to tell me, I only wished him a safe journey and a speedy return, and saw him take horse.

I amused myself as well as I could the first day of his absence by looking into family affairs. The second day I was visited by a widow lady in the neighbourhood, who from a vast flow of spirits, and a particular freedom of speech, is thought by our sober country people to be a very odd kind of a lady. 'My dear creature!' said she, running up to me and saluting me, 'I heard you were alone, and thought it would be a charity to visit the forsaken and afflicted.'—'Indeed, Madam,' answered I, with a sigh, 'I am foolishly out of spirits.'—'Nay,' says she, 'my dear,

- nrit parting.'—' You are not in ear-
 nest!' cried I, with astonishment.
 ' Why not?' said she. ' But I should
 have told you, my dear, that he had
 lost a leg and an arm the week before;
 so that I was quite prepared: and in-
 deed it was always a sentiment of
 mine, that a brave man had better be
 dead than disabled. But pray,' con-
 tinued she, smiling and looking oddly
 with her eyes, ' where is your husband,
 child?' I told her, business had called
 him into Berkshire. ' Yes, yes,' says
 she, ' we all know his business. Have
 you never heard of his having an uncle
 in that country? Depend upon it, my
 dear, he is gone to see his uncle.'

I was greatly surprized at hearing of
 my husband's uncle, having never re-
 ceived the least hint from him that he
 had any such relation; and of this Mrs.
 Machoney would give me no other in-
 formation, than by assuring me, that to
 her certain knowledge he was gone to
 see his uncle.

A particular friend of my husband's
 ropt in upon us at this instant, who,
 upon my enquiring after this uncle, and
 he had heard his friend talk of making
 in a visit, seemed to be of the widow's
 opinion, though he could not take upon

lover. But w
 made for me, e
 sex, my fondne
 ing, it gives me
 cern to know th
 of his taking th
 tell him of this c
 ment it has pro
 you with this let
 find him in his re
 I am told is in al
 land) may hasten
 where he shall fi
 life to come the
 Hearers.

I assure you,
 when I think on
 ' Good Heaven!
 hour, ' that in th
 ' our marriage I
 ' dear creature upo
 I would do any thi
 to prevent the freq
 and that he may kn
 than I can have co
 other way, I beg y
 cation of this lette
 not be an entertain
 will be a proof of
 ture, and the high
 your most humble

neither of them by choice, I ought in justice to escape the obloquy that attends them.

In regard to my parents, (who are now at rest in their graves) I acquit them of any evil intention in making me a Parson. Of myself I can truly say, that my wants were so urgent, I must either have starved or turned Author; and as to my wife, every body who knows her will acknowledge her wants to have been equally urgent, by the pains she has taken to get them supplied.

But notwithstanding all these circumstances in my favour, and, what is still more, the honour you have done us by espousing our cause, I do not find that I am one jot the better treated. As a Parson, I am preaching every Sunday to an audience fast asleep; as an Author, the squire of the parish, and all those that hunt with him, are removing their handkerchiefs from the pocket that is next me as often as I sit down at table with them; and as a Cuckold, the very children in the streets are taught to hold up their fingers to their foreheads, and butt at me as I pass by them.

No longer ago than yesterday, I overheard my daughter Jenny, a girl of six years old, enquiring of her mother what made papa be such a Cuckold; for that Miss Maddox, and Miss Tomlinson, and all the misses at school, said, that to be sure he must be a sad man to be such a Cuckold. And two days ago my little boy, who is but a year older than his sister, ran crying into the kitchen as I was chiding him for not

saying his catechism, and told the maid that papa had tossed him with his horns. A neighbour's daughter, indeed, who is just entering into her teens, tells me that she should like a Cuckold for a husband of all things, for that I am so pure and good-humoured, nothing can be like it. To say the truth, I have hardly a friend in the world, out of my own family, except this girl and an officer of the Blues, whose quarters are within a few doors of us, and who often talks to my wife about a living which is in his father's gift, and which, upon the death of the present incumbent, he assures her shall be mine. I know of no obligations that this gentleman is under to me, except that he has been remarkably lucky in horse-flesh since his coming into these parts; and which, it is said, he ascribes solely to his acquaintance in my family. But though I may now and then have given him my opinion, his success that way has been more owing to his own skill, than to any judgment of mine.

But I am running my letter into length, when I only intended to tell you, that your paper upon the three orders to which I belong, though well intended, has failed of it's effect; and to assure you, that in consideration of the intention, as a Parson, I shall pray for you; as an Author, I shall praise you; and as a Cuckold, I shall be proud of an opportunity of making you acquainted with my wife. I am, Sir, your obliged and most humble servant,

T. H.

Nº LXXXVI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1754.

TUM VIOLARIA, ET
MYRTUS, ET OMNIS COPIA NARIUM,
SPARGENT OLIVETIS ODOREM,
FERTILIBUS DOMINO PRIORI.

Hor.

MR. FIVE-ADAM,

WHEN I consider how remarkably the several periods, in the rise and declension of ancient states, have been characterized by the varying manners of their people, I am apt to believe, that an enquiry into the importance of our present taste for flowers would be no very idle and uninteresting speculation. But as I would not wil-

lingly forestal any abler pen, on a subject that deserves to be considered by every patriot philosopher of the age, I shall endeavour to confine my present animadversions upon it within the narrow compass of my own private experience, and content myself with giving a short account of the motives which induced me to commence a florist's list, and of the advantages which I

putation, after he has once procured it, on any safer tenure than the uncertain voice of the multitude. Now, I must own, I imagined (and perhaps many have been as much deceived in this point as myself) that the vegetable virtuoso's credit was more particularly subject to this precarious dependence, and that the chief security of it's support consisted only in the accidental concurrence of numbers in an unaccountable and trifling pursuit. And it is very probable that I should never have been convinced of the contrary, had I not been fortunately induced to purchase a small collection of flowers, in order to escape the odious imputation of a tasteless singularity. But as many a commendable action has been undertaken at first on a better principle than the fear of shame, which has afterwards been prosecuted on a more generous motive; so was I brought at length to improve that collection in consequence of my own thorough conviction of it's great importance, which was originally procured in compliance only with the fancies of other people.

Being rather of a contemplative turn, and not very apt to whittle away any of my vacant time, I was not long in dis-

posing it. And if I had been engaged in gardening any thing more than as the bloomers, I might have been able to have proved as conclusively as I have done, that it will not only stand against every temptation to all worldly satisfaction (which I must consider to be a vile and trifling thing) but to exalt all those engagements to a fair sex, which are necessary to recommend themselves to the admiration of the world. I am that if there be any thing which the frequency of the flower to make unquestionable man life and a flower no man can pretend to be the one, that will place any value on it.

Nothing ought to be any farther than as it is happiness. The value of the possession or enjoyment of a standard that can be determined it's real value; therefore, is best fitted to any particular light to be regarded.

after all, will as much disqualify him for enjoyment, as an unwieldy corpulency of person would incapacitate him for expedition. And one might easily produce many instances of men, who, by a prudent conversion of such incumbrances into flowers, have received more satisfaction from the produce of a small parterre, than from the income of a large estate; and found themselves as completely happy as a Corymbus, after they had once reduced their concerns to the easy management of a single acre.

Folly may suggest what it pleases; but that alone ought to be esteemed a trifle, which is of no consequence; whereas there is nothing in Nature unworthy of a wise man's regard, because the most inferior of all her productions may, in some light or another, be made instrumental to his improvement.

Were we to reflect, in a proper manner, on the correlative importance of such objects as may be thought useless and insignificant, when considered only with regard to themselves, we should discover a mediate sort of union between the wisest links of that indefinite chain which holds together the constituents of the universe: we should perceive that all those things, which are most dissimilar in every other respect, do however agree in that common destination, whereby they become so many equally important parts of one stupendous whole; and we should find as fit a place for the discovery of truth in every flower-garden, as in the celebrated groves of Cadmus.

It has been from this school that I have procured the best part of my philosophy; and from this too have I learnt to improve and confirm my morals. The volume of nature is so full of passages above the explication of human learning, that the best proof of our having studied it with uncommon diligence and success, must consist, chiefly, in our being able to produce from it many uncommon instances of our ignorance; and I have the vanity, or I should rather say the modesty, to boast, that I

have discovered difficulties enough in one single leaf of it, to clear up my understanding from the stupifying influence of a conceited sufficiency, and to improve my reason into a perfect diffidence of its utmost force and penetration. Nor have I a flower in my possession that is less abounding in moral instruction than in beauty and sweetness. I cannot observe that industrious nicety with which the bee examines into every thing that comes in his way, without considering it as a reproachful admonition to myself: and if I do not collect some useful lesson, that may support me under all the ensuing revolutions of my life, from every flower that such an insect can extract provision from against the future exigencies of his, I am ready to place it to the account of my negligence, and to think myself guilty of the most unpardonable folly, in suffering Him alone to profit from that, which I assume the absurd privilege of calling my own.

In short, there is such a close affinity between a proper cultivation of a flower-garden and a right discipline of the mind, that it is almost impossible for any thoughtful person that has made any proficiency in the one, to avoid paying a due attention to the other. That industry and care, which are so requisite to cleanse a garden from all sorts of weeds, will naturally suggest to him how much more expedient it would be to exert the same diligence in eradicating all sorts of prejudices, follies, and vices, from the mind, where they will be as sure to prevail, without a great deal of care and correction, as common weeds in a neglected piece of ground. And as it requires more pains to extirpate some weeds than others, according as they are more firmly fixed, more numerous, or more naturalized to the soil; so those faults will be found the most difficult to be suppressed, which have been of the longest growth, and taken the deepest root; which are more predominant in number, and most congenial to the constitution.

Nº LXXXVII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1754.

THERE is no one subject that has given such frequent exercise to the pens of my correspondents as the behaviour of servants. Were I to have

published all the letters I have received upon it, (not to mention the abuses that have been sent me for refusing to make those letters public) they would almost

the greatest part of my
in families, and being a strict
ugh I hope not an impertinent) ob-
r of all occurrences that happen in
I, I was very early of opinion that
good or bad qualities of servants
generally to be ascribed to the con-
of their masters; and by repeated
riences since, I am become so fan-
e in this opinion, that when I have
ind to study any master or mistress
oughly. I observe with circumspec-
the particular dispositions and be-
our of their servants. If I find
fulness in their countenances, so-
r in their manners, neatness in
persons, readiness in their attend-
and harmony among themselves,
I conclude that the master and
s of such servants have hearts
(according to a significant ex-
in low life) *lie in the right*

On the contrary, wherever I
ants with sullenness or ill-nature
looks, with slothfulness in their
, or slovenliness in their cloaths;
ve all, when I hear them quar-
among themselves; I conclude
y are copying the manners of
y serve; and that the master and
of that house, whatever cha-
ey may bear in the world, are
ble in themselves, and a plague
ut them.

the master and mistress
absent. I have ob-
light, when my tr-
have been stepping i
journey of a few d
and maid-servants h
to the door, and with
waiting for the last
have driven from th
done my heart good,
sence of their master a
looked in upon these
see with what eagerne
to me, to enquire, eve
if I had heard any ne
factors, and at what
return. It would be u
what I have said of th
enter upon the characte
and mistress. I shall
with observing, that if
have servants were of t
sition with the people I
I should hardly have h
write upon this subject.

Seneca says of servan-
'are a kind of humble
according to the modern
humble friends; for by
those who are to be still
on our humours, and
for precarious meat and
think, speak, and act, exa-
have them.) He goes
'are

‘with their masters, or to breathe the same air, or to die under the same conditions. It is worthy observation,’ continues he ‘that the most imperious masters over their own servants, are at the same time the most abject slaves to the servants of other masters. I will not distinguish a servant by his office, but by his manners; the one is the work of fortune, the other of virtue.’

Thus far says Seneca: and indeed the wretchedness of servitude is altogether owing to the pride of superiority; a pride, which if properly exerted, would appear in making those happy whom fortune has made dependent upon us for favour and support. This indeed would be the pride of Man; and I have always considered it as the principal happiness of every master, that Heaven has placed him in a situation to make life easy and comfortable to those whose lot it is to depend upon him for bread.

For my own part, I have always been of opinion that the master is as much obliged to the servant who acquits himself in his office with diligence and faithfulness, as the servant to the master for his indulgence. But in the common opinion it is otherwise: and the performance of those duties which shall entitle the servant to a reward in heaven, shall be insufficient to procure him either a civil word, or a kind look from his imperious master.

How contrary a behaviour is that of the family above-mentioned! If a servant has done his duty, he is sure to be commended for it: if through incapacity or inadvertency he has committed a fault, it is passed over with good-humour; or if through carelessness or design, the admonitions he receives are the admonitions of a friend, who advises him, for his own sake, to amendment, and encourages him to set about it by gentleness and persuasion. It may be worth the mentioning, that my friend's

butler was cured of a violent inclination to totting, by having the keys of the cellar delivered to his keeping; and that the housekeeper, who is one of the most thoughtful and discreet matrons I know of, was one of the giddiest girls alive, till the affairs of the family were thrown into her hands.

I do not mean to insinuate by these circumstances, that every drunken footman should keep the keys of his master's cellar, or that every madcap of a maid should be intrusted, by way of sobering her, with the management of a family; I only mentioned them to shew that even vices and follies are sometimes to be cured by good usage; and if so, how greatly may good qualities be improved by the same indulgent behaviour!

I have said in a former paper, that people are more likely to be praised into good qualities, than to be railed out of bad ones: and I have always found, that to commend a servant for doing right (and every servant does right sometimes) has had a much better effect than chiding and complaining when he has happened to do wrong. To cherish the desire of pleasing in a servant, you must shew him that you are pleased; for what encouragement is there for his perseverance, unless you tell him at first that he is in the right way?

To conclude this subject; I would have servants considered as reasonable beings; as those, who though they have the frailties of men, have also their virtues, their affections, and feelings: that they can repay good offices with gratitude, and ill ones with neglect; and that they are intitled to our favour, till they have deserved our displeasure. I shall only add, for the information of my correspondents, that I shall pay no regard to the complaints that are sent me against bad servants, unless I am thoroughly convinced that they come from Good masters.

N^o LXXXVIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

FROM a full conviction that your ears are always open to the afflicted, I presume to send you the story of my distress, which is left to your discre-

tion whether or no it be deserving of public commiseration. Previous, however, to what relates immediately to myself, be so kind as to indulge an elderly man, whose infirmity is to be talkative, and who delights in a long

trava

at this season of the year, to pursue your laudable purpose of reforming vice in town, and to let your endeavours be directed to confirm virtue militant in the country. Drinking, gaming, atheism, and the minor vices, which from time immemorial have more or less swarmed in our capital, have been combated by the most eminent divines, moralists, and poets, and all to no purpose. For my own part, I cannot help looking upon almost every species of dissoluteness as a kind of plague: and if I was worthy of advising the legislature, I should propose that a line of circumvallation might be made at the distance of five miles all round the town, and a guard appointed to prohibit all persons, betraying the least symptom of any of these epidemical distempers, from passing the line. Provided always, that in case a radical cure should be effected on a patient or patients, he, she, or they, on a proper certificate, declaring them free from all infection, may be privileged to quit those noisome quarters, and retire into the country. I can think of no other method by which the miserable objects that range under the several denominations of gamblers, swearers, liars, drunkards, coxcombs,

their distemper. I should we urge them into their country on a foot-ped, to deter ever stumpling on the

Among the few of equal fatality. Those who are as they are the they the most ex-tions. The ter ing tainted, by

Cousin Betty. only substitute i trumpery ribbati other propriety t happen to direc over the whole p position of the d er hesitate if the ed. By what it except by the r mine the *mens fi* ment ought we t of females, who along the public Nothing, surely

you need only to consider what evils consequential to Fashion, are not those of folly, pride, extravagance, gaming, and dishonesty? afflicted with this malady, are to imagine themselves under no obligation to pay their just debts; while contracted at a gaming-table are discharged with all the punctuality of a saint.

These reflections, Mr. Fitz-Adam, result of a heart-felt concern for the good of my country. The prospect of the growth of every kind of iniquity, in the end, of endangering the moral health. One should be apt to perceive, that our own soil was not so much infected with vice, while we were only adopting every exotic folly, a natural enemy, even antecedent to the corruption, is imposing upon us, not only in language, but her manners and customs.

A superficial view of the history of Rome will present us with every circumstance of corruption.—Would a similar fate should over-

take us! hitherto suppressed an inclination to please you with my disapprobation of the times; and nothing less than an obligation of all the laws of decency, justice, and duty, in my own family, have prompted me to enlarge the number of my correspondents. I am now, my paternal estate, where I condescend to reside, unless some unavoidable necessity breaks in upon my retirement, calls me to town. In the latter part of my days, by virtue of my employments, I was admitted to a large commerce with mankind;

but my father's decease, satiated with the pleasures of high life, I withdrew from my forty-first year to the place of my retirement. I am conscious of a material imprudence that I have been guilty of, except my marriage, has shaded my visionary prospect of greatness with the heaviest disguise. Two daughters only are the fruit of this marriage; who, thanks to the indulgence of their mother, are not in any single accomplishment fit for education. They speak before they understand English, and they are at cards for pounds, without regarding the value of a shilling; and, indeed, by a patrician distaste of the vulgar, speak themselves the uncon-

tested children of Sir Pope Pedigree's daughter. I forbear to mention the manner in which (with their mother's connivance) they affect to expose the obscurity of my family; because I must acknowledge it to have been destitute of the honour of a dignified spendthrift, or an illustrious suicide.

Having lived so long a voluntary exile from the beau monde, my maxims are exploded as quite obsolete. My wife and daughters are perpetually assuring me, that I act in no respect like any of my polite neighbours; I will dispute that they have some colour of truth for this assertion; for you must be sensible, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that it is no easy matter for a man in his grand climacteric to divest himself of old accustomed prejudices; and though I profess all imaginable deference to my great neighbours, they must excuse the awkward particularity I have of paying my debts, and of obstinately persevering in going now and then to church. Besides what I have mentioned, I have the peculiar felicity of seeing, that nothing which either my ancestors or I have done, within or without doors, is in the least correspondent with my family's taste. The garden is a devoted victim to their caprice: last summer they erected in it a Chinese temple, but it proved too cold to be inhabited. In the winter, all my Christmas blocks went to the composition of a hermitage, which is only tenanted by my girls, and the female hermits of taste of their acquaintance. This spring I narrowly escaped the reputation of building a ruin in my park; but luckily as my workmen were lopping some of my trees, they opened, by mere accident, a prospect to my Lord Kildollar's house, the noblest, perhaps, and most natural ruin extant.

It is impossible for you to conceive the instances I could enumerate: but, not to tire your patience by a long detail of grievances, I shall close my letter with observing, that I see a succession of them before me; while my wife is above polluting the blood of the Pedigrees, by admitting into her composition the least tincture of affability; and while my daughters are in a fair way of dying unmarried, by their polite behaviour, and meretricious style of dress. It is the reasonableness of my complaint

should

... were ever known to be in times past. The doctor, to recommend his *Elixir for the nerves*, addresses you with—'Never were Nervous Disorders, &c. so frequent as at present.' The man of learning prefaces his discourse upon occult qualities with—'Never was there so total a decay of literature as at present;' and the divine introduces his volume of sermons with—'Never did sin and folly abound so as at present.'

But though this method may be a very good one, and may have contributed greatly to the increase of trade, I have always considered it as somewhat bordering upon craft, and have therefore rejected it, to pursue a contrary practice. Never was mankind so good as at present, I say again and again: for however unwise or unrighteous the people of these nations may have been two years ago, it is hardly to be conceived how greatly they are improved in their understandings, and amended in their morals, by the extensive circulation of these lucubrations.

Many persons are of opinion, (I suppose from the effects which they find to have been produced in themselves) that every individual of my readers has been some reflector or other that

lay down my paper with honour. But I found my wit to be as I have now, as good of my countrying to continue the there are the least glimaining, and till I of effecting a thorough

To follow this great sign, I must beg of to be very diligent in ter what is doing in they will neglect in transmitting me all that can get. I should be among other matters there is yet any suching on at White's. I hear that the proposed lectures on divinity at phy next winter in the St. James's Coffee-house the approbation of the repeated assurances whceiving that fornication entirely at a stand in polis, are highly agreed so that the great increase has of late been so v the cheeks of ladies of

visible proof of the consummate virtue of the present times.

From all these happy considerations, I am perfectly of opinion with the late Mr. Whitton, that the Millennium, or the kingdom of the just upon earth, is very near at hand. When that long-expected time arrives, I shall consider the plan of this paper as complete, and conclude it the Thursday following, with a benediction to my readers.

It has been owing to this general reformation, (which I flatter myself has been principally brought about by these weekly essays) that I have thought fit to suppress certain letters, lately come to hand, which are filled with most unreasonable complaints against the iniquity of the times. One of these letters laments very emphatically the great increase of Popery among us, and begs that I would postpone every amusing speculation, to attack with gravity and argument the doctrine of transubstantiation. The same letter recommends, in a postscript, some necessary alterations to be made in the book of Common Prayer, and desires that my next paper may be an address to the bishops upon that occasion. Another of these letters inveighs bitterly against the universality of skittle-grounds in the gardens of people of fashion, and assures me that it is in vain to hope for a reformation, while gentlemen and ladies, nay, even the clergy themselves, are mispending their time in the unchristian-like diversions of porters and draymen. The letter signed Decorus, complaining of Brunetta's nakedness at church, had long ago received a place in these papers, if I could have been convinced that it had less of invention in it than of reality: for I am assured by a particular friend, who is a constant frequenter of all public places, that since my repeated animadversions on that subject, there is not a pair of naked shoulders to be seen either for love or money. He proceeds farther to assure me, that those excellent animadversions have given the ladies such an unconquerable aversion to all kinds of nakedness, that a party of them, going this summer from Richmond to Vauxhall by water, chose rather to see a handsome young fellow go to the bottom, as he was attempting to swim across the Thames, than to take him into their boat: and when the watermen begged for God's sake that they might save the young man's life, the

eldest of the ladies protested with great vehemence, that she had rather the whole odious sex should perish, than have her modesty affronted with the sight of a naked man.

But though every reformation of this kind is a sensible pleasure to me, I am very far from attributing the whole merit of it to myself; on the contrary, it is with the utmost pride and satisfaction that I acknowledge the many and great helps which I have received from correspondents, whose names, whenever they come to be mentioned in this undertaking, will reflect an honour upon my own. It is to these gentlemen, more than to myself, that I am to ascribe the reformation above-mentioned: and because, as I said before, in spite of our endeavours to make mankind perfect, there is still perhaps a little sprinkling of folly remaining amongst us; and as the Millennium may possibly be at a much greater distance than Mr. Whitton and I have so sanguinely imagined it to be; and, moreover, considering the comparative weakness of my own abilities, I hereby request and intreat of my correspondents, that they will continue to favour me with their assistance in this work, which will most certainly be brought to a conclusion on the very first Thursday after the said Millennium shall commence.

I cannot shew myself more in earnest upon this occasion, than by closing my paper with the following humble address to one of it's ablest supporters.

ADAM FITZ-ADAM TO THE * OF ***.

WITH grateful heart FITZ-ADAM greets ye,

And in these rhimes, my LORD, intrats ye,
That you once more the WORLD would prop,
Which, but for strength like yours, must drop:
For I, grown weak, and somewhat older,
Feel it too heavy on my shoulders:
And well I may; for bards have sung,
That giant ARIAS, huge and strong,
Oftt found his WORLD too great a load,
And ask'd assistance of a GOD,
Who eas'd his back with little pain,
And set the WORLD to rights again.
So I from You, my great ALCIDES,
(Whose aim my glory and my pride is)
Request, my LORD—You know my drift—
That you would lend me t'other lift:
Your smallest effort is enough,
The same you use in taking snuff:
You smile, my LORD—in truth 'tis true,
A FINGER and your THUMB will do.

Nº XC. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1754.

AN old friend and fellow-student of mine at the university called upon me the other morning, and found me reading Plato's Symposium: I laid down my book to receive him; which, after the first usual compliments, he took up, saying—'You will give me leave to see what was the object of your studies.'—'Nothing less than the divine Plato,' said I, 'that amiable philosopher—' 'With whom,' interrupted my friend, 'Cicero declares, that he would rather be in the wrong, than in the right with any other.'—'I cannot,' replied I, 'curry my veneration for him to that degree of enthusiasm; but yet, wherever I understand him, (for I confess I do not every where) I prefer him to all the ancient philosophers. His Symposium more particularly engages and entertains me, as I see there the manners and characters of the most eminent men, of the politest times, of the politest city of Greece. And, with all due respect to the moderns, I much question whether an account of a modern Symposium, though written by the ablest hand, could be read with so much pleasure and improvement.'—'I do not know that,' replied my friend; 'for though I revere the ancients as much as you possibly can, and look upon the moderns as pygmies when compared to those giants, yet if we come up to, or near them in any thing, it is in the elegance and delicacy of our convivial intercourse.'

I was the more surprized at this doubt of my friend's, because I knew that he implicitly subscribed to, and superstitiously maintained, all the articles of the classical faith. I therefore asked him whether he was serious? He answered me that he was; that in his mind, Plato spun out that silly affair of love too fine and too long; and that if I would but let him introduce me to the club, of which he was an unworthy member, he believed I should at least entertain the same doubt, or perhaps even decide in favour of the moderns. I thanked my friend for his kindness, but added, that in whatever society he was an unworthy member, I should be no less so in another. That more-

over my retired and domestic turn of life was as inconsistent with the engagements of a club, as my natural taciturnity amongst strangers would be misplaced in the midst of all that festal mirth and gaiety. 'You mistake me,' answered my friend; 'every member of our club has the privilege of bringing one friend along with him, who is by no means thereby to become a member of it: and as for your taciturnity, we have some silent members, who, by the way, are none of our worst. Silent people never spoil company; but, on the contrary, by being good hearers, encourage good speakers.'—'But I have another difficulty,' answered I, 'and That I doubt a very solid one; which is, that I drink nothing but water.'—'So much the worse for you,' replied my friend, who, by the by, loves his bottle most academically; 'you will pay for the claret you do not drink. We use no compulsion; every one drinks as little as he pleases.'—'Which I presume,' interrupted I, 'is as much as he can.'—'That is just as it happens,' said he; 'sometimes, it is true, we make pretty good sittings; but for my own part, I chuse to go home always before eleven: for, take my word for it, it is the sitting up late, and not the drink, that destroys the constitution.' As I found that my friend would have taken a refusal ill, I told him, that for this once I would certainly attend him to the club; but desired him to give me previously the outlines of the characters of the sitting members, that I might know how to behave myself properly. 'Your precaution,' said he, 'is a prudent one, and I will make you so well acquainted with them beforehand, that you shall not seem a stranger when among them. You must know, then, that our club consists of at least forty members when complete. Of these, many are now in the country; and besides, we have some vacancies which cannot be filled up till next winter. Palsies and apoplexies have of late, I don't know why, been pretty rife among us, and carried off a good many.' It is not above a week ago,

‘ that poor Tom Toastwell fell on a sudden under the table, as we thought only a little in drink, but he was carried home, and never spoke more. Those whom you will probably meet with to-day are, first of all, Lord Feeble, a nobleman of admirable sense, a true fine gentleman, and, for a man of quality, a pretty classic. He has lived rather fast formerly, and impaired his constitution by sitting up late, and drinking your thin sharp wines. He is still what you call nervous, which makes him a little low-spirited and reserved at first; but he grows very affable and cheerful as soon as he has warmed his stomach with about a bottle of good claret.

‘ Sir Tunbally Guzzle is a very worthy north-country baronet, of a good estate, and one who was beforehand in the world, till being twice chosen knight of the shire, and having in consequence got a pretty employment at court, he run out considerably. He has left off house-keeping, and is now upon a retrieving scheme. He is the heartiest, honestest fellow living; and though he is a man of very few words, I can assure you he does not want sense. He had an university education, and has a good notion of the classics. The poor man is confined half the year at least with the gout, and has besides an inveterate scurvy, which I cannot account for: no man can live more regularly; he eats nothing but plain meat, and very little of that; he drinks no thin wines; and never sits up late, for he has his full dose by eleven.

‘ Colonel Culverin is a brave old experienced officer, though but a lieutenant-colonel of foot. Between you and me, he has had great injustice done him; and is now commanded by many who were not born when he came first into the army. He has served in Ireland, Minorca, and Gibraltar; and would have been in all the late battles in Flanders, had the regiment been ordered there. It is a pleasure to hear him talk of war. He is the best-natured man alive, but a little too jealous of his honour, and too apt to be in a passion; but that is soon over, and then he is sorry for it. I fear he is dropsical, which I impute to his drinking your Champagnes and Burgundies. *He got that ill habit abroad.*

‘ Sir George Plyant is well born, has a genteel fortune, keeps the very best company, and is to be sure one of the best-bred men alive: he is so good-natured, that he seems to have no will of his own. He will drink as little or as much as you please, and no matter of what. He has been a mighty man with the ladies formerly, and loves the crack of the whip still. He is our news-monger; for, being a member of the privy chamber, he goes to court every day, and consequently knows pretty well what is going forward there. Poor gentleman! I fear we shall not keep him long; for he seems far gone in a consumption, though the doctors say it is only a nervous atrophy.

‘ Will Sitfast is the best-natured fellow living, and an excellent companion, though he seldom speaks; but he is no flincher, and fits every man’s hand out at the club. He is a very good scholar, and can write very pretty Latin verses. I doubt he is in a declining way; for a paralytical stroke has lately twitched up one side of his mouth so, that he is now obliged to take his wine diagonally. However, he keeps up his spirits bravely, and never shams his glass.

‘ Doctor Carbuncle is an honest, jolly, merry parson, well affected to the government, and much of a gentleman. He is the life of our club; instead of being the least restraint upon it. He is an admirable scholar, and I really believe has all Horace by heart; I know he has him always in his pocket. His red face, enflamed nose, and swelled legs, make him generally thought a hard drinker by those who do not know him; but I must do him the justice to say, that I never saw him disguised with liquor in my life. It is true, he is a very large man, and can hold a great deal, which makes the colonel call him a piccadilly enough, a vessel of election.

‘ The last and least,’ concluded my friend, ‘ is your humble servant, such as I am; but if you please, we will go and walk in the park, if I don’t mind I agreed, and walk on till to-morrow. But here the reader will perhaps expect that I should let him walk on a little, while I give his character. Well, then, of the year of St. John’s College in Cambridge, he was a younger brother of a

highest pitch of human felicity. Accordingly, he passes his mornings in reading the classics, most of which he has long had by heart; and his evenings in drinking his glass of good wine, which by frequent filling, amounts at least to two, and often to three bottles a day. I must not omit mentioning, that my friend is tormented with the stone; which misfortune he imputes to having once drank water for a month, by the prescription of the late Doctor Cheyne, and by no means to at least two quarts of claret a day, for

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Nº XCI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER

MY friend presented me to the company, in what he thought the most obliging manner; but which, I confess, put me a little out of countenance. ‘Give me leave, gentlemen,’ said he, ‘to present to you my old friend, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the ingenious author of the *World*.’ The word *Author* instantly excited the attention of the whole company, and drew all their eyes upon me: for people who are not apt to write themselves, have a strange curiosity to see a *Live Author*. The gentlemen received me in common with those gestures that intimate welcome; and I on my part respectfully

prized, when, upon covered that this draught was composed of mountain wine, a very little lemon heightened again by comfortable aromatics! Dianer, which more than once was at last brought near! Dianer’s threatening peril and all the waiters was delayed two minutes. I sat down without were no sooner sat

lonel, who observed this accident, cried out pleasantly—‘Why, Doctor, I find you are but a bad engineer. While you aim at your mouth, you will never hit it, take my word for it. A floating battery, to hit the mark, must be pointed something above, or below it. If you would hit your mouth, direct your four-pounder at your forehead, or your chin.’ The doctor good-humouredly thanked the colonel for the hint, and promised him to communicate it to his friends at Oxford, where, he owned, that he had seen many a good glass of port spilt for want of it. Sir Tunbely almost smiled, Sir George laughed, and the whole company, some low or other, applauded this elegant piece of railery. But, alas! things soon took a less pleasant turn; for an enormous buttock of boiled salt beef, which had succeeded the soup, proved not to be sufficiently corned for Sir Tunbely, who had bespoken it; and, at the same time, Lord Feeble took a dislike to the claret, which he affirmed not to be the same which they had drank the day before; it had no *silkeness*, *went rough off the tongue*, and his lordship shrewdly suspected that it was mixed with *Benecarlo*, or some of those black wines. This was a common cause, and excited universal attention. The whole company talked it seriously, and every one found a different fault with it. The master of the house was immediately sent for up, examined, and treated as a criminal. Sir Tunbely reproached him with the freshness of the beef, while, at the same time, all the others fell upon him for the badness of his wine; telling him, that it was not fit usage for such good customers as they were; and, in fine, threatening him with a migration of the club to some other house. The criminal laid the blame of the beef’s not being corned enough upon his cook, whom he promised to turn away; and attested heaven and earth, that the wine was the very same which they had all approved of the day before; and, as he had a soul to be saved, was true Chateau Margoux—‘Chateau devil,’ said the colonel with warmth; ‘it is your d—d rough *Chaos* wine.’ Will Sitfast, who thought himself obliged to articulate upon this occasion, said, He was not sure it was a mixed wine, but that indeed it drank *drum*.—‘If that is all,’ interrupted the

doctor, ‘let us e’en drink it *up* then. Or, if that won’t do, since we cannot have the true *Falernum*, let us take up for once with the *Wile Sabinum*.—What say you, gentlemen, to good honest Port, which I am convinced is a much wholesomer stomach-wine?’ My friend, who in his heart loves Port better than any other wine in the world, willingly seconded the doctor’s motion, and spoke very favourably of your *Portingal* wines in general, if neat. Upon this some was immediately brought up, which I observed my friend and the doctor stuck to the whole evening. I could not help asking the doctor if he really preferred Port to lighter wines? To which he answered—‘You know, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that use is second nature; and Port is in a manner mother’s milk to me; for it is what my Alma Mater suckles all her numerous progeny with.’ I silently assented to the doctor’s account, which I was convinced was a true one, and then attended to the judicious animadversions of the other gentlemen upon the claret, which were still continued, though at the same time they continued to drink it. I hinted my surprize at this to Sir Tunbely, who gravely answered me, and in a moving way—‘Why, what can we do?’—‘Not drink it,’ replied I, ‘since it is not good.’—‘But what will you have us do? and how shall we pass the evening?’ rejoined the baronet. ‘One cannot go home at five o’clock.’—‘That depends upon a great deal of use,’ said I. ‘It may be so, to a certain degree,’ said the doctor. ‘But give me leave to ask you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you, who drink nothing but water, and live much at home, how do you keep up your spirits?’—‘Why, Doctor,’ said I, ‘as I never lowered my spirits by strong liquor, I do not want to raise them.’ Here we were interrupted by the colonel’s raising his voice and indignation against the Burgundy and Champaign; swearing that the former was rosy, and the latter upon the fret, and not without some suspicion of cyder and sugar-candy; notwithstanding which, he drank, in a bumper of it, confusion to the town of Bristol and the Bottle-act. It was a shame, he said, that gentlemen could have no good Burgundies and Champaigns, for the sake of some increase of the revenue, the manufacture of glass bottles,

‘not taken away, and the wine set upon the table?’ To this the company gave an unanimous ‘Aye.’ While this was doing, I asked my friend, with seeming seriousness, whether no part of the dinner was to be served up again, when the wine should be set upon the table? He seemed surprized at my question, and asked me if I was hungry? To which I answered, ‘No;’ but asked him, in my turn, if he was dry? To which he also answered, ‘No.’—‘Then,’ I said, ‘why not as well eat without being hungry, as drink without being dry?’ My friend was so flummied with this, that he attempted no reply, but stared at me with as much astonishment, as he would have done at my great ancestor Adam in his primitive state of nature.

The cloth was now taken away, and the bottles, glasses, and dish-cloths, put upon the table; when Will Sitfast, who I found was a perpetual toast-maker, took the chair, of course, as the man of application to business. He began the evening’s health in a bumper, which circulated in the same manner, not without some nice examinations of the chairman to *day-light*. The bottle standing by me, I was called upon by the chairman; he added, that though a water-drinker, he hoped I would not refuse that

‘*old dog*.’

My friend was however, to help could, he find to n
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N^o XCII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1754.

THE entertainment (I do not say the diversion) which I mentioned in my last paper, tumbled my imagination to such a degree, and suggested such a variety of indistinct ideas to my mind, that, notwithstanding all the pains I took to sort and digest, I could not reduce them to method: I shall therefore throw them out in this paper without order, and just as they occurred to me.

When I considered that, perhaps, two millions of my fellow-subjects passed two parts in three of their lives in the very same manner in which the worthy members of my friend's club passed theirs, I was at a loss to discover that attractive, irresistible, and invisible charm, (for I confess I saw none) to which they so deliberately and assiduously sacrificed their time, their health, and their reason; till dipping accidentally into Monsieur Pascal, I read upon the subject of hunting the following passage. *What, unless to drown thought, (says that excellent writer) can make men throw away so much time upon a silly animal, which they might buy much cheaper in the market? It binds us from looking into ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear.* That this is often one motive, and sometimes the only one of hunting, I can easily believe. But then it must be allowed too, that if the jolly sportsman, who thus vigorously runs away from himself, does not break his neck in his flight, he improves his health, at least, by his exercise. But what other motive can possibly be assigned for the Soaker's daily and seriously swallowing his own destruction, except that of *drowning thought, and binding him from looking into himself, which is a view he cannot bear?*

Unhappy the man who cannot willingly and frequently converse with himself; but miserable in the highest degree is the man who dares not. In one of these predicaments must that man be who soaks and sleeps away his whole life. Either tired of himself for want of any reflections at all, or dreading himself for fear of the most tormenting ones, he flies for refuge from his folly or his guilt to the company of his fellow-sufferers, and to the intoxication of strong liquors.

Archbishop Tillotson asserts, and very

truly, that no man can plead in defence of swearing, that he was born of a swearing constitution. I believe the same thing may with equal truth be affirmed of drinking. No man is born a drinker. Drinking is an acquired, not a natural, vice. The child, when he first tastes strong liquors, rejects them with evident signs of disgust; but is insensibly brought first to bear, and then perhaps to like them, by the folly of his parents, who promise them as an encouragement, and give them as a reward.

When the coroner's inquest examines the body of one of those unhappy wretches who drown themselves in a pond or river, with commonly a provision of lead in their pockets to make the work the surer, the verdict is either *seelo de jè, or lunatic*. Is it then the water, or the suddenness of the plunge, that constitutes either the madness or the guilt of the act? Is there any difference between a water and a wine suicide? If there be, it is evidently in favour of the former, which is never so deliberate and premeditated as the latter. The Soaker jogs on with a gentler pace indeed, but to as sure and certain destruction; and, as a proof of his intention, would, I believe, upon examination, be generally found to have a good deal of lead about him too. He cannot alledge, in his defence, that he has not warning, since he daily sees, in the chronical distempers of all his fellow Soakers, the fatal effects of that slow poison which he so greatly guzzles: for I defy all those Honest Gentlemen, that is, all the hard drinkers in England, (a numerous body I doubt) to produce me one single instance of a Soaker, whose health and faculties are not visibly impaired by drinking. Some, indeed, born much stronger than others, hold it out longer, and are absurdly quoted as living proofs even of the salutary effects of drinking: but though they have not yet any of the most distinguished characteristics of their profession about them, though they have not yet lost one half of themselves by a hemiplegia, nor the use of all their limbs by the gout; though they are but moderately mangy, and though the impending dropsy may not yet appear, I will venture

judgment upon them; the wine they so much loved being turned into water, and themselves drowned at last in the element they so much abhorred.

A rational and sober man, invited by the wit and gaiety of good company, and hurried away by an uncommon flow of spirits, may happen to drink too much, and perhaps accidentally to get drunk; but then these sallies will be short, and not frequent. Whereas the Soaker is an utter stranger to wit and mirth, and no friend to either. His business is serious, and he applies himself seriously to it; he steadily pursues the numbing, stupifying, and petrifying, not the animating and exhilarating qualities of the wine. Gallons of the Nectar would be lost upon him. The more he drinks, the daller he grows; his politics become more obscure, and his narratives more tedious and less intelligible; till at last *maudlin*, he employs that little articulation he has left in relating his doleful tale to an insensible audience. I fear my countrymen have been too long noted for this manner of drinking, since a very old and eminent French historian, speaking of the English, who were then in possession of Aquitaine, the promised land of claret, says—*ils se fauclerent grandement, et se divertiront moult tristement a la mode de leur pays*.

deny the moderation they will be surprized to find the gross sums of the money they pass in time they lose in the only.

I reckon that I pay very low, when I pay bottles a day, one shilling. This in seven years would make twenty bottles.

Supposing this at four shillings a bottle, the lowest price amounts to eight hundred pounds.

Allowing every Sunday a day to suck his thumb, is a short allowance, to six hundred and eighteen hours; one life, for the above-mentioned. Can any rational being be these three gross sums consequently dissipated, and money lavished, and shame, regret, and reformation?

I am well aware of the society of Siphons will be—‘What would we do?’ To which

though in vain, to fly. Is your retrospect uncomfortable? Exert yourselves in time to make your prospect better; and let the former serve as a back-ground to the latter. Cultivate and improve your minds with reading according to your several educations and capacities. There are several useful books suited to them all. True religion and virtue give a chearful and happy turn to the mind, admit of all true pleasures, and even procure the truest.

Cantabrigius drinks nothing but water, and rides more miles in a year than the keenest sportsman, and with almost equal velocity. The former keeps his head clear; the latter, his body in health.

It is not from himself that he runs, but to his acquaintance, a synonymous term for his friends. Internally safe, he seeks no sanctuary from himself, no intoxication for his mind. His penetration makes him discover and divert himself with the follies of mankind, which his wit enables him to expose with the truest ridicule, though always without personal offence. Chearful abroad, because happy at home; and thus happy, because virtuous.

. I am obliged to many correspondents for letters, which, though hitherto unnoticed, will be published with all convenient speed.

Nº XCIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1754.

IT is a very true, though a very trite principle, 'that the point of perfection is at a middle distance between the two extremes:' and whoever is the least conversant with the world, will have frequent opportunities of convincing himself of it's importance, whether he applies it to the morals, manners, or other objects of human action.

I shall make it the subject of this day's paper to particularize the danger of passing too precipitately from one extreme to the other, in an instance which I conceive to be of very material consequence to the entertainment, instruction, and virtue of mankind.

The distinguishing characteristic of the last age was Pedantry. Every man appeared so sensibly convinced of the dignity and usefulness of his own profession, that he considered it as the only one meriting the attention of reasonable creatures; and, wherever he was admitted, introduced it as such, without the least regard to times, persons, or places. It was impossible to sit half an hour with the man of learning, without discovering his contempt for every kind of discourse that was not tinctured, like his own, with the sentiments of Aristotle or Plato. Divines were apt but too often to perplex the heads of young ladies at tea-tables with school distinctions, and the depths of metaphysics; and such jargon terms as *capias's*, *certiorari's*, and *premunire facias's*, were

more frequently the expressions of lawyers in the same company, than love and adoration, the natural language of the place. A military man no sooner entered a room, than you associated the discharge of artillery with his appearance. The authority of his voice silenced every milder subject of conversation, and the battles of Blenheim and Ramillies, so fatal to the enemy, were fought over again in very turbulent description, to the no small terror of his peaceable countrymen.

The wits of those times very finely rallied this foible: and it has indeed suffered such discouragement in our days, that an absurdity, the very reverie, though less to be justified, has succeeded in it's place; I mean, a vicious affectation, in the present age, of avoiding that Pedantry which so distinguished the preceding one.

This affectation has been pursued to such lengths, that a person is esteemed very deficient in good-breeding, who ventures to explain himself on any subject, however naturally it may arise in company, which genius, education, and his particular profession, have qualified him to support. As a man of the world, he will divert the discourse to any other subject, which, being entirely unacquainted with, he is secure of treating in a manner altogether removed from Pedantry. It is principally from this cause, that conversation, which formerly was the means of communicating knowledge

with the freedom and delicacy peculiar to it, and which rendered the groves of Academus, the porches of Lycæum, and the walks of Tullulum, famous to posterity, is degenerating into an useless and insipid intercourse: while the most trifling amusements that relieve us from the anxiety of it, receive all our encouragement.

It is indeed no wonder that clubs and other ancient meetings for society are grown out of fashion, when punctilio not only obliges you to be silent on those topics, which you are inclined, from your knowledge of them, to enter upon with freedom; but subjects you to the mortification of hearing them discussed by persons who never talked or thought of them till the present moment. The situation of the speaker too, in such assemblies, can be no very desirable one, while he is voluntarily imposing the necessity on himself of attempting a subject, when unprovided with materials for it.

This custom is in no sort confined to mixed companies, where possibly some faint excuses might be offered for it; but operates equally where men of the same profession are collected; who, to avoid seeming Pedants in the eyes of each other, prefer obscurity, impertinence, or absurdity, to a conversation calculated to reflect mutual light on those studies, which, either in speculation or practice, are the employment of their lives.

A very understanding friend of mine, who, till within this month, has not visited London for five-and-twenty years, was lamenting to me seriously the declension of knowledge in this kingdom, and seemed apprehensive that a country so distinguished for many ages was relapsing into it's ancient barbarity. I was somewhat surprized at the peculiarity of his sentiments, but did not remain long unacquainted with the cause of them. It seems my friend had spent the greatest part of that week in very different sets of company. He had dined in the beginning of it at a visitation, where the British herring-fishery, and some proposals respecting the public debt, had very warmly interested the upper part of the table. He was the less in humour to relish this dispute, as he had been kept up till three that very morning, in the neighbourhood of the Exchange, as moderator in a controversy *on fore-knowledge and free-will*. The

next day, in Lincoln's Inn Hall not a little perplexed with the opinions on the circulation of the production of chyle, and of digestion. It was his forwards to be present at Baisio house, when the disposition of a man army at the battle of Cr the last siege of Coni, were seraigned; and to listen at the to many objections against: chancery, and to a discourse to ascertain the provinces of n and equity. His greatest m was in an admittance that n a junto of statesmen near from whom nothing transp two hours attention to the some injudicious, though mod times, on the future sport of races.

It was easy for me, after nation, to account for the indinon my friend had conceived vinity, law, and physic; the p litary knowledge, and trade, sent times: and yet, from my ance with the characters he t may venture to assert, what age might have the appearanceadox, that he had been conve the most eminent divines, la physicians; with the ablest skilfullest commanders, and n gers traders of any age or co

This humour, it is to be fi by degrees infect the pen as v tongue; and that we shall ha carries advertising comments o vel's art of war, and terjea taking in subscriptions for : chymistry, and dissertations or ry. Every man's experience bably inform him that it has a tended itself to epistolary writi a late disagreeable instance of own family: it is in a young g who left England with the hig ration, about a twelvemonth make what is called the tour c He parted from me with a j writing from Rome, where h to continue some time, afte France, and the principal citi ly. As I had formed very expectations from this corre I must confess my disappointn his letter arrived. He never France, but to condemn the pe nor took notice of any circu

his passage over the Alps, except the loss of his hat and perriwig. One would have concluded him a cheesemonger, from his description of Parma. His observations on Florence were confined solely to its wines: and though he was profoundly silent on the constitution of Lucca, he talked very particularly of the olives it produced. He had occasionally interspersed some anecdotes of himself: as, that he had drank a little too frequently at Genoa with Lord A. that he had broke the west window of the great church at Milan, in a frolic with Sir Thomas B. that he had been plundered of his gold watch and snuff-box by a courtesan of Venice; and that he had attempted, in revenge, to sink a gondola belonging to the Doge. These singular contents really gave me pain, as I had a sincere affection for my cousin and his family; and I began to moralize on the vanity and misapplication of travelling into foreign countries. A packet of letters, which reached me soon after, from other correspondents at that time in Italy, threw me into perplexities: for they all concurred in representing my relation as doing honour to his country

by his genius and learning. They spoke of him as distinguished for his knowledge of the religion, government, and antiquities, of the states he had visited; and described him as little less remarkable for his chastity, sobriety, and gentleness of manners. A disagreement so visible between the letter from himself, and those which succeeded it, was at first, indeed, not easily reconciled. Being satisfied, however, that my intelligence from the latter might be relied on as certain, I at length made a discovery, that my cousin had departed from his veracity on this occasion; and that he assumed a character compounded of folly, ignorance, and debauchery, to which he had no pretensions; preferring it to that of a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of virtue, which really belonged to him, from a studious affectation of appearing to his friend in any other light than the unfashionable one of a Pedant.

* * In answer to Hilaria and her cousin, I am sorry to say, that it is not my good fortune to be the gentleman who has attracted their notice.

Nº XCIV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1754.

IN my paper of last Thursday, I took notice how much conversation had suffered from the singular disposition of mankind in our age to appear in every character except their natural one, and to consider Pedantry as reflecting more disgrace on the persons tinctured with it, than any other frailty, or even immorality, incident to our nature. I am, however, far from concluding this principle (universal as it is) to be the only obstruction to rational society: other causes, distinct in themselves, or operating in conjunction with it, have conspired to reduce conversation to the state we lament it in at present. I shall mention the most remarkable of these causes in the order they occur to me.

One great abuse of conversation has visibly arisen from our mistaking its end, which is, the mutual entertainment and instruction of each other by a friendly communication of sentiments. It is seriously to be wished that this end were pursued, and that every one would contribute, with freedom and good-

manners, to the general improvement, from his particular discoveries. On the contrary, we are apt to consider society in no other light than as it gives us an opportunity of displaying to advantage our wit, our eloquence, or any other real or imaginary accomplishment. It is our intention to procure admiration from it, not improvement; and to dazzle our companions with our own brightness, rather than to receive light by reflection from them. I knew, indeed, an instance, the very opposite to this, in a late person of distinction, who to very great qualities had united the talents of a most agreeable companion. I could never perceive that he supported this character by any assumed superiority over his company: it was his singular faculty to discover the genius of other men; no latent merit escaped his penetration, though the proprietor seemed industrious to conceal it from the world, and even from himself. With this advantage, he had the art to engage every member of the company on that particular subject which

... which has proved equally pernicious to conversation: I mean, the peremptoriness and warmth that are employed in modern conferences. Indeed, whether we write or converse, the haughty manner, the self-sufficiency, and the contempt of our opponent, that we mix with our arguments, have considerably prevented the advancement of truth, and conviction of error. Modern disputants by this method have subjected their cause, though perhaps founded in demonstration, to great disadvantages, since they have not only the prejudices of mankind to combat, but have imprudently interested their passions too against them. In debates, perhaps purely speculative, a person is obliged not only to defend the point in controversy, but even his understanding and moral character, which are united to the question by the management of his adversary. Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Locke, ornaments to their country, their age, and human nature, have been frequently represented as men of weak heads and bad hearts, by persons esteeming themselves nothing less than philosophers. It does not indeed appear to the unprejudiced, that gravitation and cohesion have any visible connection with ethics; that an attempt to ascertain the powers of the understanding has a tendency to undermine Religion or the

introduce the state of ancient and modern learning, we enter very soon into a comparison of the governments they have flourished under, to the disadvantage of the present one, and the persons that conduct it. If the subject has been philosophy, I have sometimes apprehended that it would conclude with laying hands on the hilts of swords, from divisions on toleration, and occasional conformity. I am therefore under the necessity of conniving at a subject, in which alone Whig and Tory, churchman and dissenter, ministerial and anti-ministerial man, unite together, with any degree of cheerfulness.

Another impediment to the revival of conversation may be ascribed to our notion of it's being intended as a relaxation from every thing serious, useful, or moral. The mind has been compared to a bow, which is sometimes unbent to preserve it's elasticity; and, because the bow is useless in a state of remission, we make the same conclusion of the human mind: whereas the mind is an active principle, and naturally impatient of ease; it may lose indeed it's vigour by being employed too intensely on particular subjects, but recovers itself again, rather by varying it's application, than by continuing inactive. History, poetry, and the lighter parts of science, more agreeably relieve us from abstracted studies, than a total inaction and dissipation. It is this continued, though varied exercise of the mind, in the hours of leisure as well as of business, that seems to have given the ancients that superiority over the moderns, which we are more ready to acknowledge than to enquire into the reason of. Even Tully himself, if he had dedicated his retirement to those amusements that employ the modern world, might have been delivered to posterity with no greater reputation than what he was entitled to from the character of an eminent pleader and politician. It was in that retirement, and in the hours of conversation, that he exhausted those subjects of reason and philosophy, which have rendered him the admiration of mankind. I was engaged lately in conversation with some friends on a particular branch of writing, that of dialogue. Every one admired the ease of the ancients in it, and condemned the moderns as stiff and unnatural. *I agreed in opinion with them, but thought their reflections as*

much a satire on the age as the writers. Modern dialogue appears unnatural, because the scenes, the persons, and the subjects it associates, are seldom united in real life. It was natural for an ancient writer to represent Varro, Atticus, Brutus, &c. discussing subjects of the utmost importance to mankind in porticoes or gardens, because the great men of Rome frequently spent their retirement in this manner. It would seem the very reverse to introduce in our days Sir Thomas requesting my Lord Duke to resume his arguments for the immateriality of the soul under the shade of a beech-tree, or entreating him to penetrate into the recesses of the wood, that he may pursue without interruption his enquiry into the foundation of morality. The reason is, that disquisitions of this kind do not frequently engage the thoughts of our great men; or, if they really think of them, they appropriate thinking to the particular apartments they call their studies. When they chance to penetrate into the gloom of woods, it is in pursuit of game, not of truth. The conversation in gardens is not of an elevated kind; and the circular seats round spreading trees usually inspire other thoughts than abstracted ideas.

I shall close this subject with lamenting the injury done to society by our unnatural exclusion of the softer sex from every conversation either serious or instructive. The most enlightened ages of the world entertained juster notions of their merit: even Socrates, the father of ancient wisdom, was fond of acknowledging that he had learnt eloquence from Aspasia. I may add of the sex, that they derive some advantage over us from the very defects of their education: their minds operate with more freedom, and with the genuine simplicity of uncorrupted nature. They are not fettered, like ours, by principles and systems, nor confined to the particular modes of thinking that prevail in colleges and schools. The liveliness, too, of their imagination, entitles them to a place in the gravest, as well as the most cheerful company; I will not even except the Symposia of philosophers: for, to conclude a little learnedly, though demonstration itself may appear principally to depend on the judgment, yet the discovery of intermediate ideas, necessary to it, is more particularly the province of invention.

N^o XCV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1754.

—MEDIO TUTISSIMUS IRIS.

OVID.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,
THE golden mean, or middle track of life, has always been esteemed the best, because it is the happiest; and I believe, upon enquiry, it will be found to be the happiest, because the people so situated are the wisest part of mankind; and being the wisest, are best able to subdue those turbulent passions which are the greatest enemies to happiness.

But has not a man of the first rank and fortune a greater opportunity, in proportion to that fortune, to acquire knowledge, than a man in middling circumstances? Most certainly he has; and I make no doubt but that persons of the first quality would be persons of the first understanding, if it was not for one very material obstacle, I mean Fashion. There are no two characters so entirely incompatible as a man of sense and a man of fashion. A man of fashion must devote his whole life to the fashionable pleasures: among the first of these may be reckoned gaming, in the pursuit of which we cannot allow him less than a third part of the twenty-four hours; and the other sixteen (allowing for a little sleep) are to be spent in amusements, perhaps less vicious, but not more agreeable.

I would not here be understood to mean, that every man of quality is a man of fashion; on the contrary, I know several whose titles serve to make their merits more conspicuous: but I cannot help observing, that the noble lord, who holds the first place amongst the men of wit and genius, has not been known to alter the cock of his little hat for above these twenty years.

If we consider the lowest class of life but for a moment, we shall not be at a loss to account for their ignorance. They have little more time from their labour than what is necessary for refreshment. They work to supply their own necessities, and the luxuries of the great. Let us examine how far these two extremes of life resemble each other in their recreations and diversions. John

Slaughter, the butcher, trots his goose-rumped mare twelve miles within the hour for twenty guineas. My Lord rides his own horse a match for five hundred. Two bricklayers labourers play at all-fours in an ale-house on a Saturday night for their week's wages. His Grace and Count Ballet are doing the same thing at White's for all they are worth in the world. My Lord, having been unfortunate in an amour, sends to the doctor at Whitehall. Tom Errand, in the same dilemma, runs away to the licentiate upon Ludgate Hill. In their taste too they are the same. It is common in our theatres for the plaudit to come at one and the same time from the boxes and the upper gallery. In their plurality of wives and mistresses, in their non-observance of religious ceremonies, and in many other particulars, which I shall forbear to mention, they seem entirely to agree.

For my own part, I imbibed early the love of mediocrity; and I find it growing upon me as I increase in years; in so much that my discourse, let the subject be what it will, is generally tinged with it. Nay, I am even afraid, Mr. Fitz-Adam, when I tell you some little anecdotes of my life, that you will accuse me of running into the Extreme, by adhering too closely and circumstantially to the Medium. For example: I gave more for my chambers than I need to have done, because I would have them in the Middle Temple, a situation very agreeable to me, as lying in the midway between the city and the court. I have never thought myself so happy at the play-house since Burton's box was taken down, though I always sit in the centre of the middle gallery; and, to tell you the truth, I have often wished myself shorter, because I am somewhat above the middle stature.

This particular way of thinking very frequently subjects me to little rudenesses and affronts. It was but t'other night that a young gentleman of our inn, who aspires at being lord-chancellor, wished me in the middle of a horse

per.

pond, for dwelling perhaps a little too long on the happiness of a middle state; and it is no new thing to me at Nando's, to overhear the smarts, at my entrance into that coffee-house, crying out—'Here comes Old Medium.'

These, Mr. Fitz-Adam, are disagreeable things; but then I have the self-satisfaction of knowing that I am in the right. But I trespass on your patience; and, besides, have made my letter longer than I intended: I shall therefore conclude abruptly with that excellent wish of Agur's—'Give me neither poverty nor riches.'

I am, &c.

By way of supplement to the above, and to illustrate by example the absurdity of running into extremes, I shall present my readers with another letter, which I received some time ago from a female correspondent.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I Am an humble cousin to two sisters; who, though they are good-humoured, good sort of people, and (all things considered) behave to me tolerably well; yet their manners and dispositions are so extremely opposite, that the task of pleasing them is rendered very difficult and troublesome. The eldest of my cousins is a very jolly, free-hearted girl, and so great an enemy to all kinds of form, that you seldom see her with so much as a pin in her gown; while the youngest, who thinks in her heart that her sister is no better than a Slattern, runs into the contrary extreme, and is, in every thing she does, an absolute Fiddler. She takes up almost as much time to put on a gown, as her sister does to dirty one. The eldest is too thoughtless to remember what she is to do, and the youngest is so tedious in doing it, that the time is always elapsed in which

it was necessary for it to be done. If you lend any thing to the eldest, you are sure to have it lost; or if you would borrow any thing of the youngest, it is odds but she refuses it, from an opinion that you will be less careful of it than herself. Whatever work is done by one sister, is too slight to hang together for an hour's wear; and whatever is undertaken by the other, is generally too nice and curious to be finished.

As they are constantly bed-fellows, the first sleep of the eldest is sure to be broke by the youngest, whose usual time for undressing and folding up her cloaths is at least an hour and a half, allowing a third part of that time for hindrances, occasioned by her elder sister's things, which lie scattered every where in her way.

If they had lovers, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I know exactly how it would be: the eldest would lose her's by saying Yes too soon, and the youngest by saying No too often. If they were wives, the one would be too hasty to do any thing right, and the other too tedious to do any thing pleasing: or were they mothers, the daughters of the eldest would be playing at taw with the boys, and the sons of the youngest dressing dolls with the misses.

I wish, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that you would be so kind to these cousins of mine as to favour them with your advice. I have told you already, that they are both good-humoured; and if you could prevail upon the eldest to borrow from the youngest a little thought and neatness; and upon the youngest to add to her exactness a little of the careless freedom of the eldest; you would make them very amiable women, and me the happiest of all humble cousins. I am, Sir, your constant reader, and most humble servant,

M. A.

Nº XCVI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1754.

I Was not a little surprized the other day at receiving a letter by the penny-post, acquainting me, that notwithstanding all I had said in a former paper concerning the general reformation that had taken place by means of *these essays*, there were people amongst

us who were taking pains to undo all I had done; and that, unless I exerted myself notably on a new occasion, my labours for the good of mankind would fall short of their intention. The writer of this letter proceeds to inform me, that he has lately obtained a sight of a *dra-*
man

so exactly as follows.

Belphegor, a Heathen devil, in the disguise of Christian flesh and blood, makes his entrance upon the stage; where, after a clap of thunder, and several flashes of lightning, another devil of a smaller size, dressed like a lacquey, in a flame-coloured livery, trimmed with black and stuck round with fireworks, rises from a trap-door, delivers a letter to Belphegor, and, making a very low bow, descends in thunder and lightning as he rose. Belphegor then comes forward, and reads the letter, which contains these words—

FORASMUCH as our true and trusty devil and cousin, Belphegor, hath, in obedience to our commands, submitted himself to the torments of the married state for one whole year upon earth, thereby to instruct us in the nature of wives, and to get remission of punishment for all husbands in this our realms; and We, well knowing the many miseries he hath endured in this his state of flesh, and being graciously pleased to release him from his bondage, have ordered that the earth do open at six in the evening of this present day, to re-admit him to our dominions. Given at our palace, &c.

PLUTO.

BEL. Very who are you, I sa

HAR. A poor ried yesterday, ar from my wife.

BEL. A Harl

HAR. Were y house, Sir? A F wit without word convey moral senti the head, or a shal —I'll shew you : please, Sir.

(*Belphegor waa table rises with pri*

HAR. Sir, you vant. If it was n I should beg leave are not the devil *eats*.)

BEL. A devil harm, friend.

HAR. But are Sir?

BEL. Have you Harlequin?

HAR. None in not my way to obj my humble duty to Yes, yes, Sir, you t some such great perf if one may make be matters below, Sir? a world of fine com

that: hypocrisy we have none of; people of fashion, you know, are above hypocrisy; and we are chiefly people of fashion.

HAR. No doubt, Sir. A good many new-comers, I reckon, from England?

BEL. A good many, friend; we are particularly fond of the English.

HAR. You have them of all professions, I presume?

BEL. Lawyers we do not admit. They are good sort of people in general, and take great pains to come among us; but I don't know how it is, we are apt to be jealous of them, I think—and so they go a little lower down.

HAR. Divines of all religions, I suppose?

BEL. Rather of No religion, friend: of those we have abundance; and very much respected they are, indeed.

HAR. Physicians too, no doubt?

BEL. And that's a little odd; for we have no deaths among us; and yet there is no country under Heaven, I believe, so stocked with physicians as ours.

HAR. And traders, pray?

BEL. A world of them, of the better sort. The industry and wealth of those gentlemen will always secure them a warm place with Us.

HAR. Atheists, I suppose, in plenty?

BEL. Atheists! Not that I remember. We have abundance of fine gentlemen; but I never heard that they professed atheism below.

HAR. And pray, Sir, do any of the players make you a visit?

BEL. I never heard that they went any where else. They are a little unmanageable, indeed; but we have them all, from Roissius of Rome, to Joe Miller of Drury Lane; and a fine company they are. Besides, we have all the wits that ever wrote; and then we have no licenser to be a check upon their fancies; though I don't remember that lewdness has been carried a degree farther than with you.

HAR. Very likely, Sir. But pray, Sir, if I may be indulged, who are your favourite ladies at present?

BEL. Why, indeed, among so large a number, it is hard to say which. The wits of all nations are reckoned mighty

good sort of women; but a devil of true taste will tell you that a thorough-bred English woman of quality will go beyond them.

HAR. You are pleased to compliment the English ladies, Sir. And what extraordinary business, if I may have leave to ask, may have been the occasion of this visit?

BEL. Curiosity and a wife: the very two things that send you gentlemen upon a visit to us.

HAR. May be so. And pray, Sir, what stay do you intend to make?

BEL. Only this evening.

HAR. Can I do you any service, Sir?

BEL. Ay; you shall make love to my wife.

HAR. Her ladyship is from hell too, I suppose?

BEL. Going thither as fast as she can, Mr. Harlequin—but I hear her coming; walk this way, and I'll instruct you. [Exit.

Thus ends the scene; which my correspondent inveighs against with so much bitterness, that when I consider it throughout, I am almost of opinion that (in the fashionable phrase) he is *taking me in*, and that he has desired my publication of it in order to excite curiosity, and to get the piece talked of before it's appearance upon the stage. And indeed this method of Puffing by Abuse is frequently the most successful of any; for as in these very reformed times a wicked book is so rare to be met with, people will be tempted to read it, out of mere curiosity.

I remember a very sceptical pamphlet, that was no where to be seen but in the bookseller's shop, till the author bethought himself of selecting the most offensive passages of it, and by printing them in the Daily Advertiser, and calling upon the clergy to confute, and the magistrate to suppress, so pernicious a performance, he carried it through three impressions in less than a fortnight. If my present correspondent has adopted this plan, I shall take care to counterwork his design, by giving it as my opinion, that the above scene (however it may be objected to by people of a particular turn) is perfectly harmless.

have made no other alteration in the letter, than to correct false spellings and a few errors in the English.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

[Am the daughter of very honest and reputable parents in the north of England; but as an account of my family does no way relate to my story, I will avoid troubling you with any farther particulars on that head. At the age of seventeen I had leave from my father and mother to accompany a neighbouring family of some distinction to town, having lived in the strictest intimacy with the young ladies of that family ever since I was a child.

At our arrival in town, we were visited by a great deal of company; and among the rest, by a young gentleman of fortune, who seldom passed a day without seeing us. As this gentleman's name, and that of my friends, had been long acquainted to him, a mission to us was without the least ceremony; and he was looked upon by the young ladies and myself rather as a brother than a visitor. I had often observed, in I conversed with a secret satisfaction, his behaviour to me, especially in private, was somewhat more particular than to any of my companions; and I could not help remarking to some

of my friends, having no notion, stopped just then, telling us this was broke, and that there. I suffered not into the tavern, where I was called, which ately to be had, my to me, smiling, that cident, and as the would not stop at home that evening; and I, for a reply, ordered a bottle of champagne. I remonstrated against it, he said, that not return till twelve be no kind of harm, chicken, and drink where we were. I the thoughts of what was indifferent enough behaviour to me all most respectful in the company, and my attitude, and I attempted to move easily, and that, till and it was to no purpose.

I very freely confessed my weakness at the time, and I was not

to go home that night, and cursing his own folly for the mischief he had brought upon me.

I will not attempt, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to describe the confusion I was in. Yet still I insisted upon going home; which he endeavoured to dissuade me from, by saying, that he too well knew the temper of the gentleman at whose house I lived to think of carrying me thither at so late an hour; that he would conduct me to a lady of his acquaintance, who should wait on me home in the morning, and make an excuse for my lying out. I answered him, that I would lie no where but at home; that I detested myself for going out with him, and that I would return immediately, let the hour be what it would. 'Let us go, first of all,' replied he 'to the lady's, where I will leave you but for a moment, and see if the family are sitting up for you; for to knock at the door, and be refused admittance, would ruin your reputation in the opinion of all the neighbourhood.' I still insisted upon going home; and a coach was accordingly hailed and procured; but, instead of carrying me to my friends, it stopped at a house in another street. Here I was forced, against my will, to alight. The mistress of it was up; a circumstance which I should have wondered at, if I had not been frightened almost to death, and incapable of thinking, speaking, or knowing what I did.

The wretch, after having apologized to the lady for the distress he had brought me into, left me in great haste, to bring me intelligence of what was doing at home. He returned in a short time; and, with the greatest seeming concern in his countenance, told me, that he had learnt from one of the servants that the family had taken me home; that they were exasperated against me beyond forgiveness; that they concluded me undone; and that they had sworn never to admit me into their doors again.

I was quite thunderstruck at this intelligence, and accused the wretch who brought it me as the vilest of men. He fell upon his knees, conjuring me not to think him capable of any design in what was done, and vowing to sacrifice his life and fortune to reinstate me in the good opinion of my friends. I was obliged now to put myself under his protection; but refused going to bed, though pressed to it by the lady of the house,

who called herself his relation. Early in the morning, taking the lady along with him, he pretended to go again to my friends; but returned to me with an account that they were quite outrageous against me, and absolutely determined never to see me again. I wrote to them in the most moving manner that my heart could indite, and gave the letter to the care of this false friend. I wrote also to my parents letter after letter, but without receiving a syllable from them in return; so that I now looked upon myself as completely undone. The anxiety I suffered threw me into a fever, during which time the wretch hardly ever stirred from my bed-side, vowing that his life depended upon my recovery. I was soon indeed restored to my health, but never to my peace. My betrayer began now to talk to me of love; and I began foolishly to regard him as one that had suffered too much for what I could not impute to him as a crime. He saw, and took care hourly to improve, my too favourable opinion of him; and at length, (for why should I dwell minutely on what I wish for ever to forget?) by a thousand stratagems on his side, and by a fatal inclination on my own, irrecoverably undid me.

From that very day his affection began to cool: and (will it be believed when I tell it?) grew in a very little time to hate me to that degree, that, in order to get rid of me, and to make our separation my own act, he confessed to me the whole scheme he had laid to get me; shewed me advertisements in the papers from my friends and parents, offering rewards for my discovery; and returned me the letters I had written to them, every one of which he had detained.

I stood astonished at his villainy, and abhorred him in my soul. But, alas! it was now too late for me to apply to friends. Ruminating one afternoon on my deplorable condition, I was surprized at seeing an elderly lady enter my chamber. She made me an apology for her visit, and very frankly told me, that from distant hints which she had that day received from the mistress of the house, she apprehended I was fallen into bad hands; which, if true, she would be glad to assist me to the utmost of her power. She spoke this with so much diffidence and good-nature, that I made no scruple of telling her my whole story,

which so extremely affected her, that she shed tears while I spoke, and often interrupted me with her exclamations against the villainy of men. At the conclusion she offered that moment to take me away, assuring me that her house, her purse, and her sincerest friendship, should always be mine. I would have fallen on my knees to thank her, but she prevented me; and, ordering a coach to be called, she conveyed me that very evening to her country-house.

I staid there a week, and met with the most kind and tender treatment from her. She compelled me to accept of some changes of clothes and linen, and then brought me to her house in town; where, in less than four-and-twenty hours, she told me, without the least ceremony, that I no doubt knew for what purpose she had taken me; and that, as I could have no pretensions to modesty, she hoped my behaviour would be such as should give her no occasion to repent of her kindness to me. I desired to understand her; and was informed (though not in plain words) that my benefactress was a hawd, and that she had taken me into her family for the most infamous of purposes. I trembled with amazement, and insisted on leaving the house that instant. She told me, I was at full liberty to do so; but that first I must pay her for my lodging and clothes. She spoke this with great ease and carelessness, and then left me to myself. I ran down stairs with precipitation; but, alas! scarce was I out of the street before I was stopt and brought back by a bailiff, who had a writ against me. I requested that I might have leave to write to the gentleman from whom I had been taken; for, bad as he was, I said, he would not utterly desert me. I was permitted to write, as I desired; and the wretch indeed answered my letter; but it was only to tell me that, as I had thought proper to run away from him, he should have nothing farther to say to me; and that, in short, I must either submit to conditions, or go immediately with the bailiff. Frightened at the horrors of a prison, and hoping that my story might move compassion in those to

whom I was to be introduced, I sent to do as they would have; but alas, Sir! I was mistaken; listened indeed to my story; but, instead of melting at my misfortunes, adored me, they said, for my invention. At length, having led the life of a pouter for more than a month, I attempted to make a second escape, and to the hands of justice for protection. I was again caught, and carried to a spunging-house; where, after being two days, a gentleman, who had admitted to me at that vile wretchedness to see me in my confinement off the debt for which I was arrested, and took me to be his mistress.

But though the life I now lead some degree more supportable than which I have escaped from, yet, I who hope that she has still some relic of principle left, it is terrible shocking. My friends know what I have been; but reject and hate me: and I have the least glimmering of hope ever cover from the situation I am in, my story should merit the compassion to whom I now send it, and place in the World. Vile as I would be otherwise, if I might. not old in wickedness, though gone such lengths in it; being really and truly, but just turned sixteen, and having left my father's no more than fifteen months ago of which months I have lived in licence and reputation with the most of families.

As to him who has brought up all this weight of misery, and wretchedly and unconcernedly can reflect on what he has done, (for so I take he does) I have nothing to say nothing to hope. I can, therefore but one inducement to desire your licentious of this letter; which is, that friends may know that I have that credit with a stranger which have refused to give me; and that really and truly, an object of compassion. I am, Sir, (though lost to self) your most faithful humble servant.

N^o. XCVIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1754.

IT gives me great pleasure that I am able in this day's paper to congratulate the polite part of my fellow subjects of both sexes, upon the splendid revival of that most rational entertainment an Italian opera. Of late years it had seemed to sicken; so that I greatly feared that the unsuccessful efforts which it made, from time to time, were it's convulsive and expiring pangs. But it now appears, and indeed much to the honour of this country, that we have still too many protectors and protectresses of the liberal arts, to suffer that of music, the most liberal of them all, to sink for want of the encouragement.

I am sensible that Italian operas have frequently been the objects of the ridicule of many of our greatest wits; and, viewed in one light only, perhaps not without some reason. But as I consider all public diversions singly with regard to the effects which they may have upon the morals and manners of the public, I confess I respect the Italian operas as the most innocent of any.

The severe Monsieur Boileau justly condemns the French operas, the morals of which he calls

—Morceau lubrique

Que Lully richaiffa des sons de sa musique.

But then it must be considered that French operas are always in French, and consequently may be understood by many French people; and that they are fine dramatic tragedies, adorned with all the graces of poetry and harmony of sounds, and may probably inspire too tender, if not voluptuous sentiments. Can the Italian opera be accused of any thing of this kind? Certainly not. Were what is called the poetry of it intelligible in itself, it would not be understood by one in fifty of a British audience: but I believe that even an Italian of common candour will confess, that he does not understand one word of it. It is not the intention of the thing: for should the ingenious author of the words, by mistake, put any meaning into them, he would, to a certain degree, check and cramp the genius of the composer of the music, who perhaps might think himself obliged to adapt his

sounds to the sense: whereas now he is at liberty to scatter indiscriminately among the kings, queens, heroes, and heroines, his Adagio's, his Allegro's, his Pathetics, his Chromatics, and his Jiggs. It would also have been a restraint upon the actors and actresses, who might possibly have attempted to form their action upon the meaning of their parts; but as it is, if they do but seem, by turns, to be angry and sorry in the two first acts, and very merry in the last scene of the last, they are sure to meet with their deserved applause.

Signor Metastasio attempted sometime ago a very dangerous innovation. He tried gently to throw some sense into his operas; but it did not take: the consequences were obvious, and nobody knew where they would stop.

The whole skill and judgment of the poet now consists in selecting about a hundred words (for the opera vocabulary does not exceed that number) that terminate in liquids and vowels, and rhyme to each other. These words excite ideas in the hearer, though they were not the result of any in the poet. Thus the word *tortorella*, stretched out to a quaver of a quarter of an hour, excites in us the ideas of tender and faithful love; but if it is succeeded by *navicella*, that soothing idea gives way to the boisterous and horrid one of a skiff (that is, a boat) tossed by the winds and waves upon the main of love. The handcuffs and fetters in which the hero commonly appears at the end of the second, or the beginning of the third act, indicate captivity; and, when properly jingled to a pathetic piece of recitativo upon *questi cippi*, are really very moving, and inspire a love of liberty. Can any thing be more innocent or more moral than this musical pantomime, in which there is not one indecent word or action; but where, on the contrary, the most generous sentiments are (however imperfectly) pointed out and inculcated?

I was once indeed afraid that the licentiousness of the times had infected even the operas: for in that of Alexander, the hero going into the heroine's apartment, found her taking a nap in an easy-chair. Tempted by so much beauty,

beauty, and invited by so favourable an opportunity, he gently approached, and *stole a pair of gloves*. I confess, I dreaded the consequences of this bold step; and the more so, as it was taken by the celebrated Signor Senefino. But all went off very well; for the hero contented himself with giving the good company a song, in which he declared, that the lips he had just kissed were a couple of rubies.

Another good effect of the Italian operas is, that they contribute extremely to the keeping of good hours; the whole audience (though passionately fond of music) being so tired before they are half, and so sleepy before they are quite done, that they make the best of their way home, too drowsy to enter upon fresh pleasures that night.

Having thus refused these excellent musical dramas from the unjust ribauld which some people of vulgar and illiberal tastes have endeavoured to throw upon them, I must proceed, and do justice to the Virtuosi and Virtuosis who perform them. But I believe it will be necessary for me to premise, for the sake of many of my English readers, that *Virtù*, among the modern Italians, signifies nothing less than what *Virtus* did among the ancient ones, or what *Virtue* signifies among us; on the contrary, I might say, that it signifies almost every thing else. Consequently, those respectable titles of *Virtuoso* and *Virtuosa* have not the least relation to the moral characters of the parties. They mean only that those persons (endowed, some by nature, and some by art, with good voices) have from their infancy devoted their time and labour to the various combinations of seven notes: a study that must unquestionably have formed their minds, enlarged their notions, and have rendered them most agreeable and instructive companions; and so such, I observe that they are justly solicited, received, and cherished, by people of the first distinction.

As these illustrious personages come over here with no sordid view of profit, but merely *per far piacere a la nobiltà Inglese*; that is, to oblige the English nobility; they are exceedingly good and condescending to such of the said English nobility, and even gentry, as are desirous to contract an intimacy with them. They will, for a word's speaking, *dine, sup, or pass* the whole day, with

people of a certain condition, and perhaps sing or play, if civilly requested. Nay, I have known many of them so good, as to pass two or three months of the summer at the country-seats of some of their noble friends, and thereby mitigate the horrors of the country and the mansion-house to my lady and her daughters. I have been assured, by many of their chief patrons and patronesses, that they are all *the best creatures in the world*; and from the time, *our* Signor Cavaliero Nicolini down to this day, I have constantly heard the several great performers, such as Farnelli, Carestini, Menicelli, Gassirelli, as well as the Signore Cuzzoni, Faustina, &c. much more praised for their affability, the gentleness of their manners, and all the good qualities of the head and heart, than for either their musical skill or execution. I have even known those their social virtues by their protectors and protectresses under great difficulties how to reward such distinguished merit. But beneficence luckily came to their assistance, and gave them an opportunity of insinuating, with all due regard, into the hand of the performer, in lieu of a ticket, a considerable bank-bill, a gold snuff-box, a diamond ring, or some such trifle. It is to be hoped, that the illustrious Signor Farnelli has not yet forgot the many instances he experienced of British munificence: for it is certain, that many private families *still remember them*.

All this is very well; and I greatly approve of it, as I am of tolerating and naturalizing principles. But, however, as the best things may admit of improvement by certain modifications, I shall now suggest two; the one of a public, the other of a private nature. I would by all means welcome these respectable guests, but I would by no means part with them, as is too soon and too often the case. Some of them, when they have got ten or fifteen thousand pounds here, unkindly withdraw themselves, and purchase estates in land in their own countries; and others are seduced from us, by the pressing invitations of some great potentate to come over to superintend his pleasures, and to take a share in his counsils. This is not only a great loss to their particular friends, the nobility and gentry, but to the nation in general, by turning the balance of our musical commerce considerably against us. I would

fore, humbly propose that, upon the arrival of the singers, a writ of *ne exeat* should be issued to keep them in modification, which I beg at only, it being of a private at no Virtuoso, whose voice *neutral*, shall be taken to the

country-seat of any family whatsoever; much less any strapping fiddler, balloon, or half-viol, who does not even pretend to sing, or if he does, sings a rough tenor, or a tremendous bass. The consequences may be serious; but, at least, the appearances are not edifying.

IX. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1754.

PRUDENS FUTURI TEMPORIS EXITUM
CALIGINOSA NOCTE PREMIT DEUS;
RIDEATQUE, SI MORTALIS ULTRA
FAS TREPIDAT. QUOD ADEST, MEMENTO
COMPOSERE EQUUS.

HOR.

es very little experience of d to discover that mankind y the present hour, but are continually employing their out the future. This dispo- indeed serve to delude some a happiness which other- could never know; and we re men engaging in prospects disadvantageous to them- they may enjoy the comfort- of having benefited their But, unfortunately, this is eral turn of mankind; and, I ill left so of my countrymen others: they are constantly ards the dark side of the pro- ing every thing, and hoping

happy disposition seems to aletful influence more fatally th than in any other of the for, besides the colds, val nervous disorders, with iduals are afflicted, the State fers exceedingly during this yself remember This Coun- every November for these . The truth is, that, to make that levity and dissipation of ach horse racing and rural - occasioned in the summer, us Englishman sits down at seriously to consider the state in; and always, upon mature concludes that matters are to the business of government sibly be carried on through lion. The products of the er proceeding from persons ted by the season, or con- gned to suit the gloomy dis-

position of the buyer, all tend to in- crease this disorder of the mind. *Seri- ous Considerations, The Tears of Trade, The Groans of the Plantations*, and the like, are the titles that spread the sale of pamphlets at this season of the year; while *The Cordial for low Spirits*, and *The Pills to purge Melancholy*, have no chance for a vent, till the Spring has given a turn to the blood, and put the spirits into a disposition to be pleased.

There are indeed many recreations and amusements in this metropolis, that are designed as so many antidotes to the general gloom; but, though we have had this year the greatest importation of en- tertainment that ever was known, I doubt, there are many inhabitants of this city, who are at present so totally possessed with the spleen, that they do not know of half the number of dancers, singers, mimics, and beauties, which are already arrived. It is, however, com- fortable to reflect on that happy revolu- tion which is constantly brought about by the Christmas holidays, and the lengthening of the days. Those who seemed so lately to be lost in despair, grow into spirits on a sudden; and plays, operas, balls, pantomimes, and burlet- tas, diffuse an universal ecstacy.

But even in the midst of this highest tide of spirits, I am sorry to say it, the most groundless suppositions of what may possibly happen shall spread a cloud over all our joy. The idea of an inva- sion, a comet, or an earthquake, shall keep the whole town in an agony for many weeks. In short, every apprehen- sion shall, in it's turn, make an impres- sion on our imaginations, except that of a Future State.

That

“remember mine and.” Mrs. Quick-
 leason to his blameable on the other
 side, when, finding him so near his end
 that he began to cry out, she says—
 “Now I, to Comfort him, bid him he
 ‘should not think of God.’”

I avoid entering falsely and parti-
 cularly into this subject, that I may not
 give my paper the air of a sermon: and
 instead of using arguments of a religious
 cast, I desire only to recommend a pro-
 priety and consistency of thought and
 conduct. It is therefore that I would
 advise my readers either to throw aside,
 not for this month only, but for their
 whole lives, this gloomy curiosity that
 will avail them nothing, and to enter
 into a free and full enjoyment of the
 Present; or if, of necessity, they must
 direct their whole attention to the Fu-
 ture, let it be to that expectation, which
 they may depend upon with the utmost
 certainty, which will afford the most
 profitable exercise for their inquisitive
 thoughts, and which will be the only
 instance where an anxious concern for
 the Future can possibly be of service to
 them.

I have been principally led into this
 train of thinking, by a letter which I
 received yesterday by the penny post,
 and which I shall here communicate to
 my readers, as a proper conclusion to
 this paper.

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ockhead, from having been
s life to servants; and I am
y, that the event which my
aunt have most immediate

reason to apprehend, is my cousin Ma-
ry's running away with the butler. I
am, Sir, your humble servant,

A. Z.

C. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1754.

the other day with great plea-
sure my worthy friend Mr.
that Mr. Johnson's English
r, with a grammar and history
guage prefixed, will be pub-
winter, in two large volumes

ing lamented that we had no
ard of our language set up,
to repair to who might chuse
nd write it grammatically and
and I have as long wished,
some one person of distin-
guish would undertake the
y, or that a certain number
en would form themselves,
ed by the government, into a
that purpose. The late inge-
Swift proposed a plan of this
is friend (as he thought him)
asurer of Oxford, but with-
precision and perspicuity not
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s, and perhaps still less so of
er than any other.

people have imagined, that so
work would have been best
by a number of persons, who
e taken their several depart-
examining, sifting, winnow-
row this image from the Ita-
) purifying, and finally fix-
guage, by incorporating their
funds into one joint stock.
er this opinion be true or
nk the public in general, and
ic of letters in particular,
ged to Mr. Johnson, for hav-
aken and executed so great
lea work. Perfection is not
ted from man; but if we are
y the various works of Mr.
ready published, we have
n to believe that he will bring
r to perfection as any one man

The plan of it, which he
some years ago, seems to me
eaf of it. Nothing can be
nally imagined, or more ac-
d elegantly expressed. I there-
mend the previous perusal of

it to all those who intend to buy the dic-
tionary, and who, I suppose, are all
those who can afford it.

The celebrated dictionaries of the
Florentine and French academies own
their present size and perfection to very
small beginnings. Some private gentle-
men of Florence, and some at Paris, had
met at each other's houses to talk over
and consider their respective languages
upon which they published some short
essays, which essays were the embryos of
those perfect productions that now do
so much honour to the two nations.
Even Spain, which seems not to be the
foil where, of late at least, letters have
either prospered, or been cultivated, has
produced a dictionary, and a good one
too, of the Spanish language, in six large
volumes in folio.

I cannot help thinking it a sort of
disgrace to our nation, that hitherto we
have had no such standard of our lan-
guage; our dictionaries at present being
more properly what our neighbours the
Dutch and the Germans call theirs,
Word-books, than dictionaries in the
superior sense of that title. All words,
good and bad, are there jumbled indif-
criminately together, inasmuch, that the
injudicious reader may speak and write
as inelegantly, improperly, and vulgar-
ly, as he pleases, by and with the authori-
ty of one or other of our Word-books.

It must be owned, that our language
is at present in a state of anarchy; and
hitherto, perhaps, it may not have been
the worse for it. During our free and
open trade, many words and expressions
have been imported, adopted, and natu-
ralised, from other languages, which
have greatly enriched our own. Let it
still preserve what real strength and
beauty it may have borrowed from
others; but let it not, like the Tarpeian
maid, be overwhelmed and crushed by
unnecessary foreign ornaments. The
time for discrimination seems to be now
come. Toleration, adoption, and natu-
ralization, have run their lengths.
Good order and authority are now ne-
cessary.

I will implicitly believe in him as my pope, and hold him to be infallible while in the chair, but no longer. More than this he cannot well require; for I presume, that obedience can never be expected, when there is neither terror to enforce, nor interest to invite it.

I confess that I have so much honest English pride, or perhaps prejudice, about me, as to think myself more considerable for whatever contributes to the honour, the advantage, or the ornament, of my native country. I have therefore a sensible pleasure in reflecting upon the rapid progress which our language has lately made, and still continues to make, all over Europe. It is frequently spoken, and almost universally understood, in Holland; it is kindly entertained as a relation in the most civilized parts of Germany; and it is studied as a learned language, though yet little spoke, by all those in France and Italy, who either have, or pretend to have, any learning.

The spreading the French language over most parts of Europe, to the degree of making it almost an universal one, was always reckoned among the glories of the reign of Lewis the Fourteenth. But be it remembered, that the success of his arms first opened the way to it; though at the same time it must be owned, that a great number of most excellent authors who flourished in

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other countries.
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N^o CI. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1754.

WHEN I intimated in my last paper some distrust of Mr. Johnson's complaisance to the fairer part of his readers, it was because I had a greater opinion of his impartiality and severity as a judge, than of his gallantry as a fine gentleman: and, indeed, I am well aware of the difficulties he would have to encounter, if he attempted to reconcile the polite with the grammatical part of our language. Should he, by an act of power, banish and attain many of the favourite words and expressions with which the ladies have so profusely enriched our language, he would excite the indignation of the most formidable, because the most lovely part of his readers: his dictionary would be condemned as a system of tyranny; and he himself, like the last Tarquin, run the risk of being deposed. So popular and so powerful is the female cause! On the other hand, should he, by an act of grace, admit, legitimate, and incorporate, into our language those words and expressions, which, hastily begot, owe their birth to the incontinency of female eloquence; what severe censures might he not justly apprehend from the learned part of his readers, who do not understand complaisances of that nature?

For my own part, as I am always inclined to plead the cause of my fair fellow-subjects, I shall now take the liberty of laying before Mr. Johnson those arguments which upon this occasion may be urged in their favour, as introductory to the compromise which I shall humbly offer and conclude with.

Language is indisputably the more immediate province of the fair sex: there they shine, there they excel. The torrents of their eloquence, especially in the vituperative way, stun all opposition, and bear away, in one promiscuous heap, nouns, pronouns, verbs, moods, and tenses. If words are wanting, (which indeed happens but seldom) indignation instantly makes new ones; and I have often known four or five syllables that never met one another before, hastily and fortuitously jumbled into some word of mighty import.

Nor is the tender part of our language less obliged to that soft and amiable sex;

their love being at least as productive as their indignation. Should they lament, in an involuntary retirement, the absence of the adored object, they give new murmurs to the brook, new sounds to the echo, and new notes to the plaintive Philomela. But when this happy copiousness flows, as it often does, into gentle numbers, good Gods! how is the poetical diction enriched, and the poetical licence extended! Even in common conversation, I never see a pretty mouth opening to speak, but I expect, and am seldom disappointed, some new improvement of our language. I remember many expressive words coined in that fair mint. I assisted at the birth of that most significant word Flirtation, which dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world, and which has since received the sanction of our most accurate Laureat in one of his comedies. Some inattentive and undiscerning people have, I know, taken it to be a term synonymous with coquetry; but I lay hold of this opportunity to undeceive them, and eventually to inform Mr. Johnson, that Flirtation is short of coquetry, and intimates only the first hints of approximation, which subsequent coquetry may reduce to those preliminary articles that commonly end in a definitive treaty.

I was also a witness to the rise and progress of that most important verb, To Fuzz; which, if not of legitimate birth, is at least of fair extraction. As I am not sure that it has yet made its way into Mr. Johnson's literary retirement, I think myself obliged to inform him that it is at present the most useful, and the most used word in our language; since it means no less than dealing twice together with the same pack of cards, for luck's sake, at Whist.

Not contented with enriching our language by words absolutely new, my fair country-women have gone still farther, and improved it by the application and extension of old ones to various and very different significations. They take a word and change it, like a guinea into shillings for pocket money, to be employed in the several occasional purposes of the day. For instance, the adjective Vast, and its adverb Vastly, mean any thing,

strain the various and extensive significations of this great word.

Another very material point still remains to be considered; I mean, the orthography of our language, which is at present very various and unsettled.

We have at present two very different orthographies, the Pedantic, and the Polite; the one founded upon certain dry crabbed rules of etymology and grammar, the other singly upon the suitableness and delicacy of the ear. I am thoroughly persuaded that Mr. Johnson will endeavour to establish the former; and I perfectly agree with him, provided it can be quickly brought about. Spelling, as well as music, is better performed by book, than merely by the ear, which may be variously affected by the same sounds. I therefore most earnestly recommend to my fair country-women, and to their faithful, or faithless servants, the fine gentlemen of this realm, to surrender, as well for their own private, as for the public utility, all their natural rights and privileges of misspelling, which they have so long enjoyed, and so vigorously exerted. I have really known very fatal consequences attend that loose and uncertain practice of Auricular Orthography; of which I shall produce two instances as a sufficient warning.

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Such examples
He; and will, I a
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rents, to adopt,
form to Mr. Joh

Most supplemental one annexed, of the obsolete and barbarous Latin words, which pedants sometimes borrow, to shew their erudition. Surely, then, my country-women, the enrichers, the patronesses, and the harmonizers, of our language, deserve greater indulgence. I must also hint to Mr. Johnson, that such a small supplemental dictionary will contribute infinitely to the sale of the great one; and I make no question but that, under the protection of that little

work, the great one will be received in the genteelst houses. We shall frequently meet with it in ladies dressing-rooms, lying upon the harpsichord, together with the knotting-bag, and Signor Di-Giardino's incomparable concertos; and even, sometimes, in the powder-rooms of our young nobility, upon the same shelf with their German-flute, their powder-mask, and their four-horse whip.

Nº CII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1754

PROFERET IN LUCEM SPECIOSA VOCABULA RERUM. HOR.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

AS an Englishman, I gratefully applaud the zeal you shew for ascertaining our language; and am equally ready to acknowledge the use and even the necessity of the Neological dictionary, mentioned in your last paper. I must, however, beg leave so far to dissent from you, as to doubt the propriety of joining to the fixed and permanent standard of our language, a vocabulary of words which perish and are forgot within the compass of the year.

That we are obliged to the ladies for most of these ornaments to our language, I readily acknowledge; but it must also be acknowledged that it would be degrading their invention to suppose they would desire a perpetuity of any thing whose loss they can so easily supply. It would be no less an error to imagine that they wanted a repository for their words after they have worn them out, than that they wished for a wardrobe to preserve their cast-off fashions. Novelty is their pleasure: singularity, and the love of being before-hand, is greatly flattering to the female mind. From hence arises the present taste for planting, and the pleasure the ladies take in shewing their exotics, as giving them an opportunity of talking Greek. With what respectful pleasure do their admirers gaze, while their pretty mouths roll out the *Toxicodendron*, *Chrysanthemum*, *Orchis*, *Tragopogon*, *Hypericum*, and the like?

From hence only can we account for that jargon which the French call the *Bon ton*, which they are obliged to change continually, as soon as they find it prophane-

ed by any other company but one step lower than themselves in their degrees of politeness. A lady, armed with a new word, exults with a conscious superiority, and exercises a tyranny over those who do not understand her, like the delegates of the law, with their *Capias*, *Latitat*, and *Venire facias*: but a word which has been a month upon the town loses it's force, and makes as poor a figure as the law put into English.

In order, therefore, to interpret every new word, and what is still more important, to give the different acceptations of the same words, according to the various senses in which they are received and understood in the different parts of this extensive metropolis, I would recommend a small portable vocabulary to be annually published and bound up with the almanack. It is of great consequence that a work of this nature should be duly and carefully executed, because, though it is very grievous to be ignorant, it is much more terrible to be deceived or misled; and this is greatly to be apprehended from the abuse of turning old words from their former signification to a sense not only very different, but often directly contrary to it. The coining a new word, that is to say, a new sound, which had no sense previously affixed to it, will probably have no other ill effect than puzzling for a while the understanding and memory: but what shall we say to the turn which the present age has taken of giving an entire new sense to words and expressions, and that in so delicate a case as the characters of men? I remember when a certain person informed a large company

company at the polite end of the town, that, in the city, a Good Man was a term meant to denote a man who was able and ready at all times to pay a bill at sight, the whole assembly shook their heads, and thought it was a strange perversion of language. And yet these very persons are not aware that the phrases they commonly use would appear equally strange on the other side Temple Bar. A Silly Fellow, for instance, would there be thought a weak young man, who had been so often imposed upon that he was not worth a groat; instead of that, it is the most common term for one who possesses the very fortune, talent, mitrads, or pre-ferment, which his defender wishes to have. In like manner, a Silly Woman implies one who is more beautiful, young, happy, and good-natured, than the rest of her female acquaintance. Old Man is a term we frequently hear vociferated in the streets, when a chairman is in want of a partner. But when a lady of quality orders her porter to let in no Old People, she means all decent, grave men, women who have never been talked of, many of her own relations, and all her husband's.

Besides those words which owe their rise to caprice or accident, there are many which, having been long confined to particular professions, offices, districts, climates, &c. are brought into public use by fashion, or the reigning topic on which conversation has happened to dwell for any considerable time. During the great rebellion they talked universally the language of the Scriptures. 'To your tents, O Israel,' was the well-known cry of faction in the streets. They beat the enemy 'from Dan even unto Beersheba;' and expressed themselves in a manner which must have been totally unintelligible, except in those extraordinary times, when people of all sorts happened to read the Bible. To these succeeded the Wits of Charles's days; to understand whom it was necessary to have remembered a great deal of bad poetry, as they generally began or concluded their discourse with a couplet. In our own memory, the late war, which began at sea, filled our mouths with terms from that element. The land war not only enlarged the size of our swords and hats, but of our words also. The peace taught us the language of the secretary's office. Our country squires made treaties about their game,

and ladies associated the meeting of their lap-dogs. Parliamentary language has been used *without doors*. We drink claret or port according to the state of our finances. To spend a week in the country or town is a *measure*; and if we dislike the *measure*, we put a *negative* upon it. With the rails and buildings of the Chinese, we adopted also for a while their language. A doll of that country we called a *jols*, and a slight building a pagoda. For that year we talked of nothing but palanquins, nabobs, mandarins, junks, sepoy, &c. To what was this owing, but the war in the East-Indies?

I would therefore farther propose, in order to render this work complete, that a supplement be added to it, which shall be an explanation of the words, figures, and forms of speech of the country, that will most probably be the subject of conversation for the ensuing year. For instance: whoever considers the destination of our present expedition, must think it high time to publish an interpretation of West India phrases, which will soon become so current among us, that no man will be fit to appear in company who shall not be able to ornament his discourse with those jewels. For my part, I wish such a work had been published time enough to have assisted me in reading the following extract of a letter from one of our colonies.

— 'The *Clipporways* and *Orundaks* are still very troublesome. Last week they *sculped* one of our Indians: but the *Six nations* continue firm; and at a meeting of *Sackems* it was determined to *take up the hatchet*, and *make the war-kettle boil*. The French desired to *smoak the calumet of peace*; but the *half-king* would not consent. They offered the *speech-belt*, but it was refused. Our governor has received an account of their proceedings, together with a *string of wampum*, and a *bundle of skins to brighten the chain*.'

A work of this kind, if well executed, cannot fail to make the fortune of the undertaker: for I am convinced that *A Guide to the New English tongue* must have as great a sale as the *British Peerage*, *Baronetage*, *Register of Races*, *List of the Houses*, and other such-like nomenclators, which constitute the useful part of the modern library. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

C. D.

CIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1754

never better pleased than when I vindicate the honour of my country; at the same time, I not endeavour to defend it precisely, nor to contradict the eyes, ears, or sense of mankind, out of stark good nature. The fluctuating condition of this world necessarily brings a change in manners and mores, as well as in the face of countries and climates. Climates cannot operate so fully on constitutions, as to produce the same character perpetually to all nations. I do not doubt but the age of the world the Bozotians a very lively whimsical people, famous for their rapartees; and that the islanders will be remarkable for the truth of their ideas, and for the wisdom with which they will deliver their maxims. Some men are so bigoted to antiquated notions, that if they were in this age, to write a panegyric on Old England, they would cram their composition with encomiums on the old nature, our bravery, and our industry. This, indeed, might be a panegyric on Old England, but would have very little resemblance to the modern civilities of the nation. Our goodness was necessarily soured by the severity; our courage has been a little chilled by the act of parliament that has prize-fighting; and hospitality is impracticable, since a much more useful custom has been introduced and prevailed universally, of the servants of other people much than their master's dinner cost. We shall always have virtues sufficient to countenance very exalted panegyrics; and if some of our more heroic virtues are grown obsolete, others of a cast, and better calculated for the present society, have grown up and diffused themselves in their room. While we are tough and bold, we could not be whole we feasted half a dozen ways with sirloins of beef, and sheep whole, we could not attend to the siff of a plate no bigger than a piece, loaded with the legs of Carrots, dressed à la Pompadour. Nobody start at my calling this a

polite nation. It shall be the business of this paper to prove that we are the most polite nation in Europe; and that France must yield to us in the extreme delicacy of our refinements. I might urge, as a glaring instance in which that nation has forfeited her title to politeness, the impertinent spirit of her parliaments, which, though couched in very civil-worded remonstrances, is certainly at bottom very ill-bred. They have contradicted their monarch, and crossed his clergy, in a manner not to be defended by a people who piqued themselves upon complaisance and attentions. —But I abominate politics; and when I am writing in defence of politeness, shall certainly not blend so coarse a subject with so civil a theme.

It is not virtue that constitutes the politeness of a nation, but the art of reducing vice to a system that does not shock society. Politeness (as I understand the word) is *an universal desire of pleasing others (that are not too much below one) in trifles, for a little time, and of making one's intercourse with them agreeable to both parties, by civility without ceremony, by ease without brutality, by acquiescence without sincerity.* A clergyman who puts his patron into a sweat by driving him round the room, till he has found the coolest place for him, is not polite. When Bubhamira changes her handkerchief before you, and wipes her neck, rather than leave you alone while she should perform the refreshing office in next room, I should think she is not polite. When Boncoeur shivers on your dreary hill, where for twenty years you have been vainly endeavouring to raise reluctant plantations, and yet profess that only some of the trees have been a little kept back by the late dry season, he is not polite; he is more, he is kind. When Sophia is really pleased with the siff of a kennel, because her husband likes that she should go and look at a favourite litter, she must not pretend to politeness; she is only a good wife. If this definition, and these instances are allowed me, it will be difficult to maintain that the nations who have had the most extensive

reforms

author that mentions a single ball or masquerade given to any stranger of distinction. Nay, it was a common practice with them to tie kings, queens, and women of the first fashion of other countries, in couples, like hounds, and drag them along their *via Piccadillia* in triumph, for the entertainment of their shop-keepers and apprentices: a practice that we should look upon with horror! What would the Examiner have said, if the Duke of Marlborough had hauled Marshal Tallard to St. Paul's, or the Royal Exchange, behind his chariot? How deservedly would the French have called us Savages, if we had made Marshal Bellisle pace along the kennel in Fleet Street, or up Holborn, while some of our ministers or generals called it an ovation?

The French, who attempt to succeed the Romans in empire, and who affect to have succeeded them in politeness, have adopted the same way of thinking, though so contrary to true good-breeding. They have no idea that an Englishman or a German ever sees a suit of cloaths till he arrives at Paris. They wonder, if you talk of a coach at Vienna, or of a *soupe* at London; and are so confident of having monopolized all the arts of civilized life, that, with the greatest complaisance in the world, they affirm to you, that they suppose your duke

a softness of mind may *injure*, that our neighbour is the extreme of being introduced; which (consequent it is become a nuisance to society it had not taken pains to make it gaming, pimping, or a veiling arts, an established highwayman was a Monster, if it attention not to none of the more sacred, the favourite handle has a particular your eyes to France has less of their banditti. *cœur* in his manner wayman. He without making you obliges their numerous guet, gibbets, and two which might all would only reckon

gamot tooth-pick-case, than a highway-man, when he begs to know if you have no rings or bank-bills.

An acquaintance of mine was robbed a few years ago, and very near shot through the head by the going off of a pistol of the accomplished Mr. M'Lean; yet the whole affair was conducted with the greatest good-breeding on both sides. The robber, who had only taken a purse *this way*, because he had that morning been disappointed of marrying a great fortune, no sooner returned to his lodgings, than he sent the gentleman two letters of excuses, which, with less wit than the epistles of Voiture, had ten times more natural and easy politeness in the turn of their expression. In the postscript, he appointed a meeting at Tyburn at twelve at night, where the gentleman might *purchase again* any trifles he had lost; and my friend has been blamed for not accepting the rendezvous, as it seemed liable to be construed, by ill-natured people, into a doubt of the *honour* of a man, who had given him all the satisfaction in his power for having *unluckily* been near shooting him through the head.

The Lacedæmonians were the only people, except the English, who seem to have put robbery on a right foot; and I have often wondered how a nation that had delicacy enough to understand robbing on the highway, should at the same time have been so barbarous as to esteem

poverty, black broth, and virtue! We had no highwaymen that were men of fashion till we had exploded plumb-porridge.

But of all the gentlemen of the road who have *conformed* to the manners of the Great World, none seem to me to have carried True Politeness so far as a late adventurer, whom I beg leave to introduce to my readers under the title of the Visiting Highwayman. This refined person made it a rule to rob none but *people he visited*; and, whenever he designed an impromptu of that kind, dressed himself in a rich suit, went to the lady's house, asked for her, and, not finding her at home, *left his name* with her porter, after enquiring which way she was gone. He then followed, or met her on her return home, *proposed* his demands, which were generally for some favourite ring or snuff-box that he had seen her wear, and which he had a mind to wear for her sake; and then letting her know that he had been to *wait on her*, took his leave with a cool bow, and without scampering away, as *other* men of fashion do from a visit, with really the appearance of having stolen something.

As I do not doubt but such of my fair readers as propose *being at home* this winter, will be impatient to send this charming smuggler (Charles Fleming by name) a card for their assemblies, I am sorry to tell them that he was hanged last week.

Nº CIV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1754.

SERIA CUM POSSIM, QUOD DELECTANTIA MALIM
SCRIBERE, TU CAUSA ES, LECTOR. —

MART.

THIS being the day after the festival of Christmas, as also the last Thursday of the old year, I feel myself in a manner called upon for a paper suitable to the solemnity of the occasion. But, upon reflection, I find it necessary to reject any such consideration, for the same reason that I have hitherto declined giving too serious a turn to the generality of these essays. Papers of pleasantry, enforcing some lesser duty, or reprehending some fashionable folly, will be of more real use than the finest writing and most virtuous moral, which few or none will be at the pains to read

through. I do not mean to reproach the age with having no delight in any thing serious; but I cannot help observing, that the demand for moral essays (and the present times have produced many excellent ones) has of late fallen very short of their acknowledged merits.

The world has always considered amusement to be the principal end of a public paper; and though it is the duty of a writer to take care that some useful moral be inculcated, yet, unless he be happy in the peculiar talent of couching it under the appearance of mere entertainment, his compositions will be useless;

when every general topic is exhausted, that there can be any other way of engaging the attention, than by representing the manners as fast as they change, and enforcing the novelty of them with all the powers of drawing, and heightening it with all the colouring of humour. The only danger is, lest the habit of levity should tend to the admission of any thing contrary to the design of such a work. To this I can only say, that the greatest care has been taken in the course of these papers to weigh and consider the tendency of every sentiment and expression; and if any thing improper has obtained a place in them, I can truly assert that it has been only owing to that inadvertency which attends a various publication; and which is so inevitable, that (however extraordinary it may seem to those who are now to be told it) it is notorious that there are papers printed in the Guardian which were written in artful ridicule of the very undertakers of that work, and their most particular friends.

In writings of humour, figures are sometimes used of so delicate a nature, that it still often happens that some people will see things in a direct contrary sense to what the author and the

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times, when almost every day is spent like an anniversary rejoicing, when every dinner is a feast, the very tasting of our wines hard drinking, and our common play gaming. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that there is nothing remaining in this town to characterize the time, but the orange and rosemary, and the bellman's verses.

The Romans allotted this month to the celebration of the feast called the Saturnalia. During these holidays every servant had the liberty of saying what he pleased to his master with impunity.

— *Age libertate Decembri,
Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere.* —

I wish with all my heart that the same indulgence was allowed to servants in these times, provided that it would be a restraint upon their licentiousness through the rest of the year.

The most fatal revolution, and what principally concerns this season, is the too general desertion of the country, the great scene of hospitality. Of all the follies of this age, it is the least to be accounted for, how small a part of such as throng to London in the winter, are those who either go upon the plea of business, or to amuse themselves with what were formerly called the pleasures of the place. There are the theatres, music, and I may add many other entertainments, which are only to be had in perfection in the metropolis: but it is really a fact, that three parts in four of those who crowd the houses which are already built, and who are now taking leases of foundations which are to be houses as fast as hands can make them,

come to town with the sole view of passing their time over a card-table.

To what this is owing I am at a loss to conceive; but I have at least the satisfaction of saying, that I have not contributed to the growth of this folly; nor do I find, upon a review of all my papers, that I have painted this town in such glowing and irresistible colours, as to have caused this forcible attraction. I have not so much as given an ironical commendation of crowds, which seem to be the great allurements; nor have I any where attempted to put the pleasures of the town in competition with those of the country. On the contrary, it has been, and will be, my care, during the continuance of this work, to delineate the manners and fashions of a town-life so truly and impartially, as rather to satisfy than excite the curiosity of a country reader, who may be desirous to know what is doing in the world. If at any time I should allow the metropolis its due praises, as being the great mart for arts, sciences, and erudition, I ought not to be accused of influencing those persons who pay their visits to it upon very different considerations: nor can any thing I shall say, of the tendency above-mentioned, be pleaded in excuse for coming up to town merely to play at cards.

P. S. It would be dealing ungratefully by my correspondents, if at the close of this second year I forgot to acknowledge the many obligations I owe them. It may also be necessary to add, that several letters are come to hand, which are not rejected, but postponed.



TO

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, Esq.

SIR,

AS you have been so partial to these papers, as to think them in some degree serviceable to morality, or at least to those inferior duties of life which the French call *les petites morales*; and as you have shewn the sincerity of this opinion by the support you have given to them, I beg leave to prefix your name to this third volume, and to subscribe myself,

SIR,

Your obliged

And most faithful

Humble Servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.



THE WORLD.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

Nº CV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1755.

I am desirous of beginning the new year well, I shall devote this to the service of my fair country, for whom I have so tender a love, that I examine into their conduct with a kind of parental vigilance and care. I sincerely wish to approve, but at the same time am determined to admonish and reprimand, whenever, for any reason, I may think it necessary. I shall, as far as in me lies, suffer the errors of their minds to disgrace those beautiful countenances in which they are lodged; I shall, on the other hand, silently and discreetly allow the affectation and abuse of persons to reflect contempt and dishonour upon their understandings.

Artless beauty, has long been a peculiar distinction of my fair subjects. Our poets have long sung of virgin lilies and roses, and our painters have long endeavoured, though unsuccessfully, to imitate them: beautiful Nature has checked all their art. But I am surprised, by persons of unquesting truth and sagacity, and indeed I have served but too many instances of it, that a great number of those noble originals, by a strange inattention of things, give the lie to their own fervid copy their painters; and, by disguising themselves in copies of bad copies of themselves.

It is even whispered about town, that an excellent artist, Mr. Liotard, lately refused a fine woman to sit for a picture, alledging, that he never painted any body's works but his *God Almighty's*.

I have taken great pains to inform myself of the growth and extent of this heinous crime of *self-painting*, (I had almost given it a harder name) and I am sorry to say, that I have found it to be extremely epidemical. The present state of it, in it's several degrees, appears to be this.

The inferior class of women, who always are their betters, make use of a sort of rough-cast, little superior to the common lath and plaster, which comes very cheap, and can be afforded out of the casual profits of the evening.

The class immediately above these, paint occasionally, either in size or oil; which, at sixpence per foot square, comes within a moderate weekly allowance.

The generality of women of fashion make use of a superfine stucco, or plaster of Paris highly glazed, which does not require a daily renewal, and will, with some slight occasional repairs, last as long as their curls, and stand a pretty strong collision.

As for the transcendent and divine pearl-powder, with an exquisite varnish, superinduced to fix it, it is by no means common, but is reserved for ladies not only of the first rank, but of the most considerable fortunes; it being so very costly, that few pin-moneys can keep a face in it, as a face of condition ought to be kept. Perhaps the same number of pearls *rubole*, might be more acceptable to some lovers, than in powder upon the lady's face.

I would now fain undeceive my fair countrywomen of an error which, grossly

more nauseous
taste imaginable. Thus offensive to
three of the senses, it is not, probably,
very inviting to a fourth.

Talking upon this subject lately with
a friend, he said, that in his opinion a
woman who painted white, gave the
public a pledge of her chastity, by for-
tifying it with a wall, which she must be
sure that no man would desire either to
batter or scale. But I confess I did not
agree with him as to the motive, though
I did as to the consequences; which are,
I believe, in general, that they lose both
operam et olum. I have observed, that
many of the sagacious landlords of this
great metropolis, who let lodgings, do
at the beginning of the winter new vamp,
paint, and stucco, the fronts of their
houses, in order to catch the eyes of pas-
sengers, and engage lodgers. Now, to
say the truth, I cannot help suspecting
that this is rather the real motive of my
fair countrywomen, when they thus in-
crust themselves. But, alas! those out-
ward repairs will never tempt people to
enquire within. The cases are greatly
different; in the former, they both adorn
and preserve; in the latter, they disgust
and destroy.

In order, therefore, to put an effectual
stop to this enormity, and save, as far as
I am able, the native carnations, the
eyes, the teeth, the breath, and the re-
putations of our fairer sex,

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with some warmth—' Mr. Fitz-Adam, ' Mr. Fitz-Adam, you, like too many ' others, have not sufficiently considered ' all the beauty, good sense, and solid ' reasoning of the law. The law, Sir, ' let me tell you, abhors all refinements, ' subtleties and quibblings upon words. ' What is black or white to the law? ' Do you imagine that the law views ' colours by the rule of optics? No, ' God forbid it should. The law makes ' black white, or white black, accord- ' ing to the rules of justice. The law ' considers the meaning, the intention, ' the *quo animo* of all actions, not their ' external modes. Here a woman dis- ' guises her face with white, as the ' Waltham people did with black, and ' with the same fraudulent and felonious ' intention. Though the colour be ' different, the guilt is the same in the ' intendment of the law. It is felony ' without benefit of clergy, and the ' punishment is death.' As I perceived ' that my friend had now done. I asked ' his pardon for the improper interruption ' I had given him, owned myself con- ' vinced, and offered him a fee, which he ' took by habit, but soon returned, by re- ' flection upon our long acquaintance and ' friendship.

This I hope will be sufficient to make ' such of my fair countrywomen as are

conscious of their guilt, seriously con- ' sider their danger; though perhaps, from ' my natural lenity, I shall not proceed ' against them with the utmost rigour of ' the law, nor follow the example of the ' ingenious author of our last musical ' drama, who strings up a whole row of ' Penelope's maids of honour. I shall ' therefore content myself with publishing ' the names of the delinquents as above- ' mentioned; but others may possibly not ' have the same indulgence; and the law ' is open for all.

I shall conclude this paper with a ' word or two of serious advice to all my ' readers of all sorts and sexes. Let us ' follow nature, our honest and faithful ' guide, and be upon our guard against ' the flattering delusions of art. Nature ' may be helped and improved, but will ' not be forced or changed. All attempts ' in direct opposition to her, are attended ' with ridicule; many with guilt. The ' woman to whom nature has denied ' beauty, in vain endeavours to make it ' by art; as the man to whom nature has ' denied wit, becomes ridiculous by the ' affectation of it: they both defeat their ' own purposes; and are in the case of the ' valetudinarian, who creates or increases ' his distempers by his remedies, and dies ' of his immoderate desire to live.

N^O CVI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1755.

SATISBIOQUENTIA

SALLUST.

HAVING received a letter of a very ' extraordinary nature, I think my- ' self obliged to give it to the public, ' though I am afraid many of my readers ' may object to the terms of art, of which ' I cannot divest it: but I shall make no ' apology for what may any way tend to ' the advancement of a science, which is ' now become so fashionable, popular, and ' flourishing.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

AS all sorts of persons are at this pre- ' sent juncture desirous of becoming ' speakers; and as many of them, through ' the neglect of parents or otherwise, have ' been totally ungrounded in the first prin- ' ciples or rudiments of rhetoric, I have ' with great pains and judgment selected ' such particulars as may most immu- ' nately, and without such rudiments, con- ' duce to the perfection of that science, ' and which, if duly attended to, will teach ' grown gentlemen to speak in public in ' a complete a manner, that neither they ' nor their audience shall discover the ' want of an earlier application.

I do not address myself to you like ' those who correspond with the daily ' papers, in order to puff off my expecta- ' tious method, by referring you to the ' many persons of quality whom I have ' taught in four-and-twenty hours; I ' chuse openly and fairly to submit my ' plan to your inspection, which will shew ' you that I teach rather how to handle ' antagonists than arguments.

I distinguish what kind of man to cut ' with a syllogism, and whom to over- 'whelm with the sorites; whom to entangle ' with

num it is in Aristophanes; and you need not discover that it is in the mouth of a bird, a frog, or a Scythian who talks broken Greek.

To explain my *argumentum ad ignorantiam*, (which appears to be of the least use, because it is only to be employed against a *modest man*) let us suppose a person speaking with diffidence of some transaction on the continent: you may ask him with a sneer—'Pray, Sir, *were you ever abroad?*' If he has related a fact from one of our American islands, you may assert he can know nothing of the affairs of that island, *for you were born there*; and, to prove his ignorance, ask him *what latitude it is in*.

In loquacious crowds, you will have much more frequent occasions for using my *argumentum ad hominem*; and the minute particulars into which men are led by egotism, will give you great advantages in pressing them with consequences drawn from their supposed principles. You may also take away the force of a man's argument, by concluding from some equivocal expression, that he is a Jacobite, a republican, a courtier, a methodist, a freethinker, or a Jew. You may sting at his country, or profession: he talks like an apothecary, you believe him to be a tooth-drawer, or know that he is a taylor.

This argument is not

of it; but, in correspondence, shall look observation rous societies for quence. And I myself with the onaries have been of which those learn arts and found a method those who cannot

These foundat the very spirit of countenanced all blished in their ste called Rhetra, fr which he ordered t of discourse, and o blies for that end might be taught conversation of the

In Turkey, whe inhabitants can nei the charitable care people has provide penfating the want even the use of the relay of narrators re elevated on a stool i to supply the office pamphlets to the and critics.

Speech being the man above the

id to find that our blacksmiths
r artificers have a nobler way of
, and the spirit to do for them-
at the father of Demosthenes
him. And I see this with the
pleasure, as I hope I may con-
seminaries which are daily in-
as rising up in support of truth,
id religion, against the libels of
. It is not to be doubted but
are safe on the side of oral argu-
n, as no man can have the face
before witnesses such shameful
as have too frequently appear-
onymous pamphlets. If it
ver be objected that the fre-
of such assemblies may possibly,
produce sophistry, quibbling,
ity, and scepticism, because this
case at Athens, so famous for
rious schools of philosophy,
Milton says—

the Soul they talk, but all awry;
selves seek virtue, and to them-
lves
arrogate, to God give none;
cuse him under usual names,
and Fate:—

; that these false doctrines of
d the soul were thus bandied
a parcel of heathens, blind and
at best, but for the greatest part
seless, idle, and profligate mem-
ie state; and that it is not there-
e apprehended, in this enlight-
, that men of sober lives, and
e professions, will run after
to waste their time, and unhinge
h and opinions. However, as
erfeness of human nature is
und unaccountable, if I should
modern schools in any way to
e to the growth of infidelity or
m, I hereby give notice that I

shall publicly retract my good opinion of
them, notwithstanding all my prepos-
sessions in favour of eloquence.

Though the following letter is writ-
ten with all the spleen and acrimony
of a rival orator, I think myself oblig-
ed, from the impartiality I observe to
all my correspondents, to give it a place
in this paper.

SIR,

AS all intruders and interlopers are
ever disagreeable to established pro-
fessions, I am so incensed against some
late pretenders to oratory, that though I
daily fulminate my displeasure *ex cathedra*, I now apply to you for a more ex-
tensive proclamation of my resentment.

I have been for many years an Ora-
tor of the Stage Itinerant; and from my
earliest youth was bred under the auspi-
ces of Apollo, to those two beloved arts
of that deity, Physic and Eloquence:
not like these pretenders, who betray not
only a deficiency of erudition, but also a
most manifest want of generosity; a virtue,
which our professors have ever boasted.
Universal benevolence is our fundamen-
tal principle. We raise no poll-tax on
our hearers: our words are gratuitous,
like the air and light in which they are
delivered. I have therefore no jealousy
of these mercenary spirits: my audi-
ences have only been led aside by no-
velty; they will soon grow weary of such
extortioners, and return to the old stage.
But the misfortune is, that these inno-
vations have turned the head of a most
necessary servant of mine, commonly
known by the name of Merry Andrew:
and I must confess it gives me a real
uneasiness, when one of his wit and
parts talks of setting up against me.

Yours,

CIRCUMFORANEUS.

CVII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1755.

—QUICQUID GRÆCIA MENDAX
AUDET IN HISTORIA— JUV.

e French have lately introduced
entire new method of writing
and as it is to be presumed we
as ready to ape them in this
other fashions, I shall lay be-
public a loose sketch of such

rules as I have been able hastily to throw
together for present use, till some great
and distinguished critic may have leisure
to collect his ideas, and publish a more
complete and regular system of the mo-
dern art of writing history.

2 H 2

For

...ness, will stand you in great stead.

Be sure you seize every opportunity of introducing the most extravagant commendations of Tacitus; but be careful how you enter too minutely into any particulars you may have heard of that writer, for fear of discovering that you have *only* heard of them. The safest way will be to keep to the old custom of abusing all other historians, and vilifying them in comparison of him. But in the execution of this, let me entreat you to do a little violence to your modesty, by avoiding every insinuation that may set him an inch above yourself.

Before you enter upon the work, it will be necessary to divest yourself entirely of all regard for truth. To conquer this prejudice may perhaps cost you some pains; but, till you have effectually overcome it, you will find innumerable difficulties continually obstructing themselves to thwart your design of writing an entertaining history in the modern taste.

The next thing is to find out some shrewd reason for rejecting all such authentic papers as are come to light since the period you are writing of was last considered; for if you cannot cleverly keep clear of them, you will be obliged to make use of them; and then your performance may be called dull or

with a ready necessity to lay down the compiling expedient that the artifices which may be, made useful, hidden, or concealed.

In treating of often written upon thing as absolute only method to be is to give every c You may take the cedon against Destininate republican: many instances to whole seas of bloc the sake of those to Liberty and Relig hit of an English writing the vindic of Richard the Thi vise you to attempt same nature. For undertake to shew of our high opinion and our false notion her government. characters, you have to observe; and the bad, and depreciate writing the character keep your own

his wife, trained up his son in drunkenness, committed incest with his daughter, and lived in adultery with Cereilia.

I come next to ornaments; under which head I consider sentences, prodigies, digressions, and descriptions. On the two first I shall not detain you, as it will be sufficient to recommend a free use of them, and to be new, if you can. Of digressions you may make the greatest use, by calling them to your aid whenever you are at a fault. If you want to swell your history to a folio, and have only matter for an octavo, (suppose, for example, it were the story of Alexander) you may enter into an enquiry of what that adventurer would have done if he had not been poisoned; whether his conquests, or Kouly Khan's, were the most extraordinary; what would have been the consequence of his marching westward; and whether he would have beat the Duke of Marlborough. You may also introduce in this place a dissertation upon fire-arms, or the art of fortification. In descriptions you must not be sparing, but out-go every thing that has been attempted before you. Let your battles be the most bloody, your sieges the most obstinate, your castles the most impregnable, your commanders the most consummate, and their soldiers the most intrepid. In describing a sea-fight, let the enemy's fleet be the most numerous, and their ships the largest, that ever were known. Do not scruple to burn a thousand ships, and turn their crews half scorched into the sea; there let them survive a while by swimming, that you may have an opportunity of jaunting them between their own and the enemy's vessels: and when you have gone through the dreadful distresses of the nation, conclude by blowing up the admiral's own ship, and scattering officers of great birth and bravery in the air. In the sacking of a town, murder all the old men and young children in the cruellest manner, and in the most sacred retreats. Do some ingenious insults on the modesty of matrons: ravish a great number of virgins; and see that they are all in the height of beauty and purity of innocence. When you have fired all the houses, and cut the throats of ten times the number of inhabitants they contained, exercise all manner of barbarity on the dead bodies: and, that you may extend the scene of misery, let some

escape, but all naked. Tear their uncovered limbs; cut their feet for want of shoes; harden the hearts of the peasants against them, and arm the elements with unusual rigour for their persecution: drench them with rain, benumb them with frost, and terrify them with thunder and lightening.

If in writing voyages and travels you have occasion to send messengers through an uninhabited country, do not be over-tender or scrupulous how you treat them. You may stop them at rivers, and drown all their servants and horses: infect them with fleas, lice, and musquitos; and when they have been eaten sufficiently with these vermin, you may starve them to a desire of eating one another; and if you think it will be an ornament to your history, even cast the lots, and let them to dinner. But if you do this, you must take care that the Savage chief to whom they are sent does not treat them with man's flesh, because it will be no novelty: I would rather advise you to alter the bill of fare to an elephant, a rhinoceros, or an alligator. The king and his court will of course be drinking out of human skulls; but what sort of liquor you can fill them with, to surprize an European, I must own I cannot conceive. In treating of the Indian manners and customs, you may make a long chapter of their conjuring, their idolatrous ceremonies and superstitions; which will give you a fair opportunity of saying something smart on the religion of your own country. On their marriages you cannot dwell too long; it is a pleasing subject, and always, in those countries, leads to polygamy, which will afford occasions for reflections moral and entertaining. When your messengers have their audience of the king, you may as well drop the business they went upon, and take notice only of his civilities and politeness in offering to them the choice of all the beauties of his court; by which you will make them amends for all the difficulties you have led them into.

I cannot promise you much success in the speeches of your savages, unless it were possible to hit upon some bolder figures and metaphors than those which have been so frequently used. In the speeches of a civilized people, insert whatever may serve to display your own learning, judgment, or wit; and let no man's low extraction be a restraint on the

I Have generally observed, when a man is talking of his country-house, that the first question usually asked him is—‘Are you in a good neighbour-hood?’ From the frequency of this enquiry, one would be apt to imagine that the principal happiness of a country life was generally understood to result from the neighbourhood: yet, whoever attends to the answer commonly made to this question, will be of a contrary opinion. Ask it of a lady, and you will be sure to hear her exclaim—‘Thank God! we have no neighbours!’ which may serve to convince you that you have paid your court very ill, in supposing that a woman of fashion can endure the insipid conversation of a country neighbourhood. The man of fortune considers every inferior neighbour as an intruder on his sport; and quarrels with him for killing that game with which his very servants are cloyed. If his neighbour be an equal, he is of consequence more averse to him, as being in perpetual contest with him as a rival. His sense of a superior may be learnt from those repeated advertisements, which every body must have observed in the public papers, recommending a house upon sale, for being *near*

tends greatly always account for these such societies; general prejudice The truth of t Unknown are persons that w

A man of a seeming into a landlord what house: the land is a fellow of of a man of chant, and th to which he nev dare say, Sir, be very glad knowing that m than when alone else?’ says the have nobody me my supper I’ll go to bed. is practised by c in his turn; an than that none to be either of h tance.

But if we loo

, and ruin, instead of exciting emulation, are only considered as the sources of amusement to a neighbour. Does any disgrace befall a

The tongues and pens of all acquaintance are instantly employed to disseminate it through the kingdom. Near alacrity in divulging the misfortune of a neighbour at all more ready than their humanity in acting for them. They are sure to convert every trivial evil to his folly, and convert one to his vices. But these slight instances of malevolence; the neighbour's spleen is never otherwise excited but by prosperity. A sudden success, a large fortune; an over-estimate upon your estate; in the latter; but, most of all, a late marriage, shall employ the indignation of a neighbourhood together.

She is ingenious, and will sometimes out the prettiest conceits imaginable to serve her purposes: yet it is idle that she delights chiefly in illusion. If you excel in any of the great arts, she pronounces at once you have no taste; if in wit, you are silly; if you live in apparent harmony with your wife and family, she is sure you are unhappy; if in affluence or poverty, she knows that you are a beggar. It must indeed be confessed, that she does meet with great provocations; there are people in the world who extraordinary pains to appear much happier, richer, virtuous, and contented, than they really are: but, on the other hand, were they to take equal pains to avoid such appearances, they could not be able absolutely to escape censure.

He is entertained last summer by a gentleman in the country, who seemed to be formed very just ideas of a neighbourhood. This gentleman had a considerable estate left him, which he had reason to expect; and having no other passion to gratify, it was incumbent upon him how he disposed of this addition to his income. He had a desire of popularity, but had a very little like to an ill name; which made him together as anxious to screen himself from detraction, as others are to receive applause. Some weeks passed in that common dilemma into which an increase of fortune throws a thinking man, who knows that

by hoarding up he must become the aversion, and by squandering, the contempt of all his neighbours. But disliking the appearance of parsimony more than extravagance, he proposed laying out a considerable sum all at once upon rebuilding his house: but that design was soon over-ruled by the consideration that it would be said he had destroyed a very convenient mansion, for the sake of erecting a showy outside. He next determined to new-model his gardens, from an opinion that he should oblige all sorts of people, by affording bread to the industrious, and pleasant walks to the idle: but recollecting, that in the natural beauties of his grounds he had great advantages over the old gardens of his neighbours, and from thence knowing that he must become the object of their spleen and abuse, he laid aside also that invidious design. In the same manner he was obliged to reject every proposal of expence that might in any way be considered as a monument of superiority; therefore, to avoid the other censure of penuriousness, he resolved at last to procure the best cook that could be had for money. From that time he has taken no thought but to equip himself and his attendants in the plainest manner, keeping religiously to the sole expence of a constant good table, and avoiding in that, as well as in every thing else, whatever has the least appearance of ostentation. Thus has he made himself inoffensively remarkable, and, what was the great point of his life, escaped detraction, excepting only that a certain dignified widow, who had been originally housekeeper to her late husband, takes occasion frequently to declare she does not care to dine with him, because the dishes are so ill served up, and so tasteless, that she can never make a dinner.

I know not how to close this subject more properly than by sketching out the characters of what are called Good and Bad Neighbours.

A Good Neighbour is one who, having no attention to the affairs of his own family, nor any allotment for his time, is ready to dispose of it to any of his acquaintance, who desire him to hunt, shoot, dance, drink, or play at cards, with them: who thinks the civilities he receives in one house no restriction upon his tongue in another, where he makes himself welcome by exposing the foibles

or misfortunes of those he last visited, and lives in a constant round of betraying and lessening one family or another.

A Bad Neighbour is he who retires into the country from having been fatigued with business, or tired with crowds; who, from a punctilio in good-breeding, does not shew himself forward in accepting of the visits of all about him, conscious of his love of quiet, and fearing lest he should be thought tardy in his returns of civility. His desire of being alone with his family procures him the character of reserved and morose; and his candid endeavours to explain away the malicious turn of a tale, that of contradictory and disagreeable. Thus vindicating every one behind his back, and consequently offending every one to his face, he subjects himself to the personal dislike of all, without making one friend to defend him.

If after this it be asked, What are the duties of neighbourhood? I answer, in

the words of Mr. Addison, in comparable essay of his on the merit of time—'To advise the want, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall away almost every day of our life.' A man has frequent opportunity of mitigating the fierceness of the angry, of doing justice to the chafed, of softening the proud, of quieting the angry, and of removing the prejudiced; which are all them employments suited to a sensible nature, and bring great honour to the person who can but perform them with discretion.'

I have always considered the third Spectator, from whence I am now going passage is taken, as the most valuable lesson of that eminent man, because a due observance of the prudent plan of life, which he has there laid out, can never fail to make us Happy and Good Neighbours.

Nº CIX. THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 175

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,
A London gentleman and his lady, who are distant relations, as well as old acquaintance, did my wife and me the favour to spend some days with us last summer in the country. We took the usual methods to make their time pass agreeably; carried them to all the Gothic and Chinese houses in the neighbourhood; and embraced all opportunities of procuring venison, fish, and game, for them: which last, by the way, it has been no easy matter to come in for since the association.

At their leaving us, they were so obliging as to say their visit had gone off very pleasantly, and hoped we would return it by coming to see them in town. Accordingly, the mornings growing foggy, the evenings long, and this invitation running in our heads, we resolved to accept it: and arriving in town about the middle of November last, we fixed ourselves in lodgings near our friends, intending to breakfast, dine, and sup, with them, for the most part, during our stay in town. But, will you believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam? we never were more surprised in all our lives, than at receiving a card the morning after our

arrival, (which I think was the November) from the lady of the house we came to visit, inviting us to cards with her on the 28th of March. We thought at first must be a mistake for the 28th of November; but upon consulting our lady, she informed us that such invitations were very usual; and that we were well acquainted with the lady had probably appointed day she was disengaged.

As my wife and I seldom play cards, except at Christmas, we it scarce worth our while to wait for the game till almost Whittuntide, and so very prudently set out the next morning for the country; from whence I we shall be in no great haste to pay a second visit to our friends in town. I am, Sir, your very humble servant
HUMPHREY GU

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I Live so much in the world, that I am entirely for the world, that I have no name of your Paper secured me of your constant readers. But your periodical World continues to contradict the *beau monde* as much as it does in two or three essays relating

en, I shall think your sentiment for the man of the Moon : man of the World.

While ago you were pleased to smile out of humour at the fashions of our necks; and now in paper N^o 105, you are equally of it our covering our faces. What a fickle man you are! I apprehend, that a certain quantity of nakedness has always been allowed us; and I find no law that confines it to any particular part of our persons. If there had been a fluco over our faces, you would have a reason to allow us to exhibit a bareness of our necks and shoulders. Your gracious majesty, Queen Elizabeth, conscious of a bad complexion, finding that a brown neck, though ugly, might excite less admiration than an undignified alabaster of the face of her subjects, chose that they should conceal what herself could not hide under innumerable folds of lawn and ruff: a piece of envious cruelty, (notwithstanding your sex have been used to celebrate her as the guardian of English liberty) must make her to our little better than a tyrant, or having imprisoned so much beauty in a dungeon where not the least spark of light could break any part of it. The face is still left visible by that envious which is at present almost the chief of our attractions that we have proper to cover. You ought to be able to consider, when you find that our open necks, that our faces are covered over; and instead of coming against our covered faces, you rest satisfied with the ample we make you by our other dress. I am, Sir, your true friend, faithful counsellor,

FARDILLA.

He with great seriousness and attention read over the World of the last month, which shews me my opinion in so very different a light that in which my looking-glass has led it, that I should infinitely regret the roses and lilies I have pursued and content myself with the skin which nature has thought fit to give, if it were not for a very inconsideration. The truth is, that he married in a few days to a

gentleman, whose fortune is above any hopes I could have conceived, while in my natural fallowness; and who I find has been principally attracted by the splendour of my complexion. But you may depend on my resigning it all after the first month of my marriage. You cannot, surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, be so cruel as to deny a bride the happiness of the honey-moon: by that time, perhaps, my husband may be pretty indifferent whether I am brown or fair; if not, a change of complexion is no cause for a divorce, either by the ancient canons, or the late marriage-act; so you know, Sir, his approbation is of no great consequence to your constant reader,

MATILDA.

SIR,

TO persuade your sex that black is white has been the darling wish and constant endeavour of ours; but we have never succeeded literally in this art, till we knew how to paint ourselves: I am therefore as much surprized that a man of your sense should expect to make us give up so desirable a power, as that you should wish to do it.

Have not your sex in all ages, both in prose and verse, lamented the short duration of the lilies and roses that bloom on a fair skin? I have seen it set forth in such affecting strains, as have drawn tears from me when a girl of eighteen, from having felt it with all the bitterness of prophetic sadness. Can there be a nobler invention than this, which substitutes so durable a bloom in the place of those transient colours, which fade almost as fast as the flower to which they are compared? This eternal spring of beauty is surely the peculiar blessing of the present age. A man might now reflect without terror on an antediluvian marriage, since his wife, after five or six hundred years of wedlock, might be as blooming as on her bridal day. Time is the greatest enemy to the pleasures of us mortals: how glorious then is the victory, when we can baffle him in a point in which he has hitherto exerted his most cruel tyranny!

I suppose your next attack will be upon the new mode that our necks have acquired by the same art; an improvement which cannot, in my humble opinion, be too much admired. I remember when women with the whitest necks had such an odious cleanness in their skins, that you might almost see the blood

...of goodness, as
now that we have laid aside so much of
the rustic appearance of mere mortal
women. I am, Sir, your humble ser-
vant,

BELINDA.

SIR,

I Like the intention of your paper upon
face-painting so well, that I shall
readily comply with it, and return to

resource of our
age denies us all

Go on and p
reduce us again
and you shall fi
though I cannot
shall comply.

You

N° CX. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY

— UNO AVULSO NON DEFICIT ALTER
AUREUS, ET SIMILI FRONDESCIT VIRGA META

THOUGH I have studied the ways
of men with the strictest applica-
tion for many years, I must ingenuously
confess my inability to dive into the
secrets of one particular society, the
members of which, by their superior ca-
pacities, have hitherto enveloped them-
selves in an impenetrable cloud of mys-
tery. Every body must have observed,
that in all public places in this kingdom
there are swarms of adventurers, who
neither derive any possessions from pro-
vident ancestors, nor are of any profes-
sion, yet who figure most splendidly
both in the great and small world, to
the amazement of all who know them.
The only resource

gislature, by the
act, had not taug
our intercourse wi
end. In the mid
following letter g
faction.

TO MR. J

SIR,

ABOUT ten y
was entertain
ful performance, er
' Reivivus, or T
' over Old Age and
the ingenious aut
with shewing the

ries concerning philosophers, who being skilful in the arcanum, lived for three or four centuries in the most unimpaired vigour both of mind and body. But as the most enviable state of human felicity is imperfect, though these sages were masters of that omnipotent metal which can make knaves honest, block-heads wits, and cowards heroes; which yields in the established commerce of the world all the necessities, emoluments, and luxuries of life, and almost deifies it's possessors, they were frequently necessitated to lead the lives of vagabonds, and to skulk from the observation of mankind in the darkest shades of obscurity.

Among many other surprizing stories, he gives an account of a stranger who some time ago resided at Venice. It was very remarkable, he says, that this man, though he lived in the utmost affluence and splendor, was unacquainted with any person belonging to the city before he came thither; that he followed no trade or merchandize; that he had no property in the common funds of the state; nor ever received any remittance from abroad; yet abounded in wealth, till an accident, which he relates, drove him from Italy, from whence he suddenly disappeared, and no mortal ever learnt from what place he came, or whither he went.

If this man was an Hermetic philosopher, in possession of the great secret, as the author insinuates, I am inclined to think, from a similarity of circumstances, that we have at this very time a great number of that sect in this metropolis, who, for the good of the nation, make gold at their pleasure. I have had the happiness of an acquaintance with several of these great men, who, without any visible means of livelihood, have shone forth with uncommon lustre for a time, and then, to the regret of crowds of taylor, woollen-draper, lacemen, mercers, milliners, &c. have suddenly disappeared, and nobody ever knew the place of their retirement. This speedy retreat I attribute to their fears lest the state should discover from what source their wealth arose, and force them by it's power to prostitute to sacred and inestimable a science to the destructive views of ambition.

It has been observed of several of these philosophers, that they have pretended to be of some lucrative profession or em-

ployment, in order, as is supposed, to shelter themselves from the prying eyes of certain individuals, who are apt, from I know not what old-fashioned notion, to regard very coolly those persons, who being in possession of no lands or chattels by inheritance, are unconnected with society, and do not lend a helping hand in supplying something to the real or imaginary wants of mankind. Many have affected to be thought the heirs of rich uncles or aunts in the country; from whom they were supplied with the comfortable sufficiencies for genteel life; while others have insinuated by their friends, that Somebody has left them Something Somewhere; and so feigned that they lived (as honest people phrase it) *by their means*. But before enquiry could be made into those means, (if I may have leave to borrow a Scripture expression) *they went hence, and were no more seen*.

I remember a few years ago, there was a particular coffee-house about Covent Garden, much frequented by these adepts, which a friend of mine, a man of wit and humour, used ludicrously to call the Annual Coffee-house, as the same face was seldom observed to Blow there a second time. But of late they have been cautious of raising any suspicion by assembling in too great numbers together, and are therefore dispersed through all the coffee-houses in this idle and genteel part of this city.

I would not be understood, from any thing I have said, to infer, that none of this respectable sect ever take up their fixed residence in town; for I have known several and their families who have constantly dwelt here, and who, to the astonishment of the whole circle of their acquaintance, have lived for twenty years together in great splendor and luxury, spent every year as much as their original principal fortune amounted to, and still flourish on in the same manner.

Every one in high life must, I dare say, have observed, that no people live so well as those whom the world pronounces to be Ruined. I have known many of those Ruined persons, both peers and commoners, riot in every luxury and extravagance, while the haggard owners of thousands of un-mortgaged acres have repined and sickened at their superior enjoyments. In short, such has been my association of ideas of late, that when I hear any man

pronounced Ruined, I immediately conclude, by that expression, that he has been admitted by the fraternity into the ineffable secret of the Hermetic philosophy.

But however desirous the possessors of this First Science may be of appearing to draw their subsistence from the common and vulgar supplies of land, trade, stocks, or professions, rather than have it suspected from whence their mysterious finances arise; yet such numbers now abound of all ranks and conditions, that the government, I am told, begins to entertain an idea, or, as the vulgar phrase it, to have an *inkling* of the matter. Indeed, I am greatly surprized that the affair was not found out sooner; for it is mathematically demonstrable that, if Great Britain and Ireland were large enough to hold all the boasted possessions of these nominal land-owners, the dominions of his present majesty would exceed the bluffer of a Spanish title, and be larger than the four quarters of the globe joined together. But here let me

stop, and not endeavour to reveal of that science, which is de-fate to remain a secret from the truly initiated; lest, by false babbling, the present sonnes should take umbrage, and the unpeakable advantages that to society from their presence of more faith and less curiosity wish, therefore, that the adm would suppress farther enquiry these affairs, and be contented, next plain tradesmen, who they cannot tell how, to re-inundation of wealth, which unaccountably into the kingdom out troubling their repose by great solicitude to know the springs from; for fear, like fair the blessings should be innate the land, for the unpardonable endeavouring to satisfy a prohorosity. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

N^O CXI. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1

IT is very well known, that religion and politics are perfectly understood by every body, as they require neither study nor experience. All people, therefore, decide peremptorily, though often variously, upon both.

All sects, severally sure of being in the right, intimate, at least, if not denounce, damnation to those who differ from them in points so clear, so plain, and so obvious. On the other hand, the infidel, not less an enthusiast than any of them, (though upon his own principles he cannot damn, because he knows to demonstration that there is no future state) would very gladly hang, as hypocrites or fools, the whole body of believers.

In politics, the sects are as various and as warm: and what seems very extraordinary, is, that those who have studied them the most, and experienced them the longest, always know them the least. Every administration is in the wrong, though they have the clue and secret of business in their hands; and not less than six millions of their fellow-subjects (for I only except very young children) are willing and able to discover, censure, reform, and correct, their

errors, and put them in way.

These considerations, among others, determined me originally to meddle with religion or politics. I could not instruct, and upon thought it not decent to trifle.

Entertainment alone must consist of an humble weekly sheet and a half. A certain degree is absolutely necessary for a certain of dignity either in man or book of ethics, to be respected as it requires at least a quarto; and essays cannot decently, and will appear in less than a thick octavo. Should I, in my ignoble state, take a sheet and a half, pretense grave face to censure folly, and angry tone to lash vice, the every well-bred family in to have orders to deny me; and forfeit my place at the break where now, to my great humiliument, I am pretty generous. But if, by the introduction of wit and humour, which I hope my enemies must allow me, I can out-offend to the polite readers, slide in any useful

not neglect the opportunity; for I will be witty whenever I can, and instructive whenever I dare; and when my scattered leaves shall, like the Sybils, come to be collected, I believe I may without vanity assert, that they will be, at least, as good oracles.

But in this design too I am aware of difficulties, little inferior to those which discouraged me from meddling with religion and politics: for every body has wit and humour, and many have more of both than they, or at least their friends, know what to do with. As they are gifts of nature not to be acquired by art, who is there that thinks himself to be disinherited by nature as not to have some share of them? Nay, those (if such there are) who are modest enough to think themselves cut off with a shining husband that twelve-pence with care, and frugally spend their penny upon occasion, as fly wags, and dry jokers.

In this universal profusion, this prodigious plenty of wit and humour, I cannot help distrusting a little the success, though by no means the merit, of my own: for I have interior conviction, that no man in England has so much. But tastes are various, and the market is glutted. However, I should hope that my candid readers will have the same regard for my opinion which they have for most of the opinions they entertain; that is, that they will take it upon trust, especially as they have it *from the gentleman's own mouth*.

The better to take my measures for the future, I have endeavoured to trace the progress and reception of my paper, through the several classes of its readers.

In families of condition, it is first received by the porter, who yawning, just casts his half open eyes upon it; for it comes out so early as between ten and eleven; but finding neither the politics nor the casualties of the week in it, throws it aside, and takes up in its stead a daily news-paper, in which all those matters are related with truth and perspicuity.

From thence it is sent up to Mrs. Betty, to lay upon the breakfast-table; she receives it in pretty much the same manner, finds it deficient in point of news, and lays it down in exchange for the *Daily Advertiser*, where she turns with impatience to the advertisements, to see what invitations are thrown out by single gentlemen of undoubted

characters, to agreeable young women of unblemished reputations, to become either their wives or their companions: and, by a prudent forecast, she particularly attends to the premiums so frequently offered for a fine wholesome breast of milk.

When it is introduced into my lady's dressing-room, it undergoes a severer examination: for if my lord and lady ever meet, it is then and there. The youngest, probably, of the young ladies, is appointed to read it aloud, to use her to read at sight. If my lord, who is a judge of wit, as well as of property in the last resort, gives a favourable nod, and says, '*It is well enough to-day;*' my lady, who does not care to contradict him in trifles, pronounces it to be *charming*. But if unfortunately my lord, with an air of distaste, calls it *poor stuff*, my lady discovers it to be *horribly stupid*. The young family are unanimously of opinion, that the name of Adam Fitz-Adam is a very comical one, and enquire into the meaning of the globe in the frontispiece; by which (if any body could tell them) they might get a pretty notion of geography.

In families of an inferior class, I meet with a fuller, though perhaps not a more favourable trial. My merits and demerits are freely discussed. Some think me too grave, others trifling. The mistresses of the house, though the details scandal, wishes, for example's sake only, that I would draw the characters, and expose the intrigues, of the fine folks. The master wonders that I do not give the ministers a rap; and concludes that I receive hush-money. But all agree in saying, facetiously and pleasantly enough, that the *World* does not inform them how the *World* goes. This is followed by many other *bon mots*, equally ingenious, alluding to the title of my paper, and worth at least the twopence a week that it costs.

In the city (for my paper has made it's way to that end of the town, upon the supposition of it's being a fashionable one in this) I am received and considered in a different light. All my general reflections upon the vices or the follies of the age, are, by the ladies, supposed to be levelled at particular persons, or at least discovered to be very applicable to such and such of the *Quality*. They are also thought to be very *pat* to several of their own neighbours and acquaintance; and shrewd hints of the kind

On the other, can possibly escape my animadversion, since it is impossible that they can have escaped my knowledge.

Such are the censures and difficulties to which a poor weekly author is exposed. However, I have the pleasure, and something more than the pleasure, of finding that two thousand of my papers are circulated weekly. This number exceeds the largest that was ever printed even of the Spectators, which in no other respect do I pretend to equal. Such extraordinary success would be sufficient to flatter the vanity of a good author, and to turn the head of a bad one. But I prudently check and stifle those growing sentiments in my own breast, by reflecting upon other circum-

stances. The head is once a month sufficient for only to eight more than a plain paper therefore, all consistent wit chafe it at so reflection might but, on the other is ingenious slightest favours me with prodigious number of papers that are perhaps the only one applied to the

Nº CXII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY

A Late noble author has most justly and elegantly defined Custom to be—
 ‘ The result of the passions and
 ‘ prejudices of many, and of the de-
 ‘ signs of a few; the ape of reason, who
 ‘ usurps her seat, exercises her power,
 ‘ and is obeyed by mankind in her
 ‘ stead.’

This definition—

should not a practice be attended

A prejudice is a rily (though generally an error: on the most unquestionable still a prejudice and examination

leisure nor knowledge sufficient to reason right: why then should they be taught to reason at all? Will not honest instinct prompt, and wholesome prejudices guide them, much better than half reasoning?

The power of the magistrate to punish bad, and the authority of those of superior rank to set good examples, properly exerted, would probably be of more diffusive advantage to society than the most learned theological, philosophical, moral, and casuistical dissertations. As for instance.

An honest cobbler in his stall, thinks and calls himself a good honest Protestant; and, if he lives at the city end of the town, probably goes to his parish-church on Sundays. Would it be honest, would it be wise, to say to this cobbler—' Friend, you only think yourself a member of the church of England; but in reality you are not one, since you are only so from habit and prejudice, not from examination and reflection. But study the ablest controversial writers of the popish and reformed churches; read Bellarmine, Chillingworth, and Stillingfleet, and then you may justly call yourself what in truth you are not now, a Protestant?'

Should our mender of shoes follow this advice, (which I hope he would not) a useful cobbler would most certainly be lost, in a useless polemic, and a scurvy logician.

It would be just the same thing in morals. Our cobbler received from his parents that best and shortest of all the moral precepts, *Do as you would be done by*: he adopted it without much examination, and scrupulously practised it in general, though with some few exceptions perhaps in his own trade. But should some philosopher, for the advancement of truth and knowledge, assure this cobbler—' That his honesty was mere prejudice and habit, because he had never sufficiently considered the relation and fitness of things, nor contemplated the beauty of virtue; but that if he would carefully study the *Characteristics*, the *Moral Philosopher*, and thirty or forty volumes more upon that subject, he might then, and not till then, justly call himself an honest man; what would become of the honesty of the cobbler after this useful

discovery, I do not know; but this I very well know, that he should no longer be My cobbler.

I shall borrow him in two instances more, and then leave him to his honest, useful, home-spun prejudices, which half-knowledge, and less reasoning, will, I hope, never tempt him to lay aside.

My cobbler is also a politician. He reads the first news-papers he can get, desirous to be informed of the state of affairs in Europe, and of the street-robberies in London. He has not, I presume, analysed the interests of the respective countries of Europe, nor deeply considered those of his own: still less is he systematically informed of the political duties of a citizen and a subject. But his heart and his habits supply those defects. He glows with zeal for the honour and prosperity of old England; he will fight for it, if there be occasion; and drink to it perhaps a little too often, and too much. However, is it not to be wished that there were in this country six millions of such honest and zealous, though uninformed citizens?

All these unreflected and unexamined opinions of our cobbler, though prejudices in him, are in themselves undoubted and demonstrable truths, and ought therefore to be cherished even in their coarsest dress. But I shall now give an instance of a common prejudice in this country, which is the result of error, and which yet I believe no man in his senses would desire should be exposed or removed.

Our honest cobbler is thoroughly convinced, as his forefathers were for many centuries, that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen; and, in that persuasion, he would by no means decline the trial. Now, though in my own private opinion, deduced from physical principles, I am apt to believe that one Englishman could beat no more than two Frenchmen of equal strength and size with himself, I should however be very unwilling to undeceive him of that useful and sanguine error, which certainly made his countrymen triumph in the fields of Poitiers and Crecy.

But there are prejudices of a very different nature from these; prejudices not only founded on original error, but that gave birth and sanction to the most absurd, extravagant, impious, and immoral customs.

Honour,

Honour, that sacred name, which ought to mean the spirit, the supererogation of virtue, is, by custom, profaned, reduced, and shrunk to mean only a readiness to fight a duel upon either a real or an imaginary affront, and not to cheat at play. No vices nor immoralities whatsoever blust this fashionable character; but rather, on the contrary, dignify and adorn it: and what should banish a man from all society, recommends him in general to the best. He may, with great honour, starve the tradesmen, who by their industry supply not only his wants, but

his luxury. He may debauch his friend's wife, daughter, or sister; he may, in short, undoubtedly gratify every appetite, passion, and interest, and scatter desolation round him, if he be but ready for single combat, and a scrupulous observer of all the moral obligations of a gameller.

These are the prejudices for wit to ridicule, for satire to lash, for the rigour of the law to punish, and (which would be the most effectual of all) for fashion to discountenance and proscribe. And these shall in their turns be the subjects of some future papers.

Nº CXIII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1755.

THE custom of Duelling is most evidently *the result of the passions of the many, and of the designs of a few*: but here the definition itotes; pace, far from being *the ape of reason*, it prevails in open defiance of it. It is the manifest offspring of barbarity and folly, a monstrous birth, and distinguished by the most shocking and ridiculous marks of both it's parents.

I would not willingly give offence to the politer part of my country, whom I acknowledge to be my best customers, and therefore I will not so much as hint at the impiety of this practice; nor will I labour to shew how repugnant it is to instinct, reason, and every moral and social obligation, even to the fashionable *fitness of things*. Viewed on the criminal side, it excites horror; on the absurd side, it is an inexhaustible fund of ridicule. The Guilt has been considered and exposed by abler pens than mine, and indeed ought to be censured with more dignity than a fugitive weekly paper can pretend to: I shall therefore content myself with ridiculing the Folly of it.

The ancients most certainly have had very imperfect notions of Honour, for they had none of Duelling. One reads, it is true, of murders committed every now and then among the Greeks and Romans, prompted only by interest or revenge, and performed without the least Attic politeness, or Roman urbanity. No letters of gentle invitation were sent to any man to come and have his throat cut the next morning; and

we may observe that Milo had not the common decency to give Clodius, the most profligate of men, the most dangerous of citizens, and his own inveterate enemy, an equal chance of destroying him.

This delicacy of sentiment, this refinement of manners, was reserved for the politer Goths, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Vandals, &c. to introduce, cultivate, and establish. I must confess, that they have generally been considered as barbarous nations; and to be sure there are some circumstances which seem to favour that opinion. They made open war upon Learning, and gave no quarter even to the monuments of arts and sciences. But then it must be owned, on the other hand, that upon those ruins they established the honourable and noble science of Homicide; dignified, exalted, and ascertained True Honour; worshipped it as their deity, and sacrificed to it hecatombs of human victims.

In those happy days, Honour, that is, single combat, was the great and unerring test of civil rights, moral actions, and sound doctrines. It was sanctified by the church; and the churchmen were occasionally allowed the honour and pleasure of it; for we read of many instances of Duels between Men and Priests. Nay, it was, without appeal, the infallible test of female chastity. If a princess, or any lady of distinction, was suspected of a little incontinency, some brave champion, who was commonly pivity to, or perhaps the author of it, stood forth in her defence, and

and asserted her innocence with the point of his sword or lance. If by his activity, skill, strength, and courage, he murdered the accuser, the lady was spotless; but if her champion fell, her guilt was manifest. This heroic gallantry in defence of the fair, I presume, occasioned that association of ideas (otherwise seemingly unrelative to each other) of the Brave and the Fair: for indeed, *in those days*, it behoved a lady, who had the least regard for her reputation, to chuse a lover of uncommon activity, strength, and courage. This notion, as I am well assured, still prevails in many reputable families about Covent Garden, where the Brave in the kitchen are always within call of the Fair in the first or second floor.

By this summary method of proceeding, the quibbles, the delays, and the expence of the law, were avoided, and the troublesome shackles of the Gospel knocked off; Honour ruling in their stead. To prove the utility and justice of this method, I cannot help mentioning a very extraordinary Duel between a man of distinction and a dog, in the year 1371, in presence of King Charles the Fifth of France. Both the relation and the print of this Duel are to be found in Father Montfaucon.

A gentleman of the court was supposed to have murdered another, who had been missing for some days. This suspicion arose from the mute testimony of the absent person's dog, a large Irish greyhound, who with uncommon rage attacked this supposed murderer wherever he met him. As he was a gentleman, and a man of very nice honour, (though, by the way, he really had murdered the man) he could not bear lying under so dishonourable a suspicion, and therefore applied to the king for leave to justify his innocence by single combat with the said dog. The king, being a great lover of justice, granted his suit, ordered lists to be made ready, appointed the time, and named the weapons. The gentleman was to have an offensive club in his hand, the dog a defensive tub to resort to occasionally. The Irish greyhound willingly met this fair inviter at the time and place appointed; for it has always been observable of that particular breed, that they have an uncommon alacrity at single combat. They fought; the dog prevailed, and almost killed the honour-

able gentleman, who had then the honour to confess his guilt, and of being hanged for it in a few days.

When letters, arts, and sciences, revived in Europe, the science of Homicide was farther cultivated and improved. If, on the one hand, it lost a little of the extent of it's jurisdiction; on the other, it acquired great precision, clearness, and beauty, by the care and pains of the very best Italian and Spanish authors, who reduced it into a regular body, and delighted the world with their admirable codes, digests, pandects, and reports, *della cavalleria*, in some hundreds of volumes. Almost all possible cases of Honour were considered and stated; two and thirty different sorts of lyes were distinguished; and the adequate satisfaction necessary for each was with great solidity and precision ascertained. A kick with a thin shoe was declared more injurious to honour (though not so painful to the part kicked) than a kick with a thick shoe; and, in short, a thousand other discoveries of the like nature, equally beneficial to society, were communicated to the world in those voluminous treasures of Honour.

In the present degenerate age, these fundamental laws of Honour are exploded and ridiculed; and single combat thought a very uncertain, and even unjust, decision of civil property, female chastity, and criminal accusations; but I would humbly ask, why? Is not single combat as just a decision of any other thing whatsoever, as it is of veracity, the case to which it is now in a manner confined? I am of opinion that there are more men in the world who lie and fight too, than there are who will lie and not fight; because I believe there are more men in the world who have, than who want, courage. But if fighting is the test of veracity, my readers of condition will, I hope, pardon me, when I say, that my future enquiries and researches after truth shall be altogether confined to the three regiments of guards.

There is one reason, indeed, which makes me suspect that a Duel may not always be the infallible criterion of veracity, and that is, that the combatants very rarely meet upon equal terms. I beg leave to state a case, which may very probably, and not even unfrequently happen, and which yet is not provided for, nor even mentioned in the Institutes of Honour.

A very lean, slender, active young fellow of great Honour, weighing perhaps not quite twelve stone, and who has from his youth taken lessons of Homicide from a murder-master, has, or thinks he has, a point of honour to discuss with an unwieldy, fat, middle-aged gentleman, of nice Honour likewise, weighing four-and-twenty stone, and who in his youth may not possibly have had the same commendable application to the noble science of Homicide. The lean gentleman sends a very civil letter to the fat one, inviting him to come and be killed by him the next morning in Hyde Park. Should the fat gentleman accept this invitation, and waddle to the place appointed, he goes to inevitable slaughter. Now, upon this state of the case, might not the fat gentleman, consistent with the rules of Honour, return the following answer to the invitation of the lean one?

SIR,

I find by your letter that you do me the justice to believe that I have the true notions of honour that become a gentleman; and I hope I shall never give you reason to change your opinion. As I entertain the same opinion of you, I must suppose that you will not desire that we should meet upon very unequal terms, which must be the case were we to meet to-morrow. At present, I unfor-

tunately weigh four-and-twenty stone, and I guess that you do not exceed twelve. From this circumstance singly, I am doubly the mark that you are; but, besides this, you are active, and I am unwieldy. I therefore propose to you, that from this day forwards, we severally endeavour by all possible means, you to fatten, and I to waste, till we can meet at the medium of eighteen stone. I will lose no time on my part, being impatient to prove to you that I am not quite unworthy of the good opinion which you are pleased to express of, Sir, your very humble servant.

P. S. I believe it may not be amiss for us to communicate to each other, from time to time, our gradations of increase or decrease towards the desired medium, in which I presume two or three pounds more or less on either side ought not to be considered.

This, among many other cases that I could mention, sufficiently proves, not only the expediency, but the necessity of restoring, revising, and perhaps adding to the practice, rules, and statutes of single combat, as it flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. I grant, that it would probably make the common law useless; but little, trifling, and private interests, ought not to stand in the way of great, public, and national advantages.

Nº CXIV. THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1755.

THE notion of Birth, as it is commonly called and established by custom, is also the manifest result of the prejudice of the many, and of the designs of a few. It is the child of Pride and Folly, coupled together by that industrious pander Self-love. It is surely the strongest instance, and the weakest prep, of human vanity. If it means any thing, it means a long lineal descent from a founder, whose industry or good fortune, whose merit, or perhaps whose guilt, has enabled his posterity to live useless to society, and to transmit to theirs their pride and their patrimony. However, this extravagant notion, this chimerical advantage, the effect of blind chance, where prudence and opinion cannot even pretend to have the least share

is that Fly which, by a kind of Egyptian superstition, Custom all over Europe has deified, and at whose tawdry shrine good sense, good manners, and good nature, are daily sacrificed.

The vulgar distinction between people of Birth and people of No Birth will probably puzzle the critics and antiquarians of the thirtieth or fortieth centuries, when, in their judicious or laborious researches into the customs and manners of these present times, they shall have reason to suppose, that in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, the island of Great Britain was inhabited by two sorts of people, some Born, but the much greater number Unborn. The fact will appear so incredible, that it will certainly be believed; the only difficulty

difficulty will be how to account for it; and that, as it commonly does, will engross the attention of the learned. The case of Cadmus's men will doubtless be urged as a case in point, to prove the possibility of the thing; and the truth of it will be confirmed by the records of the university of Oxford, where it will appear that an unborn person, called for that reason *Terra Filius*, annually entertained that university with an oration in the theatre.

I therefore take with pleasure this opportunity of explaining and clearing up this difficulty to my remotest successors in the republic of letters, by giving them the true meaning of the several expressions of Great Birth, Noble Birth, Birth, and No Birth At All.

Great and illustrious Birth is ascertained and authenticated by a pedigree carefully preserved in the family, which takes at least an hour's time to unroll; and, when unrolled, discloses twenty intermarriages of valiant and puissant Geoffreys and Hildebrands, with as many chaste and pious Blaanches and Maules, before the Conquest, not without here and there a dash of the Plantagenets. But if unfortunately the insolent worms should have devoured the pedigree as well as the persons of the illustrious family, that defect may be supplied by the authentic records of the Herald's-office, that inestimable repository of good sense and useful knowledge. If this Great Birth is graced with a peerage, so much the better; but if not, it is no great matter; for being so solid a good in itself, it wants no borrowed advantages, and is unquestionably the most pleasing sentiment that a truly generous mind is capable of feeling.

Noble Birth implies only a peerage in the family. Ancestors are by no means necessary for this kind of birth; the parent is the midwife of it, and the very first descent is noble. The family arms, however modern, are dignified by the coronet and mantle; but the family livery is sometimes, for very good reasons, laid aside.

Birth, singly, and without an epithet, extends, I cannot positively say how far, but negatively, it stops where useful arts and industry begin. Merchants, tradesmen, yeomen, farmers, and ploughmen, are not Born, or at least in so mean a way as not to deserve

that name; and it is perhaps for that reason that their mothers are said to be *delivered*, rather than *brought to bed* of them. But baronets, knights, and esquires, have the honour of being Born.

I must confess, that before I got the key to this fashionable language, I was a good deal puzzled myself with the distinction between Birth and No Birth; and having no other guide than my own weak reason, I mistook the matter most grossly. I foolishly imagined that *well-born*, meant born with a sound mind in a sound body; a healthy, strong constitution, joined to a good heart and a good understanding. But I never suspected that it could possibly mean the shrivelled tasteless fruit of an old genealogical tree. I communicated my doubts, and applied for information, to my late worthy and curious friend, the celebrated Mrs. Kennon, whose valuable collection of fossils and minerals lately sold, sufficiently proves her skill and researches in the most recondite parts of nature. She, with that frankness and humanity which were natural to her, assured me that it was all a vulgar error, in which however the nobility and gentry prided themselves; but that, in truth, she had never observed the children of the quality to be wholesomer and stronger than others, but rather the contrary; which difference she imputed to certain causes which I shall not here specify. This natural (and, I dare say, to the best of her observation, true) account confirmed me in my former philosophical error. But still not thoroughly satisfied with it, and thinking that there must be something more in what was so universally valued, I determined to get some farther information, by addressing myself to a person of vast, immense, prodigious Birth, and descended *status regibus*, with whom I have the honour of being acquainted. As he expatiates willingly upon that subject, it was very easy for me to set him a-going upon it; inasmuch, that upon some few doubts which I humbly suggested to him, he spoke to me in the following manner.

'I believe, Mr. Fitz-Adam, You are not (for nobody is) ignorant of the antiquity of my family, which by authentic records I can trace up to King Alfred, some of whose blood runs at this moment in my veins; and I will not conceal from you that I find infinite inward comfort and satisfaction

tion in that reflection. Let people of No Birth laugh as much as they please at these notions; they are not imaginary; they are real; they are solid; and whoever is Well Born, is glad that he is so. A merchant, a tradesman, a yeoman, a farmer, and such sort of people, may perhaps have common honesty and vulgar virtues; but, take my word for it, the more refined and generous sentiments of honour, courage, and magnanimity, can only flow in ancient and noble blood. What shall animate a tradesman or mean-born man to a very great and heroic virtues? Shall it be the examples of his ancestors? He has none. Or shall it be that impure blood that rather stagnates than circulates in his veins? No; Ancient Birth and Noble Blood are the only true sources of great virtues. This truth appears even among brutes, who we observe never degenerate, except in cases of misalliances with their inferiors. Are not the pedigrees of horses, cocks, dogs, &c. carefully preserved, as the never-failing proofs of their swiftness and courage? I repeat it again, Birth is an inestimable advantage, not to be adequately understood but by those who have it.

My friend was going on, and, to say the truth, growing dull; when I took the liberty of interrupting him, by ac-

knowledging that the cogency of his arguments, and the self-evidence of his facts, had entirely removed all my doubts, and convinced me of the unspeakable advantages of Illustrious Birth, and unfortunately I added, that my own vanity was greatly flattered by it, in consequence of my being lineally descended from the first man. Upon this my friend looked grave, and seemed rather displeased; whether from a suspicion that I was jesting, or upon an apprehension that I meant to *out-descend* him, I cannot determine; for he contented himself with saying—'That is not a necessary consequence neither, Mr. Fitz-Adam, since I have read somewhere or other of Pre-Adamites, which opinion did not seem to me an absurd one.'

Here I took my leave of him, and went home full of reflections upon the astonishing powers of self-love, that can extract comfort and pleasure from such groundless, absurd, and extravagant prejudices. In all other respects my friend is neither a fool nor a madman, and can talk very rationally upon any rational subject. But such is the inconsistency both of the human mind and the human heart, that one must not form a general judgment of either from one glaring error, or one shining excellence.

Nº CXV. THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1755.

THOUGH it is a general observation, that the actions of mankind commonly begin and end in Self, yet to an impartial person, who reads over with attention the advertisements in our public papers, it will appear that there are influences of public-spiritedness in the present times, that put to shame every record that can be produced in favour of times past; and though I am sorry to say that these influences are confined to one particular profession of men, yet the benefits that accrue from them are general and universal. Not to keep my readers in suspense, the public-spirited gentlemen I mean, are the *gentlemen of the faculty*, or, as they more modestly call themselves, the *practitioners in physic*. The disinterested zeal with which these gentlemen devote their labours to the good of mankind, ought,

I confess, to be celebrated by much abler pens than mine: and happy indeed is it that they themselves seem to think so; and have therefore done that justice to their own merits, which their warmest advocates must have despaired of doing for them.

The most illustrious Doctor De Cor-tese, physician of the most serene republic of Venice, has abandoned his native country and friends, and with the no less illustrious Doctor Toscano, his colleague, has generously taken up his residence in this metropolis, where diseases and death fly before him.

A physician of our own nation challenges the regard of his countrymen, by politely and elegantly setting forth in the daily papers, that—'As nothing is more repugnant to humanity than denying relief to a fellow-creature in misery
' apply

‘applause surely is most due to those who, by long study and great application, have extracted a medicine from the vegetable and mineral creation, that infallibly cures, &c.’

The truly disinterested proprietor of the *Old Iron Pear-tree Water and its Salts*, condescends to do himself the justice to acknowledge his great benevolence to mankind, by prefacing his address to the public in the following words—‘That the Unhappy may know where to apply for relief, is the full end of this advertisement.’

The gentleman of much experience in physic, who has discovered the celebrated Lotion or wash that makes every body beautiful, tells us—‘*That for the CONVENIENCY of persons of distinction, and the GENERAL GOOD of mankind, it is sold at Mr. Foy’s china-shop, opposite St. James’s Palace.*’

Who is there that can read that does not look with admiration and astonishment on the disinterested benevolence of these truly great persons? But when we consider a still greater instance of public-spiritiveness; when we think of that justly celebrated great man and physician, the incomparable Doctor Taylor; who, not satisfied with restoring the invaluable blessing of sight to every individual of his blind countrymen, pays his charitable visits to every part of Europe, dealing light and comfort to all nations; where shall we find words to express the ideas we are filled with? It is with great pleasure that I embrace this opportunity of congratulating his holiness the Pope, and their eminences the Cardinals, on the arrival of that illustrious person at Rome, of which the Daily Advertiser thus particularly informs us.

Rome, December the 27th. The Chevalier Taylor, celebrated medicine-oculist to their Imperial Majesties, to the kings of Great Britain, Poland, Sweden, Denmark, and to all the sovereign princes in Europe, arrived a few weeks since in this capital from Muscovy, and the morning after his arrival was presented to his holiness. From the reputation he has acquired here by the success he had with the Princesses of Ruspuly, Justiniana, and with many other illustrious personages, together with a number extraordinary of the subjects of this country, the Pope has not only been pleased to grant him three dis-

ferent audiences, but has declared him, by patent, medicine-oculist to his person and court: and, to give him yet a greater mark of his favour, has caused him to be made Chevalier of his court, to be received as a member of the Roman senate, and fellow of the Roman university. The patents of these dignities, together with all the others he has received from the courts and universities abroad, are in the hands of his son in London. By a list it appears, that the Chevalier is now physician-oculist (by patent) to six crowned heads; to near twenty sovereign princes; member of almost all the universities, academies, and societies, of the learned in Europe; that he is the author of twenty-four different works that he has wrote himself in different languages, three of which are published in Italian: and, to complete all, he was received as a member of the university of Padua, by order of the senate of Venice, with distinct approbation from the famous professor Morgagni; and this crowned by the dignities he has received from the court and senate of Rome. The Chevalier will direct his course through Italy, where he will end his tour through all Europe.’

I have transcribed the whole of this advertisement, (which possibly may not appear to be quite as accurately worded as if drawn up by the doctor himself) because I am desirous of retuing from a perillable news-piper the authentic records of the dignities and honours of the Chevalier Taylor. I cannot conceal from my readers that I have one melancholy thought upon this occasion: it is, that as most of these high honours have been conferred upon the Chevalier by the Catholic princes, and particularly by his holiness the Pope, it is greatly to be feared that, from a principle of gratitude, the Chevalier may possibly have made them a compliment of his Protestant faith. If my apprehensions of this event are groundless, how ought we to rejoice that such distinguished titles are bestowed, even by the enemies of our religion, upon one of our own countrymen!

Indeed, as the principal blessing of life is health, it is no wonder that princes and great men are so ready to reward with honours all those who are the insurers of it: and it is with no small satisfaction that

I have been less careful in setting forth either the excellency of my labours, or in extending them as I ought to have done to all sorts of people. I had never considered till very lately that the paper of the World, though it cost no more than two-pence, and is published but once a week, yet, when continued to a hundred thousand numbers, or perhaps to the end of time, (for I have taken care that the secret of writing it shall not die with me) must be too heavy a tax on the generations of the poor. From a due consideration of this weighty affair, and influenced thereto by the noble and disinterested spirit of my brethren, the doctors, I have directed my good friend Mr. Doddsley to bind up in three neat pocket volumes the aggregate of these my labours, for the years one thousand seven hundred fifty-three, and one thousand seven hundred fifty-four; and to distribute the said volumes among all the booksellers of this great metropolis, to be sold by them to-morrow, and for ever, at so final a price as three shillings a volume. And I have the pleasure of declaring, with equal truth with the proprietor of the Old Iron Pear-tree Water and it's Salts, *that to relieve the UNHAPPY is the full end of this publication*

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CXVI. THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1755.

IONAM, TYRISUMQUE TENENT, ET SUBLIGAR ACCI. JUV.

MR. FITZ-ADAM.

guardian to three young ladies father was my intimate friend at the time he made his address to my late mother: and I very soon after he could not obtain admission of a star and ribband, never have gained the lady, the happy thought of adding it to his liveries. As it appeared that his success was owing to errors, I conceived no great value in the good sense of his lady; made my friend a good wife, that she might justly be called the ribband, as it marked the love of her lover, and by the address, as it seemed to bespeak his affection, however, still a doubt with me the dear first a sincere pursuit of the married life; and what is doubt, is, that I am not, in either of my daughters, one of what I can properly call. The eldest, who is continually professing a passion to requite (after a proper manner) of one who shall enter, starve, or catch cold, for her, would be happy with a scabbard, with the dignity of a title, over what she calls a Tasse, in her person with embroidery, and, and trinkets. The third, or desire to see the object of her passion; provided she might receive a blow filled with flames, darts, and such mischievous weapons, which excitation from a distance. Last week three wards came into my room, and I went to the next masquerade with a happy content, imagining no danger for ladies whom I was so safe on the side of love; but when I recollected my thoughts, I perceived that the eldest may be some *avanturier*, with foundation and a romantic habit; the second a Turkish emperor not worth notice; and the youngest, by a flattered, flattering poet, who,

when he has pulled off his borrowed habit of a shepherd, has perhaps no other to put on.

You will not be surprized, after this representation, to hear me complain of the distress my promise has brought upon me; but as I never break my word with them, I must for once trust them to their fate. But I cannot forbear entreating you, while the impression is strong in my rash mind, to write a paper on the dangerous consequences which these fantastic diversions may bring upon young people, by giving a wild and extravagant turn to their imaginations. You will perhaps wonder to hear the effects which my content has already produced. This morning I found the eldest of my young ladies dressed out, as she told me, in the character of Cyrus, in a suit of Persian armour of her own contrivance. The second, who is of a large size, and has contracted a remarkable unskillfulness by the state she observes in never moving off her couch, was at the same time under the hands of one of the dancers at the theatre, who was lacing her up in a habit made after that which she wears herself in one of her serious dances. The youngest was a muse, and expressed great satisfaction in the negligent flow of her robe, but complained that she had not settled her head. I could not help saying I was sorry I had contributed my part to the unsettling it. This was very ill received; which indeed I might have foreseen, as well from the opposition which it implied to her diversion, as because the muse, of all things in the world, detests a pun.

This, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is a very ominous beginning of an affair, which I am afraid will have a worse end. If it be attended with any of the consequences which I apprehend, you shall hear farther from me; in the mean time, I hope to hear from You on this subject, and am, Sir, your humble servant,

PRUDENTIO.

As I have received no farther intelligence from this correspondent, and as it is now near a month since this letter came

came to hand, I am apt to think that none of those dreadful consequences have happened which he so greatly apprehended, and that the three ladies escaped without any other accident than now and then a laugh at their affectation.

I must confess I am one of those who think a masquerade an innocent amusement, and that people have long since left off going to it without any design either good or bad: not that the vices objected to it are left off, but that they are carried on with less difficulty in other places, and without the suspicion that would attend them there. And I may venture to say, if people will keep from the dangers of the gaming-table, they will run no other hazard at the masquerade, than that of making themselves ridiculous. I will go still farther, by protesting against the injustice of charging this diversion in particular with the mischiefs of play, or the affected follies mentioned in my correspondent's letter, by supposing that the men game higher, or that the women dress more fantastically in the Hay-market, than elsewhere. That it is an unprofitable amusement, and not worthy the anxiety and pains that are usually bestowed upon it, I very readily acknowledge; but have nothing farther to say against it.

And here I cannot help observing, for the information of the declaimer against the present times, that our ancestors bestowed more thought and trouble on their elaborate fooleries of this kind, than their posterity have done since; and that they were sometimes attended with more dangerous consequences. Witness the famous *Balet des Ardents*, where Charles the Sixth of France, and several young gentlemen of his court, in order to represent savages, endeavoured to imitate hair by sticking flax upon their cloie jackets of canvas, which were besmeared for that purpose with pitch and other inflammable matter; and all, excepting the king, chained themselves together so fast, that a spark of fire from a flambeau falling upon one of their dresses, burnt two of them to death before they could be separated, and scorched the others so, that the greatest part of them died in a few days.

Henry the Eighth was the first who brought these diversions into England; and as they were very amusing from their novelty, they were frequently ex-

hibited in that reign with great splendour. It is perhaps to a building erected that monarch for an occasional masquerade, that the first idea of Ranelagh is to be ascribed. It will not, I believe, be denied that the modern Ranelagh is an improvement upon the old one, the description of which, together with a disaster that befel it, is thus particularly set forth by the historian of those times.

'The king caused to be built a banqueting-house, eight hundred in compass, like a theatre, a goodly device, builded in such manner as (I think) was never seen in the midst of the same banqueting-house was set up a great pillar, made of eight great masts, together with iron bands, for them together: for it was a hundred and thirty-four feet in length, cost six pounds thirteen shillings four-pence, to set it upright. The banqueting-house was covered with canvas, fastened with ropes of iron as fast as might be devised within the said house was painted with heavens, with stars, sun, moon, clouds, with divers other things above over men's heads. And the high pillar of timber that was upright in the midst, was made of timber for organs and other things to stand upon, and men were on them. But in the morning of the same day, wherein the building was accomplished, the wind began to blow, and at night blew off the canvas, and all the elements, with the star, moon, and clouds; and all the seats that were made with great labour, besides all other things, were all broken and lost.'

Thus fell the first Ranelagh, built (according to this historian) as strong as could be devised. The modern Ranelagh has proved itself a stronger building, having as yet escaped by no storms but those of giffature: and (if our magistrates thought proper) we might still have challenged all Europe to shew us the fashion of a masquerade in the park, with which it was there exhibited for the spaciousness of the place, the beauty of the ladies, the splendour of their jewels, or the elegance of the bits. That the choice of the last no longer be a torture to the inventor, or occasion the same hurry, em-

and disappointment, that I am happened on some late occasion may be proper to take notice ingenious and accurate friend, crys, of St. Martin's Lane, is raving select representations of approved modes of dress of all ions who have discovered either fancy in that science. And I t in this undertaking he will

acquit himself as well to the polite world, as he has to the commercial, by the great care and pains he has bestowed in ascertaining the geography of those parts of the globe with which this country is most particularly connected, and which may sometimes furnish topics for conversation to the full as entertaining as the most earnest preparations for a subscription masquerade.

° CXVII. THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1755.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

OVID.

ERE is perhaps no passion which more strongly marks the character of mankind, which more forcibly, or actuates more ly, than the desire of Novelty. Its appear conspicuous in pro as every age or nation is ad those refinements which are al consequence of an extensive se with other countries, and of security, and ease, under the le-free government.

Athenians, the most polished all antiquity, and who enjoyed antages in the highest degree, we may trust their own writers, nately fond of the Something y own countrymen can possibly far exceeded them: for how t may be the expence to which pushed our invention of fresh r the public amusement, yet yield the superiority, no less in nce, than we do in taste, to a ho expended the treasure which ned to clothe and feed an ar man a fleet, on diversions and ments at home. It may sur e of our gayest moderns, to hem that, without ridulos, des, and operas, the charge cting three tragedies of Sopho- ounted to the sum total of the aised for the service of the re- a general war.

ssion for novelty, as it acts on subjects, has very different nces. When religion or govern- it's objects, it is the source of ible evils. New men and new ave been the dread of the wisest s; and when things are tole- ll, to maintain them upon the

old footing, has been generally thought the safest maxim for the happiness of the community. Too great a desire of novelty, either in the governed, or in the governing, has often disturbed the peace of kingdoms. When it goes no further than to decide the dress of the person, or the ornaments of our equipage, all is safe; it's highest degree of excess will then only afford a subject of ridicule. A smart-cocked hat, or embroidered sleeve, a short petticoat, or well-fancied furbel- low, will neither endanger the church, nor embroil the state. The pursuit indeed of such kind of novelties may rather occasion many advantages to the public; while that vanity which is absurd in the particular, is useful in the general. Novelty and fashion are the source and support of trade, by constantly supplying matter for the employment of industry. By increasing the wants, they increase the connections of mankind; and so long as they do not, by too great an extravagance, defeat their own end, in disabling the rich from paying the reward of that industry to the poor, they answer excellent purposes to society.

Not only the improvements of every invention for the convenience and ease of life, but even of those which constitute it's real ornament, are owing to this desire of novelty. Yet here too we may grow wanton; and nature seems to have set us bounds, which we can not pass without running into great absurdities: for the very principle which has contributed to the perfection of the finer arts, may become the cause of their degeneracy and corruption. The search of the Something New has, step by step, conducted mankind to the discovery of

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all that is truly beautiful in those arts; and the same search (for the desire of novelty never stops) already begins to urge us beyond that point to which a just taste should always confine itself.

Hence it is that musical composition ceases to be admired merely for touching the passions, and for changing the emotions of the heart from the soft to the strong, from the amorous to the fierce, or from the gay to the melancholy, and only seems to be then considered as highly excellent, when it impresses us with the idea of difficulty in the execution.

Images unnatural and unconnected, and a style quaint and embarrassed with its own pomp, but void of meaning and sentiment, will always be the consequence of endeavouring, in the same way, to introduce a new taste into poetry. Hence it will become vehement without strength, and ornamented without beauty; and the native, warm, and soft winning language of that amiable mistress, will cease to please her more judicious lovers by an affectation of pleasing only in a new manner.

Strange as it may appear that this should find admirers, yet it is not any more to be wondered at than the applause which is so fondly given to Chinese decorations, or to the barbarous productions of a Gothic genius, which seems once more to threaten the ruin of that simplicity which distinguished the Greek and Roman arts as eternally superior to those of every other nation.

Few men are endued with a just taste; that is, with an aptitude to discover what is proper, fit, and right, and consequently beautiful, in the several objects which offer themselves to their view. Though beauty in these external objects, like truth in those of the understanding, is self-evident and immutable; yet, like truth, it may be seen perversely, or not at all, because not considered. Now all men are equally struck with the novelty of an appearance; but few, after this first emotion, call in their judgment to correct the decision of their eye, and to tell them whether the pleasure they feel has any other cause than mere novelty. It is certain that a frequent review and comparing of the same objects together would greatly improve an indifferent taste; and that hardly any one would be unable to determine, when once accustomed to such an attention,

whether the proportions of arch taken from the theatre of Marc Rome, or from the Emperor of palace at Pekin, produced the most able forms.

The present vogue of Chir Gothic architecture has, besides novelty, another cause of its gootion; which is, that there is no care in being merely Whimsical. . . capable of entering into all the of antique simplicity, is the pe minds used to reflection, and t of a corrected judgment: but men are equal. A manner cor no rules cannot fail of having t of imitators in its party, where is the sole criterion of elegance no objection, that the very en building is forgot; that all ref use and climate, all relation of t portion to another, of the thing ing to the thing supported, of tl sory to the principal, and of tl to the whole, is often entirely su

The paintings which, like th texture, continually revolt aga truth of things, as little surely the name of elegant. False light shadows, false perspective and tions, gay colours, without tha tion of tints, that mutual vaiet lightened and darkened object: relieve and give force to each c the same time that they give repo eye; in short, every incoherent c tion of forms in nature, with pression and without meaning, essentials of Chinese painting.

As this Chinese and Gothic f begun to deform some of the fine in this capital, whenever an t shall be founded for the promo arts of sculpture, painting, an texture, some scheme should be of at the same time to discourag crachment of this pretended e and an Anti-Chinese society w much more important institutic world of arts, than an Anti- in that of politics. A correspo mine, I dare say, would be glac member of it, if we may be al judge of his sentiments from the ing letter.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I Am married to a lady of g tune, of which, as I had little myself, she has reserved the sole

her own management by the articles. She is passionately covetous, and changes her dress as often almost as she does her. In short, every thing about her is in a state of continual change. She has more new head-dresses in a year than new words, which she is continually coining, because she would not be thought ignorant. The unintelligibility of her expressions on great occasions sometimes great in the family; and her acquaintance no sooner begin to understand her, than she changes her phrase, and they are puzzled again by a new mode of expression. She came home this morning from a visit, in rapid Lady Fiddlefaddle's Chinese room; since which we have had three revolutions. Her grandfather left her every thing, was a great admirer of his taste; but his

fine collection of pictures by the best Italian masters is now converted into Indian paintings; and the beautiful vases, busts, and statues, which he brought from Italy, are flung into the garret as lumber, to make room for great-bellied Chinese pagods, red dragons, and the representation of the ugliest monsters that ever, or rather never existed. This extravagance is not confined within doors: the garden is filled with whimsical buildings, at a prodigious expence; with summer-houses without shade, and with temples that seem to be dedicated to no other deities than the winds. If by reading your paper she should be persuaded to leave off every Chinese fashion, but that of pinched feet and not stirring abroad, I should think myself a happy man, and very much, Mr. Fitz-Adam, your obliged humble servant.

10 CXVIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1755.

VICINAS VRBES ALIT.

HOR.

HEAD of lamenting that it is to live in an age when virtue, industry, all private and public, are totally swallowed up by the predominant passion of gaming, endeavour to divert my concern by directing my attention to the manners of the ancients, where they happen to be more elegant, more natural, or more useful, than those of preceding ages. I am particularly pleased with the progress which a just and real good sense have made in the modern mode of gardening. This is at present founded on such liberal principles, that the very modern now receives more advantages from the embellishments he rides by, than the visitor did formerly, when art and industry were the only ideas annexed to the garden. The modern art of *laying out ground* we must call it, till a new name is found to express so complicated an art, spread so widely, and it's progress become so extensive, as to take the advantages of gardening and agriculture. If we look back to antiquity we shall find the gardens of Alcibiades, Homer, and the paintings of the ancients in Virgil, hardly to cor-

respond with the genius of the poets, or the beatitude they have placed in them. The villas of Cicero and Pliny, which they have so affectionately described, do not raise our admiration. A favourable aspect, variety of porticos and shades of plane-trees, seem to be their greatest merit. Their successors in that happy climate have made their gardens repositories for statues, bas-reliefs, urns, and whatever is by them intitled *virtù*; the disposition of which ornaments, together with some straight walks of ever-green oaks, and tricks in water, compleat their system.

In France, the genius of *Le Nôtre* would probably have shewn itself in more beautiful productions than the Tuilleries and Versailles, had it not been shackled by lines and regularity, and had not elegance and taste been over-ruled by magnificence.

This forced taste, aggravated by some Dutch acquisitions, for more than half a century deformed the face of nature in this country, though several of our best writers had conceived nobler ideas, and prepared the way for those improvements which have since followed. Sir William Temple, in his *Gardens of Epicurus*, expatiates with great pleasure on that at

chanics, geometry, trigonometry, &c. and since it has been thought necessary to embellish rural scenes with all the varieties of architecture, from single pillars and obelisks, to bridges, ruins, pavilions, and even castles and churches, it is not enough for our professor to be as knowing as Solomon in all the species of vegetables, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall; he must also rival that monarch in building, as well as his other talents. A knowledge of optics enables him to turn every *deceptio visus* to advantage. Hydrostatics are most immediately necessary, since it is decreed that every piece must have a piece of water; and as every piece of water must have a boat of a particular contrivance, mechanics come in to his assistance; and he is carried over the gilly surface by snakes, birds, dolphins, dragons, or whatever else he pleases. The application of trigonometry is obvious; and if your gardens continue to increase in extent, in the same proportion that they have done lately, geometry will be soon called in, to measure a degree of the earth upon the great lawn. But such extension of property cannot be acquired without a turn for the law, and a knowledge of all the variety of tenures, forfeitures, ejections, and writs of *ad quod damnum*. Statuary and painting are sister arts; but our general lover has possessed them both, in spite of their consanguinity. And as for Poetry, though he knows her to be the greatest jilt in the universe, he has made an attempt upon her under every tree that has a broad stem and a smooth bark. A knowledge of Latin is needful to judge of the effect of an inscription; and Greek, Phœnician, Tuscan, and Persian, are ornaments to a ruin.

Happy is the man of fortune, who has such a director to influence and guide his taste, as the demon of Socrates is said to have continually accompanied that philosopher to regulate his morals. Milton very humourously describes a man, who, without having the inward call, was desirous of being thought as religious as the rest of his neighbours of those times. 'This man,' says he, 'finds himself out some factor, to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs; some divine of note and esti-

'mation; and makes the person of that man his religion. He entertains him, lodges him: his religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally supped, and sumptuously laid asleep; rises, is saluted, and after being well breakfasted, his religion walks abroad, and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop, trading all day *without his religion*.' Just in this manner does the mere man of fashion in these times think it necessary to have a Taste; but though he does not commonly carry his Taste about him, he is seldom so imprudent as to take any steps in his garden *without his Taste*.

In an age so liberal of new names, it seems extraordinary that these universal connoisseurs have as yet obtained no title of honour or distinction. This may help me to crown their panegyric with a word on their modesty; for to that alone must we attribute their having so long been without one; especially as they might as easily have immortalized their own names, as any of the ancient sages, who called their profession after themselves, the Pythagorean, Platonic, or Epicurean philosophy. Nor have they shewn less modesty in their expectation of returns for their inestimable service, as will appear upon a comparison of their rewards with those of the ancient artists.

Mandrocles, who built the famous bridge over the Bosphorus, at the command of Darius, was rewarded by that monarch with a crown, and ten times the cost of that expensive undertaking; whereas a tenth of the expence is reckoned a modern job; and no artist in our memory has aspired to any higher honour than that of knighthood. The next great work we read of, was the canal of Mount Athos; for which it was impossible that the director should receive any other than an honorary reward, because he died as soon as it was finished. His name was Artachæus; he was in stature the tallest of all the Persians, and his voice stronger than that of any other man; two very useful accomplishments in an overseer and director of multitudes. Xerxes, truly sensible of his merit, buried him with great pomp and magnificence, employed his whole army in erecting a sumptuous monument to his memory, and by direction of an oracle, honoured him

him as a hero with sacrifices and invocations.

How different from this was the treatment of our countryman, Captain Perry! Agenius whose remembrance must make this nation both proud and ashamed. His performances are sufficient to give credit to the works above-mentioned, which before appeared fabulous. But what was his reward for projecting the junction of the Don and the Volga? For creating an artificial tide, and floating or laying dry the largest vessels in a few hours? But rather let me ask, what was his reward for that national work at home, the stopping Dagenham breach? I am sorry to answer, that he was persecuted and suffered to starve, for the debts he had contracted in accomplishing an undertaking so essential to the

commerce of this kingdom, and the existence of it's metropolis.

I hope our men of fortune will make more generous returns to those who administer so essentially to their pleasures; and I would have them distinguish between those dull mechanical rogues, whose thoughts never wander beyond the sphere of gain, and the generous spirit who is warmed by his profession, and who thinks himself paid by the exquisite scenery which his raptured imagination has produced. And when the baleful cypress shall alone, of all his various plantations, accompany him to the grave, let his munificent patron, in the most conspicuous part of his gardens, erect a temple to his memory, and inscribe it with propriety and truth—
‘GENIO LOCI.’

Nº CXX. THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1755.

MOST people complain of Fortune; few of Nature: and the kinder they think the latter has been to them, the more they murmur at what they call the injustice of the former.

‘Why have not I the riches, the rank, the power, of such and such?’ is the common expostulation with Fortune: but—‘Why have not I the merit, the talents, the wit, or the beauty, of such and such others?’ is a reproach rarely or never made to Nature.

The truth is, that Nature, seldom profuse, and seldom niggardly, has distributed her gifts more equally than she is generally supposed to have done. Education and situation make the great difference. Culture improves, and occasions elicit natural talents. I make no doubt but that there are potentially (if I may use that pedantic word) many Bacons, Lockes, Newtons, Cæsars, Cromwells, and Marlboroughs, at the plough-tail, behind counters, and, perhaps, even among the nobility; but the soil must be cultivated, and the seasons favourable, for the fruit to have all it's spirit and flavour.

If sometimes our common parent has been a little partial, and not kept the scales quite even; if one preponderates too much, we throw into the lighter a due counterpoise of vanity, which never fails to set all right. Hence it happens, that hardly any one man would, without

reserve, and in every particular, change with any other.

Though all are thus satisfied with the dispensations of Nature, how few listen to her voice! How few follow her as a guide! In vain she points out to us the plain and direct way to truth; vanity, fancy, affectation, and fashion, assume her shape, and wind us through fairy-ground to folly and error.

These deviations from nature are often attended by serious consequences, and always by ridiculous ones: for there is nothing truer than the trite observation, That people are never ridiculous for being what they really are, but for affecting what they really are not. Affectation is the only source, and, at the same time, the only justifiable object of ridicule. No man whatsoever, be his pretensions what they will, has a natural right to be ridiculous: it is an acquired right, and not to be acquired without some industry; which perhaps is the reason why so many people are so jealous and tenacious of it.

Even some people's Vices are not their own, but affected and adopted, (though at the same time unenjoyed) in hopes of shining in those fashionable societies, where the reputation of certain vices gives lustre. In these cases, the execution is commonly as awkward as the design is absurd; and the ridicule equals the guilt.

This

This calls to my mind a thing that really happened not many years ago. A young fellow of some rank and fortune, just let loose from the university, resolved, in order to make a figure in the world, to assume the shining character of, what he called, a Rake. By way of learning the rudiments of his intended profession, he frequented the theatres, where he was often drunk, and always noisy. Being one night at the representation of that most abundant play, the *Libertine Destroyed*, he was so charmed with the profligacy of the hero of the piece, that, to the edification of the audience, he swore many oaths that he would be the *Libertine Destroyed*. A discreet friend of his, who sat by him, kindly represented to him, that to be the *Libertine* was a laudable design, which he greatly approved of; but that to be the *Libertine Destroyed*, seemed to him an unnecessary part of his plan, and rather rash. He persisted, however, in his first resolution, and insisted upon being the *Libertine*, and *Destroyed*. Probably he was so; at least the presumption is in his favour. There are, I am persuaded, so many cases of this nature, that, for my own part, I would desire no greater step towards the reformation of manners for the next twenty years, than that people should have no vices but *their own*.

The blockhead who affects wisdom because nature has given him dulness, becomes ridiculous only by his adopted character; whereas he might have stagnated unobserved in his native mud, or perhaps have engrossed deeds, collected shells, and studied heraldry, or logic, with some success.

The shining cockcomb aims at all, and decides finally upon every thing, because nature has given him pertness. The degree of parts and animal spirits, necessary to constitute that character, if properly applied, might have made him useful in many parts of life; but his affectation and presumption make him useless in most, and ridiculous in all.

The septuagenary fine gentleman might probably, from his long experience and knowledge of the world, be esteemed and respected in the several relations of domestic life, which at his age nature points out to him; but he will most ridiculously spin out the rotten thread of his former gallantries. He *drifts, languishes, ogles*, as he did at

five-and-twenty; and modestly mates, that he is not without a *fortune*; which *bonne fortune* at last appears to be the prostitute he has kept, (not to himself) whom he hires and owns, because *the poor girl so fond of him, and so desirous to be an honest woman*.

The sexagenary widow remembers that she was handsome, but forgets it was thirty years ago; and thinks herself so, or at least very *likeable*. The pardonable affectations of her age and beauty unparadoxably continue to creep even with her years, and doubly exerted, in hopes of concealing the number. All the gaudy glitters of dress, which rather detract than adorned her beauty in its time, now expose to the highest and just ridicule her shrivelled or her overcarcass. She totters or sweats the load of her jewels, embroi and brocades; which, like so many Egyptian hieroglyphics, serve only to authenticate the venerable antiquity of her august mummy. Her eyes twinkle tenderness, or leer desire. Language, however inelegant, is legible; and the half-pay captain demands it. He addresses her with her vanity, which assures her that he is sincere. She pities him, and gives him to credit, decency, and every duty. He tenderly prefers her (not without some hesitation) to a

Self-love, kept within due bounds, is a natural and useful sentiment; in truth, social love too, as Pope has very justly observed: it is the spring of many good actions, and of many ridiculous ones. But self-flattery is only the ape or caricatura of self-love, and resembles it no more than is flattery necessary to heighten the rich. Like other flattery, it is the most usefully bestowed and greedily swallowed where it is the least deserved. I conclude this subject with the fable of a fable of the ingenious Monsieur La Motte, which seems not uncalled to it.

Jupiter made a lottery in heaven which mortals, as well as gods, were allowed to have tickets. The prize was Wisdom; and Minerva got it. The mortals murmured, and accused the gods of foul play. Jupiter, to wipe off this aspersions, declared another lottery for mortals singly and exclusively





he prize was Folly. They shared it among themselves. satisfied. The loss of Wisdom either regretted nor remem-

bered; Folly supplied it's place; and those who had the largest share of it, thought themselves the wisest.

CXXI. THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1755.

POST MEDIAM NOCTEM—CUM SOMNIA VERA.

Hor.

TO ADAM,

THE many visions related of our predecessors and cotemporary writers of periodical essays, a few but what have been in style and character. For my

I am neither Dervise nor but a poet and true Christian, even now and then to be a little in my expressions: and as I that no one set of people will be properly and privilege of of themselves, since I am apt well as my betters, I beg that my dream may find a place in

ed myself to be walking on a wide and well beaten. A gentleman, with whom I was in company, informed me it was Parnassus, and very obliging to me his services. The first figures which attracted my attention were pale and thin with study. Shaking ivory letters in a then throwing them on the I supposed that they were some mystery of the Cabala; nearer approach, learnt that he editors and commentators of poets; and that this was one of assisting conjecture.

Now startled with a great noise, suddenly about, and perceived I me a set of Lyric poets, and two Dithyrambics. Their was so little connected, and was so irregular, that I came to be drunk; and apprehensive mischief in so furious a commotion my pace.

And now winded through the fruitful fields, whose very bushes in bloom, and intermingled with, that afforded the most scents. The wild notes of the singing with the tinkling of bells that gushed from natural

or artificial rocks, or with a deeper echo of some larger flood that fell at a distance, made a concert that charmed me. A party were here entertaining themselves with the gaiety of the situation: they had stepped out of the road to gather flowers; and were so delighted with wandering about the meadows, that they seemed entirely to have forgot their journey. They appeared to have been educated in Italy; their hair was curled and powdered, their linen laced, and their habits so covered with fringe and embroidery, that it was almost impossible to discover any cloth. I was so much in raptures with their company, and with the beauties of this romantic scene, that I would have stopped there myself, and proceeded no farther; but my guide hinted to me that the place was enchanted, and pressed me to go forwards.

I could not help laughing to see next a great crowd of Bombasticks: a set of fat, puffy fellows, so asthmatic, that they could hardly move, and yet were eternally straining and attempting to run races; as were several dwarfs in enormous jack-boots, to overtake two horsemen, (who rode very swift at a distance, and were said to be Milton and Shakespeare) but tumbled at every four or five steps, to the great diversion of the spectators.

A troop of modern Latin poets had halted; and, having lost their way, were enquiring it of a man who carried a phrase-book, and a *Gradus ad Parnassum*, in his hand; and seemed always to be in a terrible uncertainty when the authority of their guide either failed or deceived them.

They were followed by some very genteel shepherds, who wore red stockings and large shoulder-knots, fluttering to the breath of the zephyrs. Crooks, glittering with tinseel, were in their hands, and embroidered pouches dangled at their sides. They talked much about

their flocks and Amaryllis; but I saw neither the one nor the other; and was surprized, as some of them pretended to music, to hear an air of the Italian opera played upon the bag-pipe. The gentleness of their aspects served to render more formidable, by the contrast, the countenances of a company that now overtook me. It was a legion of critics. They were very liberal of their censures upon every one that passed, especially if he made a tolerable figure. Diction, Harmony, and Taste, were the general terms, which they threw out with great vehemence. They frowned on me as I passed: my looks discovering my fear, the alarm was given; and, at the very first sound of their catcalls, terrified to the last degree, I pulled my guide by the coat, and took to my heels.

We at last arrived at the foot of the mountain. There was an inconceivable crowd, who, not being admitted at the entrance, were endeavouring to crawl up the sides: but as the precipice was very steep, they continually tumbled back again. There was but one way of access, which was so extremely narrow, that it was almost impossible for two persons to go abreast, without one jostling against the other. The gates were opened and shut by three amiable virgins, Genius, Good Sense, and Good Education. They examined all that passed. Some few, however, pushed forward by a vast crowd of friends, forced their way in; but had generally the mortification of being brought back again, and turned out by the centinels.

By the interest of my guide we were permitted to visit what part of Parnassus we pleased; and having mounted the hill, we entered a large garden, and were soon lost in the paths of a very intricate grove. It was in some places so exceedingly dark, that we had great difficulty to find our way out. This Labyrinth of Allegory, as it was called, was held by the ancients in a kind of superstitious reverence. The gloom of it was often so great, that we were ready to tumble at every step; but whenever the shade was softened by a twilight sufficient for us just to discover our way, there was something very delightful, as well as venerable, in the scene.

In other parts of the garden we saw beds of the most beautiful flowers, and a great number of Bay-trees; but not a single Fruit-tree. Among the shrubs,

in many rivulets of different height and depth, ran the Heliconian. The lesser rills, on account of the multitude of people continually descending in them, were very muddy; but the fountain-head, though extremely low, was as clear as crystal. The water was sometimes this peculiar quality whoever looked into it, saw his own reflection with great beauty, though so deformed; inasmuch, that those who were known to pine away their violent affection for their own person, were brought to the garden for cure. At the end of the garden were courts of judicature, where cause and hearing. The lesser court, was that of criticism, was prodigiously crowded: for (as we observed towards) all these who had lost their own as poets defendant in the principal court turned in thither, and became parties in their turn, on pretence of litigations. In the principal court motions were brought on the storming, chiefly by the ancient some celebrated moderns, against editors and amenders, and for the wrongs against their interpreters and commentators. Not a few individuals were brought for petty larceny: those chiefly by the Roman poets the modern Latin ones.

Not far from these was the stables of his poetic majesty. I was greatly surprized to see more than a hundred Pegasi. The grooms were just going to water them, which gave opportunity of taking more particular notice.

The first was the Epic Pegasus, a very fine large horse, he taught the *manège*, and moved with stateliness. The Pindaric was a young one who had wings: his motion irregular, sudden, and unequal. The Elegiac was a gelding, exceeding awkward in its shape, and much slower than any of the rest, particularly another steed, which foamed, and led with such violence, that it was with great difficulty the rider held him. I attempted to stroke him, he turned his ears back, and struck out at me with great vehemence, that I was cautious of putting myself in the way of the Satiric Pegasus for the time. The Epigrammatic was a little grey pony, which every six or seven paces up, and very much resembled the other, size only excepted. Besides these there were several others, which

along to Apollo's studd, and
e employed in many useful
us offices, as subservient to

mpossible to pass by the stables
aking some enquiry after the
egafus, so much celebrated,
re from whom all the last-
drew their pedigree. A four-
llow of a critic, whose pros-
s to curry him, informed me
expressions of sorrow—' That
horse was really quite worn
ving been rode through all
roads, on all sorts of errands:
there was scarce a pedant liv-
ad, or even a boy who had
years at school, but had been
n, either with leave or with-
at he had long ago lost his
oke his knees, and slipped his
; and that therefore Apollo,
the poor beast, and to prevent
barity for the future, had or-
dict to be fixed on the door
ible, that no person or persons
is realms should for the future
rive him, without first pro-
is proper licence and qualifi-

th we arrived at the highest
mountain, where the temple
ed. It was a large building
of one colour, and built all
e order. The statues and
which adorned it, represented
known part of poetic history.
: appeared at once solid and
ithout that profusion of deco-
hich fixes the eye to parts.
of the hall was painted with
jects taken out of the Iliad,
l, and Paradise Lost. Those
d had the passions and man-
gly characterized, with great
of colouring, by the hand of

The beautiful tints and soft-
Venetian school corresponded
enius of Virgil. The Para-
is partaking of the fine colour-
one, and of the force of the

other, with something more expressive
in the language and images, greatly re-
sembled the style of Rubens; while some
of it's more horrid scenes of embattled
or tortured demons, recalled to my mind
the wild imagination and fierce spirit of
a Michael Angelo.

At the upper-end of the hall Apollo
was seated on a most magnificent throne
of folio's richly gilt, and was surrounded
by a great number of poets, both ancient
and modern. Before him flamed an
altar, which a priestess of a very sleepy
countenance continually supplied with
the fuel of such productions, as are the
daily sacrifice which Dulness is con-
stantly offering to the president of lite-
rature.

Being now at leisure to consider the
place more attentively, I saw, inscribed
on several pillars, names of great repute
in both the past and present age. Some
indeed of the latter, though but lately
engraven, were nearly worn out; while
others of an elder date, increased in
clearness the longer they stood; and by
being more attentively viewed, aug-
mented their force, as the former be-
came fainter. A particular part of the
temple was assigned for the inscriptions
of those persons, who, adding to their
exalted rank in life a merit which might
have distinguished them without the ad-
vantages of birth, claim a double right
to have their names preserved to futu-
rity among the monuments of so august
an edifice.

At the view of so many objects, ca-
pable of inspiring the most insensible
with emulation, I found myself touched
with an ambition which little became
me, and could not help enquiring what
method I should pursue to attain such
an honour. But while I was deeply
meditating upon the project, and vain
enough to hope sharing to myself some
little obscure corner in the temple, a
sudden noise awaked me, and I found
every thing to have been merely the ef-
fect of my imagination.

N^o CXXII. THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1755.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

BLACK-BOY ALLEY, APRIL 28.

SIR,

I Am one of that numerous tribe of men, who (as you lately observed) live *the Lord knows how*. I have not the honour to be known to you, even in person, for I seldom go abroad: but you seem, by your writings, to be of a compassionate turn; and therefore I take the liberty to put myself under your protection.

I am the son of an honest tradesman in Cheapside; and was born in a house that has descended in the family, from father to son, through several generations. I had my education at a grammar-school in London, not far from the street where my father lived, and where he used frequently to call as he passed by, to remind my master, that he hoped I should soon *go into Greek*. I verily believe the good man persuaded himself, that whenever this happened, it would give him a figure in the eyes of the evening club.

When I was about sixteen years old, my father observed to me one day, as I was sitting with him in the little back shop, that it was now high time for me to determine what scheme of life to pursue; and though I knew that my grandfather, a little before his death, had expressed his desire of having me settled in the old trade, where he said I should be sure of *good will*, yet I answered my father, without hesitation, that since he gave me leave to chuse for myself, I was inclined to study physic. My father, who was in raptures at hearing me make choice of a learned profession, went that very day, and talked over the matter with an old friend of his at Gresham-College; and the result of their conference was, that I should be sent to study under the celebrated Doctor Herman Boerhaave. I was equipped very decently upon the occasion, and in a very few days arrived safely at Leyden, where I spent my time in reading the best books on the subject, and in a constant attendance on my master's lectures, who expressed himself so pleased with my indefatigable application, as to tell me at parting, that I should be an honour to

the profession. But I am for you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that standing this great man's sagacity, he knew nothing of for since my return to England lived seven years in London distinguished in a narrow court any opportunity of doing either hurt in my calling. And what mortifies me is, to see two or three fellow-students, who were once dull fellows at the doctor's, their ease in warm chariots up while I am doomed to walk through the dirt, in a thread and darned stockings, a dec perriwig, a brash-bitted sword, and a hat, entirely voice and colour, under my arm; assure you I do not carry there ment, nor for fear of damaging but to point out to those who that I am a physician. You wonder perhaps at hearing nothing father; but, alas! the good man's misfortune to die insolvent soon return, and I had no friend to for assistance.

One day, as I walked through a narrow passage near St. Martin's saw a crowd of people gathered and, in the midst of them, a woman upon the ground, in soon brought her to herself; was conducting her home, I asked me to dine with her. Upon entering her door, that I chop-house; and, as I was going after a hearty meal, she gave me a verbal invitation, in return for the service I had done her, to step in her mutton whenever I came. I was by no means backward to the offer, and took frequent opportunities of visiting my patient. Those days of plenty were soon it happened unfortunately, after, that her favourite daughter under my care, at a time when the mother that she was quite generous. The manner in which she died upon this occasion, made me I must once more return to a fasting.

As I was musing one morning in a most disconsolate mood, with

ady's lap, while she darned one stockings, it came into my head from various books, together with my own experience and observation and wholesome rules on the Diet; and then publish them in a pocket volume; for I was already inclined to do good to the world, however ungratefully it used to be received. Mr. Fitz-Adam, you may be sure, did not forbear smiling, to hear a man who was almost starved, talk of compiling observations on the Diet. The moment I had finished my manuscript, I ran with it to an eminent bookseller, near the Mansion House: he set it down to dinner; but upon returning that there was a gentleman in the shop, with a large bundle of papers in his coat-pocket, he courteously introduced me into the parlour, and desired me to sit down. *He did.* As soon as the cloth was taken away, I produced my manuscript, and the bookseller put on his spectacles; but to my no small mortification, glancing his eye over the title, he looked stedfastly upon me for some minutes, in a kind of amazement, which I could not account for, and then he spoke out in the following manner: 'dear Sir! you are come to the worst place in the world for the purpose of such a performance as this. I am, you might as soon expect the permission of the aldermen to dedicate to them the life of Lewis Corbet, as to think of preaching upon the subject of *lean and fallow abstinence* between the Royal Exchange and Temple Bar.' He added, indeed, in a kinder tone, that he was acquainted with an honest man of the trade, who lived near Soho, and who would probate to print for me upon reasonableness; and that, if I pleased, he would recommend me to him by a letter;

which (through the violent agitation of my spirits) I refused.

I walked back to my lodging with a very heavy heart; and with the most gloomy prospect before my eyes, put my favourite work into a hat-box, which I carried upon the head of my bed, and there it has remained ever since.

Now the favour I have to beg of you, worthy Sir, is, to recommend to the world, in one of your papers, such proposals as I will bring to you next Sunday morning, or any dark evening this week, for publishing by subscription the result of my laborious enquiries, that I may be able to procure a decent maintenance. If I should fail in this attempt, my affairs are at so low an ebb, that I must submit, for the safety of my person, to the confinement of the Fleet, or pass the rest of my days, perhaps, under the same roof with the unfortunate Theodore, whose *kingdom* (I doubt) is *not of this world*.

In the mean time, you will oblige me by publishing this account, that others may take warning by my sad example. That the idle vanity of fathers, when they read this story, may be restrained within proper bounds; and young men not venture to engage in a learned profession, without the assistance of a private fortune, or the interest of great friends. Believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, it is much more to the purpose of a physician to have the countenance of a man or woman of quality, than the sagacity even of a Boerhaave; for let him have what share of learning he pleases, if he has nothing better to recommend him to public favour, he must be content to hunger and thirst in a garret up four pair of stairs. I am, Sir, with all possible respect,

The unfortunate

T. M.

Nº CXXIII. THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1755.

—DAPRUS, SUPREMI
GRATA TESTUDO JOVIS.—

HOR.

here be truth in the common saying—'That He deserves best of his country, who can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.' how truly commendable must *be* since it is so great a merit to produce *the beasts of the field* to add to

the sustenance of man! and what praises are due to the inventor of a new dish! By a new dish, I do not mean the confounding, hashing, and disguising, of an old one: I cannot give that name to the French method of transposing the bodies of animals; serving up flesh in skin.

skins of fish, or the essence of either in a jelly; nor yet to the English way of macerating substances, and reducing all things to one uniform consistency and taste, which a good housewife calls potting: for I am of opinion, that Louis the Fourteenth would not have given the reward he promised for the invention of a sixth order of architecture, to the man who should have jumbled together the other five.

My meaning is, that as through neglect or caprice, we have lost some eatables, which our ancestors held in high esteem, as the heron, the bittern, the crane, and, I may add, the swan; it should seem requisite, in the ordinary revolution of things, to replace what has been laid aside, by the introduction of some eatable which was not known to our predecessors. But though invention may claim the first praise, great honour is due to the restorer of lost arts: wherefore, if the earth does not really furnish a sufficient variety of untasted animals, I could wish that gentlemen of leisure and easy fortunes would apply themselves to recover the secret of fattening and preparing for the table, such creatures as from disuse we do not at present know how to treat; and I should think it would be a noble employment for the lovers of antiquity, to study to restore those infallible resources of luxury, the salt-water stews of the Romans.

Of all the improvements in the modern kitchen, there are none that can bear a comparison with the introduction of Turtle. We are indebted for this delicacy, as well as for several others, to the generous spirit and benevolent zeal of the West Indians. The profusion of luxury, with which the Creolian in England covers his board, is intended only as a foil to the more exquisite dainties of America. His pride is to triumph in your neglect of the former, while he labours to serve you from the vast shell, which smokes under his face, and occasions him a toil almost as intolerable as that of his slaves in his plantations. But he would die in the service, rather than see his guests, for want of a regular supply, eat a morsel of any food which had not crossed the Atlantic Ocean.

Though it was never my fortune to be regaled with the true Creolian politeness, and though I cannot compliment my countrymen on their endeavours to

imitate it, I shall here give you a most faithful account of the turtle-feast I ever had the honour to partake at.

Towards the latter end of summer, I called upon a friend in who, though no West Indian, is importer of Turtle for his own use. Upon my entrance at the gate, my eyes were caught with the sight of that animal, which were displayed in great order along the walls; and so long in astonishment at their number, that I did not perceive my friend's approach, who had come to the court to receive me. He could find he was not displeased to draw my attention so deeply engaged with the trophies of his luxury.—'says he, 'if you love turtle, 'you a sight;' and, bidding me follow him, he opened a door, and discovered six turtles swimming about in a tank, round which there hung large legs of mutton, which he told me were just two days provision for his family; for that each of them consumed a leg of mutton every day. He then led me into the house, and shewed me some blankets of a peculiar kind, 'These,' says he, 'are what they call 'lie in o' nights; they are particularly adapted to this use: I have often seen a manufacture of them in the Indies. But since you are curious in these matters,' continued he, 'I will shew you some more of my inventory.' Immediately he unlocked a drawer, and produced as many fine saws, and instruments of different contrivances as would have made a figure in the paratus of an anatomist. One was fitted to start a rib; another to scallipash; the third to disjoint the breast of the back-bone; with many for purposes which I could not remember. The next scene of wonder in the kitchen, in which was an oven, I observed it had been rebuilt with a mouth of a very common capacity, on purpose for the reception of an enormous turtle, was to be dressed that very day, and my friend insisted I should stay to partake of it. I would gladly have been excused; but he would not be denied in proposing a particular pleasure in entertaining a new beginner; and assured me that if I should not happen to like it, I need not fear the finding some other person to make out a dinner; for that his

though she knew it would give him the greatest pleasure in the world, could never be prevailed on to taste a single morsel of turtle. He then carried me to the fish, which was to be the feast of the day, and bid me observe, that though it had been cut in two full twenty hours, it was still alive. This was indeed a melancholy truth: for I could plainly observe a tremulous motion almost continually agitating it, with now and then more distinguishable throbbings. While I was examining these faint indications of sensibility, a jolly negro wench, observing me, came up with a handful of salt, which she sprinkled all over the creature. This instantly produced such violent convulsions, that I was no longer able to look upon a scene of so much horror, and ran shuddering out of the kitchen. My friend endeavoured to satisfy me, by saying, that the head and heart had been cut in pieces twenty hours before; and that the whole was that instant to be plunged in boiling water: but it required some reflection, and more, or perhaps less philosophy than I am master of, to reconcile such appearances to human feelings. I endeavoured to turn the discourse, by asking what news? He answered:—‘There is a fleet arrived from the West Indies.’ He then shook his head, and looked serious; and after a suspense, which gave room for melancholy apprehensions, lamented that they had been very unfortunate the last voyage, and lost the greatest part of their cargo of turtles. He proceeded to inform me of the various methods which had been tried for bringing over this animal in a healthy state; for that the common way had been found to waste the fat, which was the most estimable part: and he spoke with great concern of the miscarriage of a vessel, framed like a well-boat, which had dashed them against each other, and killed them. He then entered upon an explanation of a project of his own, which being out of my way, and much above my comprehension, took up the greatest part of the morning. Upon hearing the clock strike, he rung his bell, and asked if his turtle-cloths were aired. While I was meditating on this new term, and, I confess, unable to divine what it could mean, the servant brought in a coat and waistcoat, which my friend slipped on, and, folding them round his body like a night-gown, declared that, though they then

hung so loose about him, by that time *he had spoke with the turtle*, he should stretch them as tight as a drum.

Upon the first rap at the door, there entered a whole shoal of guests; for the turtle-eater is a gregarious, I had almost said, a sociable animal: and I thought it remarkable, that in so large a number, there should not be one who was a whole minute later than the time: nay, the very cook was punctual; and the lady of the house appeared, on this extraordinary day, the moment the dinner was served upon the table. Upon her first entrance, she ordered the shell to be moved from the upper end of the table, declaring, she could not bear the smell or sight of it so near her. It was immediately changed for a couple of boiled chickens, to the great regret of all who sat in her neighbourhood, who followed it with their eyes, inwardly lamenting that they should never taste one of the good bits. In vain did they send their plates, and solicit their share; the plunderers, who were now in possession of both the shells, were sensible to no call but that of their own appetites, and, till they had satisfied them, there was not one that would listen to any thing else. The eagerness, however, and dispatch of their rapacity, having soon shrunk the choicer pieces, they vouchsafed to help their friends to the coarser parts, as ther by they cleared their way for the search after other delicacies; boasting aloud all the while, that they had not sent one good bit to the other end of the table.

When the meat was all made away with, and nothing remained but what adhered to the shell, our landlord, who during the whole time had taken care of nobody but himself, began to exercise his various instruments; and amidst his efforts to procure himself more, broke out in praise of the superior flavour of the spinal marrow, which he was then helping himself to, and for the goodness of which the company had his word.

The guests having now drank up all the gravy, and scraped the shells quite clean, the cloth was taken away, and the wine brought upon the table. But this change produced nothing new in the conversation. No hunters were ever more loud in the posthumous fame of the hero of their sport, than our epicures in memory of the turtle. To give some little variety to the discourse, I asked if they

they had never tried any other creature which might possibly resemble this exquisite food; and proposed the experiment of an alligator, whose scales seemed to be intended by Nature for the protection of green fat. I was stoppt short in my reasoning by a gentleman, who told me, that upon trial of the alligator, there had been found so strong a perfume in his flesh, that the stomach nauseated, and could not bear it; and that this was owing to a ball of muck, which is always discovered in the head of that animal. I had, however, the satisfaction to perceive, that my question did me no discredit with the company; and before it broke up, I had no less than twelve in-

vitations to turtle for the ensuing summer. Besides the honour herein designed me, I consider these invitations as having more real value than so many shares in any of the bubbles of the famous South Sea year; and I make no doubt but that, by the time they become due, they will be marketable in Change Alley. For, as the gentlemen at White's have borrowed from thence the method of transferring the surplus dinners which they win at play, it is probable they will, in their turn, furnish a hint to the Alley, where it will soon be as common to transfer shares in turtle, as in any other kind of stock.

Nº CXXIV. THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1755.

MY correspondent of to-day will, I hope, forgive me, for so long delaying the publication of his letter. All I can say to this gentleman, and to those whose letters have lain by me almost an equal length of time, is, that no partiality to any performance of my own has occasioned such delay.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,
MY highest ambition is to appear in the cause of the fair sex; nor would any thing flatter my vanity so much, as the honour of standing, in this degenerate age, the single champion of those whom all mankind are bound to defend. No time seems more proper for this kind of gallantry than the present; now, when the graver sort of men are continually throwing out sarcastic hints, at least, if not open invectives, against their lovely countrywomen; and the younger and more sprightly are, from I know not what cause, less forward than ever in their defence. Though my abilities are by no means equal to my inclinations for their service, give me leave to offer to you, and your polite readers, a few thoughts on this interesting subject.

The mance of wits has, from time immemorial, attacked these injured beauties with the charge of levity and inconstancy; a charge, applicable indeed to the frailty of human nature in general, but by no means to be admitted to the particular prejudice of the most amiable *part of the species*. History and expe-

rience inform us, that every different country produces a different race of people: the disposition of the inhabitants, as well as the complexion, receive a colour from the clime in which they are born. Yet the same sentiments do not always spring from the same soil. Some strong particularity of genius distinguishes every æra of a nation. From hence arises what, in the language of the polite world, we call Fashion; as variable with regard to principles as dress. It would be, in these days, as uncommon and ridiculous, to profess the maxims of an old Englishman, as to strut about in a short cloak and trunk hose. The same vicissitude of character takes place among the ladies: their conduct, however, has been still consistent and irreproachable; for they have always acted up to the dictates of Fashion.

The matrons of ancient Rome, though as remarkable for public spirit as those of Great Britain, were by no means so fond of public diversions. It appears from a hint which Horace has left us, that they were with difficulty prevailed on even to dance upon holidays. In this, we may observe, they widely differed from those Sabine dames from whom they derived their boasted extraction: for so strongly did they think themselves bound by the restrictions of Fashion, that they refused to imitate their illustrious ancestors in that very circumstance to which their empire owed its original.

We need not look back so far into antiquity

y for instances of this kind; our
ies may better supply us. Cruel-
e may believe the lovers of the
tury, was the reigning passion
tyrants, to whom they devoted
arts, their labours, and their
indings. No man, I presume,
: such an imputation on the pre-
e of beauties: their influence is
nign; their glory is of a more
nature; mercy is their charac-

It would be a piece of impu-
: assert, that they do not in every
xcel their relentless great grand-

Beauty, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is
iliar perfection of our fair co-

erics. To what, then, but the
compassion of these gentle crea-
can be ascribed a kind of mira-
seeming change in the constitu-
ature? Till poetry and romance
often, the miseries of love will
mbered. Authors of the high-
ation have not scrupled to assure
the lovers of their days did very
ily forget to eat and drink; nay,
y sometimes proceeded so far as
; or drown themselves for the
the cruel nymphs they adored.

: comes it, then, that in an age,
h suicide is not unknown, no
s are to be met with of this dis-
d conduct? In the space of
ears, I do not remember above
d that one occasioned by the
enderness, not of heart, but of
ice. Matter of fact, therefore,
he truth of my assertion: our
s have laid aside the bloody dis-
of Pagan idols; inasmuch, that
ny man living has seen a lover's
vered with cypress, or indeed
much as a willow garland.

re ingratitude not to acknow-
whom we are indebted for so
blessing. The celebrated in-
of modern romance, together
e judicious writers of the stage,
e honour of being the deliverers
countrymen. So ardently have
aded the public cause, that the
re at last content to throw up the

reins, to accept unmeaning flattery in-
stead of tender sighs, and admit inno-
cent freedom in the place of distant
adoration. They have learnt to in-
dulse their admirers with frequent op-
portunities of gazing on their charms,
and are grown too generous to conceal
from them even the little failings of their
tempers. Nor is this all: while the per-
suasive eloquence of these gentlemen has
found the way to soften the rigour of
the fair sex, they have animated the re-
solution of others; for by them are we
instructed in the winning art of modest
assurance, and furnished with the *dernier*
repart of indifference.

You will not be surprized, Sir, that
I speak so warmly on this subject, when
you are informed how great a share of
the public felicity falls to my lot. Had
the fashionable polity of this kingdom
continued in the same situation in which
it stood a hundred years ago, I had been,
perhaps, the most unfortunate man in
the world. No heart is more susceptible
of tender impressions than mine, nor is
my resolution strong enough to hold out
against the slightest attacks of a pair of
bright eyes. Love, weak as he is, has
often made me his captive; but I can
never be too lavish of my applause to
those generous beauties who have been
the authors of my pains: so far have
they ever been from glorying in their
power, or insulting the miseries they
occasioned, that they have constantly
employed the most effectual methods to
free me from their fetters. By their in-
dulgence it is, that I have arrived at
the fifty-third year of my life, without
the incumbrance of a wife or legitimate
children; that I can now look back with
pleasure on the dangers I have escaped,
and forward with comfort on the peace
and quiet laid up for my old age. This,
Sir, is my case: gratitude prompts me
to publish the obligations I owe; and I
beg leave to take this opportunity of
paying my debt of honour, and at the
same time of subscribing myself, your
constant reader, admirer, and very hum-
ble servant.

Nº CXXV. THURSDAY MAY, 22, 1755.

D the many wise philosophers
of antiquity, who have so often
justly compared the life of man

to a race, lived in the present times,
they would have seen the propriety of
that simile greatly augmented: for it we

observe the behaviour of the polite part of this nation, (that is, of *all* the nation) we shall see that their whole lives are one continued race; in which every one is endeavouring to distance all behind him, and to overtake, or pass by, all who are before him: every one is flying from his inferiors in pursuit of his superiors, who fly from him with equal alacrity.

Were not the consequences of this ridiculous pride of the most destructive nature to the public, the scene would be really entertaining. Every tradesman is a merchant, every merchant is a gentleman, and every gentleman one of the noblest. We are a nation of gentry, *populus generosorum*: we have no such thing as common people among us; between vanity and gin, the species is utterly destroyed. The sons of our lowest mechanics, acquiring with the learning at charity-school, the laudable ambition of becoming gentle-folks, despite their paternal occupations, and are all soliciting for the honourable employments of tide-waiters and excisemen. Their girls are all milliners, mantuamakers, or ladies women; or presumptuously exercise that genteel profession, which used to be peculiarly reserved for the well-educated daughters of deceased clergymen. Attorneys clerks and city prentices dress like cornets of dragoons, keep their mistresses and their hunters, criticise at the play, and toast at the tavern. The merchant leaves his counting-house for St. James's; and the country gentleman his own affairs for those of the public, by which neither of them receive much benefit. Every commoner of distinction is impatient for a peerage, and treads hard upon the heels of quality in duels, equipage, and expences of every kind. The nobility, who can aim no higher, plunge themselves into debt and dependence to preserve their rank, and are even there quickly overtaken by their unmerciful pursuers.

The same foolish vanity, that thus prompts us to imitate our superiors, induces us also to be, or to pretend to be, their inseparable companions; or, as the phrase is, to keep the *best company*; by which is always to be understood, such company as are much above us in rank or fortune, and consequently despise and avoid us, in the same manner as we ourselves do our inferiors. By this *ridiculous affectation* are all the plea-

tures of social life, and all the advantages of friendly converse, utterly destroyed. We chuse not our companions for their wit or learning, their good-humour or good-sense, but for their power of conferring this imaginary dignity; as if greatness was communicable, like the powers of the load-stone, by friction, or by contact, like electricity. Every young gentleman is taught to believe it is more eligible, and more honourable, to destroy his time, his fortune, his morals, and his understanding, at a gaming-house with the *best company*, than to improve them all in the conversation of the most ingenious and entertaining of his equals: and every self-conceited girl, in fashionable life chuses rather to endure the affectation, silence and insolent head-ach of my Lady Ducheis for a whole evening, than to pass it in mirth and jollity with the most amiable of her acquaintance. For since it is possible that some of my readers who have not had the honour of being admitted into the *best company*, should imagine that amongst such there is even the best conversation, the most lively wit, the most profound judgment, the most engaging affability and politeness; may be proper to inform them, that this is by no means always the case; but that frequently, in such company, little is said, and less attended to; no disposition appears either to please others, or to be pleased themselves; but that in the room of all the before-mentioned agreeable qualifications, cards are introduced, and the convenient power of reducing all men's understandings, as well as their fortunes, to an equality.

It is pleasant to observe how this race converted into a kind of perpetual warfare, between the *good* and *bad company* in this country, has subsisted for half a century last past; in which the former have been perpetually pursued by the latter, and fairly beaten out of all their resources for superior distinction; out innumerable fashions in dress, and variety of diversions; every one of which they have been obliged to abandon, soon as occupied by their impertinent rivals. In vain have they armed themselves with lace and embroidery, entrenched themselves in hoops and stiff belows: in vain have they had recourse to full-bottomed periwigs and bouffants to high-heads, and low-heads, and heads at all: trade has bestowed rid-

on the competitors, and riches have procured them equal finery. Hair has curled as genteelly on one side of Temple Bar, as on the other; and hoops have grown to as prodigious a magnitude in the foggy air of Cheapside, as in the purer regions of Grosvenor Square and Hill Street.

With as little success have operas, oratorios, ridottos, and other expensive diversions, been invented to exclude *bad company*: tradesmen, by enhancing their prices, have found tickets for their wives and daughters, and by this means have been enabled to insult the *good company*, their customers, at their own expence; and, like true conquerors, have obliged the enemy to pay for their defeat. But this stratagem has in some measure been obviated by the prudence of the *very best company*, who, for this, and many other wise considerations, have usually declined paying them at all.

For many years was this combat between the *good* and *bad company* of this metropolis performed, like the ancient tilts and tournaments, before his majesty and the royal family, every Friday night in the drawing-room at St. James's; which now appears, as it usually fares with the seat of war, desolate and uninhabited, and totally deserted on both sides; except that on Twelfth night the *bad company* never fail to assemble to commemorate annually the victories they have there obtained.

The *good company* being thus every where put to flight, they thought proper at last to retire to their own citadels; that is, to form numerous and brilliant assemblies at their own hotels, in which they imagined that they could neither be imitated nor intruded on. But here again they were grievously mistaken; for no sooner was the signal given, but every little lodging-house in town, of two rooms and a closet on a floor, or rather of two closets and a cupboard, teemed with card-tables, and overflowed

with company: and as making a crowd was the great point here principally aimed at, the smaller the houses, and the more indifferent the company, this point was the more easily effected. Nor could intrusion be better guarded against than imitation; for by some means or other, either by the force of beauty or of dress, of wealth or impudence, of folly enough to lose great sums at play, or of knavery enough to win them, or of some such eminent or extraordinary qualifications, their plebeian enemies soon broke through the strongest of their barriers, and mingled in the thickest of their ranks, to the utter destruction of all superiority and distinction.

But though it may be owned that the affairs of the *good company* are now in a very bad situation, yet I would not have them despair, nor perpetually carry about the marks of their defeat in their countenances, so visible in a mixture of *fiercé* and dejection. They have still one asylum left to fly to, which, with all their advantages of birth and education, it is surprising they should not long since have discovered; but since they have not, I shall beg leave to point it out; and it is this: that they once more retire to the long-deserted forts of true British grandeur, their princely seats and magnificent castles in their several countries; and there, arming themselves with religion and virtue, hospitality and charity, civility and friendship, bid defiance to their impertinent pursuers. And though I will not undertake that they shall not, even here, be followed in time, and imitated by their inferiors, yet so averse are all ranks of people at present to this sort of retirement, so totally disused from the exercise of those kinds of arms, and so unwilling to return to it, that I will venture to promise, it will be very long before they can be overtaken or attacked; but that here, and here only, they may enjoy their favourite singularity unmolested, for half a century to come.

J. Smollett Esq.

Nº CXXVI. THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1755.

I Am favoured by a correspondent with the following little instructive piece, which he calls

THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

A good temper is one of the principal

ingredients of happiness. This, it may be said, is the work of nature, and must be born with us: and so in a good measure it is; yet sometimes it may be acquired by art, and always improved by culture.

culture. Almost every object that attracts our notice has it's bright and it's dark side: he that habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness; while he who constantly beholds it on the bright side, insensibly moderates his temper, and in consequence of it improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

Arachne and Melissa are two friends: they are both of them women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments. They are originally alike in temper too; but by different management are grown the reverse of each other. Arachne has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side of every object. In a new poem or a play makes it's appearance, with a thousand bails and joints, and but one or two blemishes, she instantly flings over the passages that should give her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with dislike. If you show her a very excellent portrait, she looks at some part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a cloud or a finger that has been left unfinished. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegance; but if you take a walk with her in it, she looks to you of nothing but blights and sterility of soils and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the lit or of falling leaves and worm-calls. If you sit down in one of her temples to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too sunny, or too gloomy; that it is sultry, or winny, and finishes with a long tirade upon the inconsistency of our climate. When you return with her to the company, if it is the case of a full cheerful conversation, she cuts a grin occasionally, by giving you the history of her own bad health, or some melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her, and at last discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are gone.

Melissa is the reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look on the bright side of objects, she preserves perfect cheerfulness and happiness, and by a kind of happy contagion communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen

her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and in society, because she can communicate the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of his acquaintance. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom misses what she looks for. Walk with her, though it be but on a heath or a common, and she will discover numberless beauties, unobserved before, in the hills, the dale, the broom, the brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it something of health or convenience. In conversation it is a rule with her never to start a subject that leads to any thing gloomy or disagreeable; you therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or that of her neighbours, or (what is worst of all) their faults or imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has the address to turn it into entertainment, by changing the most odious railing into a pleasant railery. Thus Melissa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that of two tempers, once very nearly allied, the one is for ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and cheerful; the one spreads an universal gloom, the other a continual sunshine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention than this art of happiness. In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. The taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north-east wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, shall insensibly rob a whole company of it's good humour, and sling every member of it into the vapours. If therefore we would be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these *minutiae* of conversation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the days, the increasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or what-

ries with it the most distant of joy, shall frequently be the of a social and happy conversation manners exact from us this your company. The clown may t the sunshine that ripens his because his turnips are burnt up at the man of refinement will leasure from the thunder-storm he is exposed, by remarking plenty and refreshment which expected from such a shower.

does good manners, as well as fe, direct us to look at every ob- be bright side; and by thus act- cherish and improve both the the other. By this practice it is lissa is become the wisest and l woman living; and by this may every man and woman ar- at easy benevolence of temper, e world calls good-nature, and ture charity, whose natural and ling fruit is Happiness.

not better conclude this paper i the following Ode, which I from another correspondent, h seems to be written in the it of cheerfulness with the above

ODE TO MORNING.

rightly messenger of day,
eav'n ascending, tunes the lay
akes the blossoming morn:
ith th' inspir'ng notes, I rise,
he Pow'r whose glad supplies
iven'd plains adorn.

retire, O NIGHT! thy praise,
neen! in nobler lays
has been sung:
ne own spheres expire, thy name,
m Time, shall rise in fame,
alis'd by YOUNG.

: I speak, AURORA sheds
honours o'er the meads,
inging valleys smile:
uful haste, the village-swain
e labours of the plain,
ests th' accusom'd toil.

Day's monarch comes to bless the year!
Wing'd ZEPHYRUS wanton round his car,
Along th' æthereal road;
PLENTY and HEALTH attend his beams,
And TRUTH, divinely bright, proclaims
The visit of the God.

Aw'd by the view, my soul reveres
The great FIRST CAUSE, that bade the spheres
In tuneful order move:
Thine is the sable-mantled night,
Unseen ALMIGHTY! and the light
The radiance of thy love.

Hark! the awaken'd grove repays
With melody the genial rays,
And echo spreads the strain;
The streams in grateful murmurs run,
The bleating flocks salute the sun,
And music glads the plain.

While Nature thus her charms displays,
Let me enjoy the fragrant breeze,
That op'ning flowers distill;
TEMP'ERANCE and INNOCENCE attend,
These are your haunts, your influence lend,
Associates of the MUSE!

RIOT, and GUILT, and wasting CARE,
And fell REVENGE, and black DESPAIR,
Avoid the morning's light;
Nor beams the sun, nor blooms the rose,
Their restless passions to compose,
Who VIRTUE'S dictates slight.

Along the mead, and in the wood,
And on the margin of the flood,
The Goddess walks consort;
She gives the landscape pow'r to charm,
The sun his genial heat, to warm
The wife and generous breast.

Happy the man! whose tranquil mind
Sees Nature in her changes kind,
And pleas'd the whole surveys;
For him the morn benignly smiles,
And evening shades reward the toils
That measure out his days.

The varying year may shift the scene,
The sounding tempest lash the main,
And Heav'n's own thunders roll;
Calmly he views the bursting storm,
Tempests nor thunder can deform
The morning of his soul.

C. B.

N^o CXXVII. THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1755QUIS NOVUS NIC NOSTRIS SUCCESSIT SEDIVS MOSPES?
QUEM SESE ORE FERENS?—

VIRG.

ALTHOUGH I profess myself a zealous advocate for modern fashion, and have countenanced some of it's boldest innovations, yet I cannot but recal my approbation, when I see it making some very irregular and unjustifiable fautes, in opposition to true policy and reasons of state. In testimony of the perfect quietism I have hitherto observed in this respect, I defy any one to convict me of having uttered one syllable in public of the good roast beef of Old England, since the conspiracy set on foot by the Creolian epicures totally to banish it our island. On the other hand, it is well known I have been lately present at a turtle-feast in person, and have at this very hour several engagements upon my hands. I have acquiesced likewise with great and sudden revolutions in dress, as well as taste: I have submitted, in opposition to the clamours of a numerous party, to dismantling the intrenchments of the hoop, on a tacit promise from my fair countrywomen (in compliance to the application of the young men) that they would leave the small of the leg at least as visible as before. I have made no objection to their wearing the cardinal, though it be a habit of popish etymology, and was, I am afraid, first invented to hide the slutishness of French dishabille. Nay, I have even connived at the importation of *rouge*, upon serious conviction that a fine woman has an incontestable right to be mistress of her own complexion; neither do I know that we have any pretence to subject her to the necessity of telling us on the morrow, the late hours she was under engagement to keep the night before; a grievance which, through the extreme delicacy of her natural complexion, could no otherwise be remedied.

My absolute compliance in so many important instances, will I hope secure me from any imputation of prejudice against the dominion of fashion, which I am at last under the necessity of opposing, as it has introduced under it's sanction one of the most dangerous and impolitic customs that was ever admitted

into a commonwealth, which is natural and un-constitutional principle. Inoculation. The evil tendency of the practice I have such unanswerable arguments to evince, as I doubt not to banish it our island, and send it to the confines of Circassia, from whence it could hardly suspect a lady would have been so wicked as imported it.

I must first premise, which greatly to it's credit, that it is of extraction; and (to speak as a professed I dread lest it should be of introducing, in these *opera* more alarming practices of raglio.

It seems likewise, by the bye at the belief of *absolute predilection* for (as a zealous Calvinist might mark) is it not very pious for a young lady to attempt not above twenty spots in her face: perhaps it is *absolutely decreed* have two hundred, or none at all.

But to my first argument in the world in general (for I pay no regard to what the author of the *Peters* asserts to the contrary) is much over-peopled; and the present in this metropolis we cannot but remark in the constant labourers, masons, &c. to fit up new houses for the encreasing superfluities. This inconvenience had been prevented, by the number of people who were removed by the small-pox in this way; *one* at least in *seven* of the great ease and convenient survivors; whereas, since it has prevailed, all hopes of this people that way are entirely a not above *one* in *three hundred* taken off, to the great incumbrance of society. So that, unless we speedily have a war upon the Continent we shall be in danger of being with famine at home, through the tiplicity of our people, whom we have taken this unnatural method of alive.

My second argument was

a very worthy country gentleman acquaintance, whom I met taking some fresh air in

I accosted him with the freedom of a friend at the first in-
'What brought you to town,
'My wife, Sir,' says he, in a un-
holy tone, 'my wife. It is
the first four years of
marriage, to live peaceably in the
, and to employ herself in setting
her table, visiting her neighbour
or attending her nursery; and
a wish broke out after the dis-
sent of the town, it was easily
down again, by my saying
words of tenderness—"My dear,
would certainly see London this
, but my last letters tell me, the
pox is very much there." But
ever had she heard the fatal suc-
cess of Inoculation, than she insisted
on the trial of it; has succeeded; and
baffled my old valuable argu-
ment to keep her in the country, has
brought me to town, and is now most
busily making up her four years
time at the Abbey, by entering
with a most courageous spirit into
the party of pleasure she can possibly
find of.'

Inference I would make from my
story, is, not that the nation is
hereby of a convenient bug-
abone ladies to the country; an
would by no means counte-
nt to shew only to our sagaci-
tious, who are searching for
important reasons, that it is un-
willing owing to the increase of Ino-
culation together with the number
of turnpikes, that so many
worthy country gentlemen have
lost their hospitable seats, and roll
with safety and tranquillity to
the great diminution of coun-
ty neighbourhood, and the insufferable
absence of all public places in this
is.

Another ill consequence of this prac-
tice remarked more than once, in
round the circle at Ranelagh.
are naturally disposed to be a-
dverse; and a consciousness of su-
periority, where the possession is
not to the party, is very apt to
lead into little triumphant airs and
haughtiness towards those of
inferiority in that respect. Hence
of defiance, so visible in the

looks of our finest women, which in the
last age was softened and corrected with
some small traits of meekness and timi-
dity; while the unhappy group of plain
women, who bear about them those
honourable scars for which they ought
to be revered, can scarcely meet with
a beauty who will drop them a curtsy,
or a beau who will lead them to their
chariots.

Neither do I think it for the advan-
tage of a commonwealth to be over-
stocked with beauties. They are un-
doubtedly the most suitable furniture
for public places, very proper objects
to embellish an assembly-room, and the
prettiest points of view in the Park: but
it is believed by some, that your plain
women, whose understandings are not
perverted by admiration, make the dis-
creetest wives, and the best mothers: so
that, to secure a constant supply of fit
and ugly women to act in these neces-
sary capacities, this modern invention
for the preservation of pretty faces ought
no doubt to be abolished; since, on a
just computation, ten fine women *per
annum* (which we can never want in
England) will be sufficient to entertain
the *beau monde* for a whole season, and
completely furnish all the public places
every night, if properly disposed.

I had some thoughts of laying these
arguments against Inoculation before
the legislature, in hopes that they would
strengthen them with their authority,
and give them the sanction of a law
against so pernicious an invention: but
I was discouraged by a friend, who con-
vinced me, that however just I might be
in my opinion, that our people were
growing too numerous, and in the course
to which I impured it, the pernicious
success of Inoculation; yet it might be
impolitic to attempt reducing them at
this critical season, when the legislature
may have occasion to dispose of them
some other way. He proposed to me,
as the most effectual means of suppress-
ing this growing evil, that it should be
recommended to some zealous and fa-
shionable preacher to denounce his ana-
themas against it, which would not fail
to deter all ladies of quality from the
practice of it. But I would rather pro-
pose, that a golden medal should be
given by the College of Physicians to the
ablest of the profession, who should
publish the completest treatise to prove
(as undoubtedly might be proved)
— That

—‘ That whatever distemper any person shall die of at *seventy years of age*, must infallibly be owing to his having been Inoculated at *seven*: and

‘ that every person who has small-pox by Inoculation, it afterwards *ten times* in that way.’

Nº CXXVIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1751

MONTAIGNE tells us of a gentleman of his country, much troubled with the gout, who being advised by his physicians to abstain from salt meats, asked what else they would give him to quarrel with in the extremity of his fits; for that he imagined, curling one minute the Bologna sausages, and another the dried tongues he had eaten, was some mitigation of his pain.

It all men, when they are either out of health, or out of humour, would vent their rage after the manner of this Frenchman, the world would be a much quieter one than we see it at present. But dried tongues and sausages have no feeling of our duplicature; therefore we reserve it for one another: and he that can wound his neighbour in his fame, or sow the seeds of discord in his family, derives happiness to himself.

I once knew a husband and wife, who without having the least tincture of affection for each other, or any single accomplishment of mind or person, made a shift to live comfortably enough, by contributing equally to the abuse of their acquaintance. The consideration of one another's uneasiness, or what was still better, that it was in their power to inflict it, kept pain, sickness, and misfortune, from touching them too nearly. They collected separately the scandal of the day, and made themselves company for one another, by consulting how they might disperse it with additions and improvements. I have known the wife to have been cured of a fit of the cholick, by the husband's telling her that a young lady of her acquaintance was run off with her father's footman; and I once saw the husband sit with a face of delight to have a tooth drawn, upon my bringing him the news that a very particular friend of his was a bankrupt in the Gazette. Their losses at cards were what chiefly tormented them; not so much from a principle of avarice, as from the consideration that what They had lost, others had won; and upon these occasions the family peace has been

sometimes disturbed. But a fit of scandal, or a new misfortune any of the neighbourhood mediately set matters right; and then the happiest people in the

I think it is an observation of an ingenious author of Tom forget his words) that the only situation in marriage is a state of indifference. ‘ Where people love,’ says he, ‘ they have great in obliging; and where they another, they have equal pl tormenting. But where they ther love nor hated, and quence, no desire either to in obliging; there can be no such happiness.’ That this observation be true in general, I very readily yet I have instanced a couple though as indifferent to each other as possible for man and wife have yet contrived to be happy in the misfortunes of their friends.

But it is nevertheless true and necessary, that it is principally to be at home; and therefore it is that families one visits, one sees the and wife (instead of contenting themselves with the miseries of the hours) mutually plaguing one another and after a succession of disputes, traditions, mortifications, sneers, abuses, and sometimes blows, treat separately into company, the easiest and pleasantest people.

That this is to be mutually believe few married couples especially if they have lived a fortnight, and of course are grown of obliging. But it has been very discovered, that as our sorrows are lessened by participation, so all joys; and that unless the pleasuring be confined entirely to party, the happiness of either means be perfect. The wife of a meek and tender disposition makes it the study of her life to oblige her husband, and he is indebted for every agree-

is the fittest object of his tyranny
 frion. Upon such a wife he may
 himself nobly, and have all the
 : to himself; but I would advise
 enjoy it with some little caution,
 (though the weekly bills take no
 of it) there is really such a disease
 ken heart; and the misfortune is,
 re is no tormenting a dead wife.
 y is the husband of such a wo-
 or unless a man goes into com-
 th the conscious pleasure of hav-
 his wife miserable at home, his
 may not be proof against every
 t he may meet with abroad; but
 first of all discharged his spleen
 -humour upon his own family,
 into company prepared to be
 and happy with every thing that
 or if crosses and disappointments
 unavoidably happen, he has a
 repair to, on whom he can be-
 th interest every vexation he has
 l. Thus it was honestly and
 aid by the old serjeant of seventy,
 hen his officer asked him how he
 marry at so great an age, an-
 — 'Why, and please your ho-
 they tease and put me out of
 ur abroad, and so I go home and
 ny wife.' And, indeed, happy is
 ociety that men have commonly
 positories for their ill-humours;
 n truly assert, that the easiest, the
 ured, and the most entertaining
 cknow out of his own house, is
 : tyrannical master, brother, hus-
 d father, in the whole world; and
 he had no family to make mi-
 at home, would be the constant
 r of every party abroad.
 I am far from limiting this par-
 rivilage to a husband: the wife
 metimes in her power to enjoy

equal happiness. For instance, when a
 woman of family and spirit condescends
 to marry for a maintenance a wealthy
 citizen, whose delight is in peace, quiet-
 ness and domestic endearments; such a
 woman may continually fill his house
 with routs and hurricanes; she may tease
 and fret him with her superiority of
 birth; she may torment his heart with
 jealousy, and waste his substance in riot-
 ing and gaming. She will have one ad-
 vantage too over the male tyrant, inas-
 much as she may carry her triumph be-
 yond the grave, by making the children
 of her husband's footmen the inheritors
 of his fortune.

Thus, as an advocate for matrimony,
 I have entered into a particular disqui-
 sition of it's principal comforts; and
 that no motives may be wanting to in-
 duce men to engage in it, I have endea-
 voured to shew that it is next to an im-
 possibility for a couple to miscarry, since
 hatred as well as love, and indifference
 as well as either, (I mean, if people have
 sense enough to make a right use of their
 friends misfortunes) is sufficient for hap-
 piness. Indeed, it is hard to guess, when
 one reads in the public papers that a
 treaty of marriage is on foot between the
 Right Honourable Lord Somebody, and
 Lady Betty Such-a-one, whether his
 lordship's and the lady's passion be love
 or hatred: and, to say truth, it is of very
 little consequence to which of these pas-
 sions their desire of coming together is
 first owing; it being at least six to four,
 that in the compass of a month, they
 hate one another heartily. But let not
 this deter any of my readers from en-
 tering into the state of matrimony; since
 the pleasure of *obliging* the object of our
desires, is at least equalled by the pleasure
 of *tormenting* the object of our *aversion*.

Nº CXXIX. THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1755.

I make no apology for the fol-
 lowing miscellaneous letters, unless
 the writers of them, for so long
 ; their publication.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

I ate Earl Marshal applying to
 ookseller at Paris for some Eng-
 ks, was answered by the French-
 t he had none in his shop, except

une petite bagatelle, called the Bible.
 Your readers will be informed, that this
petite bagatelle, as the bookseller termed
 it, contains, among other matters, some
 little treatises of Eastern wisdom, and
 particularly certain maxims collected by
 one King Solomon, of whom mention is
 made in Prior's poems. Solomon was,
 as Captain Bluff says of Scipio, a pretty
 fellow in his day, though most of his
 maxims have been confuted by experi-
 ence.

ence. But I only make mention of him, to shew how exactly the *virtuous woman* of that monarch corresponds with the *fine lady* of the present times.

'Who can find a virtuous woman?' says Solomon. By the way, he must have kept sad company, or else *virtuous women* were extremely scarce in those days: for it will be no boast to say that five thousand *virtuous women* may be assembled at any time in this metropolis, on a *night's* warning. Solomon describes the character so that it is not easy to mistake it. 'She bringeth her food from afar.' That is to say, the tea-table of the *virtuous woman* is supplied with sugar and cordials from Barbadoes, and with tea from China; the bread and butter and scandal only being the produce of her native country. 'She riseth whilst it is yet night.' This cannot

literally be said of our modern *virtuous women*; but one may venture to assert, that if to rise *while it is yet night*, be the characteristic of virtue, to *sit up the whole night*, and thereby have no occasion for rising at all, must imply no ordinary measure of goodness. 'She strengtheneth her aims.' This is a circumstance of some delicacy: such mysteries suit not the vulgar ear. The husband of the *virtuous woman* may say, as the poet says of friendship with the great, *expertus metuit*. 'She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.' This plainly indicates that no lady can be consummately *virtuous*, unless she wear brocaded silks, and robings of French embroidery. To these Solomon, with all the accuracy of a tire-woman, adds purple ribbands. This passage is liable to misapplication; but the words *she maketh herself coverings*, mean not that a *virtuous woman* must of necessity be a work-woman; to *make*, signifies to occasion the making of any thing: thus a person is said to *make interest*, when, in truth, it is not he, but his money, that makes the interest. Thus Augustus fought battles by proxy; and thus many respectable personages beget children. So that a *virtuous woman* need not embroider in person; let her *pay* for the work she bestows, and no more is required. 'Her husband is known in the gates.' More universally known by his relation to his wife, than by his own name. Thus you are told at public places—That is Mrs. Such-a-one's

husband, or he that married I Such-a-one.' 'He sitteth among elders of the land.' At Whose where the elders of the land assest themselves.

Let me add one more instance of similitude between a *fine lady* and a *virtuous woman* of Solomon, and I have done. When a lady retorns home, at five in the morning, from the nocturnal mysteries of bragg, how must the heart of her husband exult, when he sees her flambeaux rivalling the light of the sun! May he not cry out in the words of the Eastern Monarch—'Blessed is the virtuous woman; her candle goeth not out by night!' I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I Have had the honour of sitting in the three last parliaments: for as it was always my opinion that an honest man should sacrifice every private consideration to the service of his country, I spared no expence at my elections, nor afterwards to support an interest in my borough, by giving annuities to half the corporation, building a town-hall, a market-house, a new steeple to the church, together with a present of a ring of bells, that used to stun me with their noise. To defray all these expences, I was obliged to mortgage my estate to it's full value, excepting only two thousand pounds, which sum I took up against the last general election, and went down to my borough, where I was told there would be an opposition. What I heard was true; an absolute stranger had declared himself a candidate; and though I spent every farthing of my two thousand pounds, and was promised the votes and interest of the mayor and corporation, they every man of them went against me, and I lost my election.

As I have now no opportunity of serving my country, and have a wife and seven small children to maintain, I have been at last concerting measures how I might do a small service to myself: and as there are many worthy gentlemen at present in the same unfortunate situation, I cannot think of a better expedient, than to recommend to the parliament, at their next meeting, the passing an act for raising a fund towards the building and endowing an hospital for the relief and support of decayed members. I mention it thus early, because I would give

me to deliberate upon. And surely, Mr. be loss of a limb shall title the meanest soldier service to this privilege, worthy of relief is the who has sacrificed his ne to the interest of his

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I conceive it to be but a *wicked world*, when gentlemen will help thieves and robbers to get into peoples houses; and I shall take for the future a bare acquittal at the Old Bailey, as a better recommendation than that of such a friend. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

A. B.

this letter will greatly very humble servant,

B. D.

gentlemen residing in lost their fortunes by ts, and their elections d to meet on Saturday instant June, at three ernoan, at the Cat and lies's, to consider of the or of any other ways eir immediate support. r will be provided at l.

on of characters, given bad servants, has been demanding the atten- c. Give me leave to pecimen from my own

re, an old servant left notice. I had another *very honest*, by a neigh- whom he had served. l for time, I took him qualification, in lieu of relying upon the re- of his integrity, reposel ace in him. In some er, finding an increase articles under his par- nt, I discovered, upon the perquisites, or ra- is province, had been

His dismission, you sued, and complaint to ad recommended him. , that they knew him , by the tricks he had it that they would not because they thought er him of a place.

The abuse complained of by this cor- respondent is of too serious a nature to be passed over slightly. It is to this mistaken compassion that the disorderly behaviour of servants is, perhaps, prin- cipally owing: for if the punishment of dishonesty be only a change of place, (which may be a reward, instead of a punishment) it ceases to be a servant's interest to be true to his trust.

This prostitution of characters (as my correspondent calls it) is grown so common, that a servant, after he has committed the most palpable robbery, for which you are turning him out of doors, and which would go near to hang him at the Old Bailey, looks composedly in your face, and very modestly hopes that you will not refuse him a character, *for that you are too worthy a gentleman to be the ruin of a poor servant, who has nothing but his character to depend upon for his bread.* So away he goes; and you are really so *very worthy a gentle- man*, as to assure the first person who enquires about him, that he is a sober, diligent, and *faithful* servant. Thus are you accessory to the next robbery he commits, and ought, in my humble opinion, to be deemed little less than an accessory by the law: for the servant who opens the door of his master's house to the thief that plunders it, differs from you only in the motive; the consequences are the same.

I have said, in a former paper, that the behaviour of servants depends in a great measure on that of their masters and mistresses. In this instance, I am sure it does: I shall therefore conclude this paper with advising all heads of families to give *honest* characters before they al- low themselves to exclaim against *disbo- nest* servants.

I was then full eighteen; not disagreeable in my person; and, by the tender care of indulgent parents, had been instructed in all the necessary accomplishments towards making a good wife, a good mother, and a sincere friend. I resolved to keep strictly to all the rules you should prescribe, and did not doubt but by the time I was twenty, I should have choice of admirers, or very probably be married. But, would you believe it? I have not so much as one man who makes any sort of pretensions to me. I am at a loss to account for this, as I have not been guilty of any of those errors which you and all sober men exclaim so much against: I hate routs, seldom touch a card, and when I do, it is more to oblige others than myself. Plays are the only public amusements I frequent; but I go only to good ones, and then always in good company. Don't think by good company I mean quality: for I assure you, I never go to any public place but with people of unexceptionable character. My complexion is of the olive kind; yet I have the assurance to shew my bare face, though I have been often told it is very indecent. However, to atone in some measure for this neglect, I never am seen without a handkerchief, nor with my petticoats above my shoes.

Though my fortune is

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ich is not to be attained but at
ice of truth.

ot so vain, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as
e this letter will merit a place
aper; all I desire is, that you
e me so far as to write a World
subject: and, might I advise,
omen alone, and apply yourself
o the reformation of the men;
once they begin to cherish any
duable and praise-worthy in
es, you will soon find the wo-
follow their example. I am,
: constant reader and admirer,

M. S.

FITZ-ADAM,

have often animadverted on the
ent fashionable indecencies of
dresses: but I wish you would
wand then to look a little at
d bestow some of your charita-
e upon your own sex.

re to know, Sir, that I am one
old maids, who, though no re-
have resolved to live and die

Our fortunes, which singly
small, enable us, when put to-
o live genteelly, and to keep
ds and a footman. Patrick has
h us now going on of six years,
lo him justice, is a sober, clean-
diligent servant: indeed, by

our tempers, and paying a
edience to all our whims, (for
it pretend to be without whims)
ade himself so useful that there
ing without him. We give
ivery, but allow him a hand-
yearly for cloaths; and, to say
, till within this last week, he
ed with great propriety and de-
when all at once, to our great
and distress, he has had the as-
o appear at the sideboard in a
filthy Nankin breeches, and
be to fit so extremely tight, that
rious observer might have mis-
sm for no breeches at all. The
nd confusion so visible in all our
e would think, should suggest
e odiousness of his dress; but
w seems to have thrown off
earance of decency; for at tea-
fore company, as well as at
e are forced to endure him in
minable Nankin, our modesty
ime struggling with nature to
ideas it conveys.

is first two days, though we

could think of nothing else, shame kept
it silent even to one another: but we
could hold out no longer; yet what to
determine neither of us knew. Patrick,
as I told you before, was a good ser-
vant; and to turn him away for a single
fault, when that fault would in all pro-
bability be remedied by a word's speak-
ing, seemed to be carrying the matter a
little too far. But which of us was to
speak to him was the grand question.
The word Breeches (though I am pre-
vailed upon to write it) was too coarse
to be pronounced; and to say—'Pa-
' trick, we don't like that dress,' or—
' Pray, Patrick, dress in another man-
' ner,' was laying us under a necessity
of pointing at his breeches, to make
ourselves understood. Nor did it seem
at all adviseable to set either Betty or
Hannah upon doing it, as it might pos-
sibly draw them into explanations that
might be attended with very puzzling,
if not dangerous, consequences.

After having deliberated some days
upon this cruel exigence, and not know-
ing which way to look whenever Patrick
was in the room, nor daring to shut our
eyes, or turn our backs upon him, for
fear of his discovering the cause; it oc-
curred to me, that if I could muster up
courage to inform Mr. Fitz-Adam of
our distresses, (for we constantly take
in the World, of which Patrick is also
a reader) it might be a means of reliev-
ing us from this perpetual blushing and
confusion. If you walk abroad in the
morning, or are a frequenter of auctions,
you cannot but take notice of this odious
fashion. But I should like it better, if
you were to pass your censure upon
Nankin breeches in general, than to
have those of our Patrick taken notice of
particularly: However, I leave it entire-
ly to your own choice; and whatever
method you may take to discountenance
the wearing of them, will be perfectly
agreeable to, Sir, your most humble
servant,

PRISCILLA CROSS-STITCH.

The case of this lady and her compa-
nions is so exceeding critical, that, for
fear Patrick should be backward at
taking the hint, I have thought it the
wisest way to publish her letter just as I
received it: and if, after this day, Pa-
trick should again presume to appear
before his ladies clad in Nankin, I
hereby authorize Mrs. Betty or Mrs.
Hannah

rent into the consideration how ill the various parts of life are generally suited to the persons who appear in them. This was attributed either to their own ambition, which tempts them to undertake a character they have not abilities to perform with credit, or to some accidental circumstance, which throws them into professions contrary, perhaps, both to their genius and inclination. All were unanimous in blaming those parents, who force their children to enter into a way of life contrary to their natural bent, which generally points out the employment that is best adapted to their capacities. To this we in a great measure ascribed the slow progress of arts and sciences, the frequent failures and miscarriages of life, and many of those desperate acts which are often the consequences of them.

This conversation carried us through the greatest part of the evening, till the company broke up and retired to rest. But the weather being hot, and my senses perfectly awake, I found it impossible to give way to sleep, so that my thoughts soon returned to the late subject of the evening's entertainment. I recollected many instances of this misapplication of parts, and compassionated the unhappy effects of it. I reflected, that as all men have different ideas of

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ties of horse joc
fiddlers, and m
guished two or
who had dress
waitcoats, and

off their lawn, put themselves into red coats, and soon obtained triumphs and ovations; while others dwindled into parish-clerks, and village pedagogues. But I observed with pleasure several of that sacred order in my own country, who appeared calm and unchanged amidst the general bustle, and seemed designed originally to do honour to their exalted stations.

There were several grave old men, who threw off their scarlet robes, and retired to religious houses. I saw with wonder some of these deserted robes put on by private gentlemen, who, lost in retirement and reserve, were little imagined to be qualified for such important posts. But what more astonished me, was to see men of military rank throwing away their regimentals, and appearing with a much better grace in longer suits of scarlet. Some gentlemen of the robe, whom I had always regarded with respect and reverence, seemed now more awful and respectable than ever: one, in particular, greatly surprised me, by quitting the seat of judgment, which he had long filled with universal applause, till I saw him entering a more august assembly, and afterwards passing to the cabinet of his prince, from whence he returned to the great hall where first I observed him, and convinced me of the extent of his abilities, by appearing equally capable in all his employments.

I saw in a public assembly a junto of patriots, who, while they were haranguing on the corruption and iniquity of the times, broke off in the middle, and turned stock-jobbers, and pawn-brokers. A group of critics at the Bedford Coffee-house were in an instant converted into haberdashers of small-ware in Cheap-side. Translators, commentators, and polemic divines, made, for the most part, very good cobblers, gold-finders, and rat-catchers. The chariot of a very eminent physician was transformed all at once into a cart, and the doctor to an executioner, fastening a halter round the neck of a criminal. I saw two very noted surgeons of my acquaintance, in blue sleeves and aprons, exerting themselves notably in a slaughter-house near the Victualling Office. A reverend divine, who was preaching in the fields to a numerous audience, recollected himself on a sudden, and producing a set of cups and balls, performed several very dextrous tricks by

slight of hand. The pretty gentlemen were every where usefully employed in knotting, pickling, and making preserves. The fine ladies remained as they were; for it was beyond even the omnipotence of Jupiter (without entirely changing their natures) to assign an office in which they could be beneficial to mankind.

Several princes and potentates now relieved themselves from the load of crowns and sceptres, and entered with a good grace into private stations. Others put themselves at the head of companies of banditti, formed of lawyers, public officers, and excisemen. Their prime ministers had generally the honour of being their first lieutenants, and sometimes enjoyed the sole command; while the courtiers ranged themselves under them in rank and file. But with what a heart-felt pleasure did I observe an august and venerable monarch, surrounded by a youthful band, with the most amiable countenances I had ever beheld! He wore a triple crown upon his head, which an angel held on, and over it a scroll, with this inscription—'For a Grateful and Affectionate People.'

The shops now began to be filled with people of distinction; and many a man stepped with a genteel air from behind a counter into a great estate, or a post of honour.

The nobility were almost all changed throughout the world; for no man dared to answer to a title of superiority, who was not conscious of superior excellence and virtue.

In the midst of all this bustle, I was struck with the appearance of a large bevy of beauties, and women of the first fashion, who, with all the perfect confidence of good-breeding, enshrined themselves in the several temples dedicated to the Cyprian Venus, secure of the universal adorations and prostrations of mankind. Others, of inferior rank and fame, very unconcernedly pursued their domestic affairs, and the occupations of the needle or the toilette. But it was with a secret pride that I observed a few of my dear countrywomen quit their dressing-rooms and card-assemblies, and venture into the public, as candidates for fame and honours. One lady in particular, forced by the sacred impulse, I saw marching with modest composure to take possession of the warden's lodgings in one of our colleges; but observing
some

try, not for their own private emolument. Bribery and corruption were at length happily banished from all commonwealths; for as no man could be prevailed on to accept of an employ- But v and adm lutions, i awaked world as ever it w

Nº CXXXII. THURSDAY, .

IT has been a perpetual objection of declaimers against Providence in all ages, that good and evil are very irregularly distributed among mankind; that the former is too often the portion of the vicious, and the latter of the virtuous. Numberless hypotheses have been framed to reconcile these appearances to the idea of a moral Supreme Being. I shall mention only two at the present, as they have been employed by writers of a very different turn.

Some of these writers assent to the truth of the fact, but endeavour to invalidate the conclusions raised on it, by arguments from reason and revelation, for the proof of a future state; in which the seeming and real inconsistencies of this life will be adjusted agreeably to our ideas of a moral governor. Now objectors will answer, and indeed have answered, that arguments from reason to support this doctrine are ex-

ture, from the author. As little w
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w laws can respect the happy system, which are supposed to be productive of misery, the most valuable individuals that

argument, drawn from the goodness of God by general, not particular, seems by no means to have ended with the success it was intended; and it appears to have failed, not from a defect in the argument itself, but either because it has not been understood, or not pursued to its conclusion. When unbelievers declaim against supposed unequal distribution of laws from which they profess to reply then that God governs by particular laws, is a reply of the foundation of their argument, not an answer to them. Another mistake in the management of this argument. In the consideration of the excellence of human laws are not content with viewing them in themselves; but view them with the particular circumstances, of that people for whom they are intended. Now, in the consideration of divine laws, we have not pursued this method; and for this reason, others, unbelievers have in the imagined weakness of the noblest arguments that has been employed in the noblest of defences of Providence.

viewed by general, not particular, because the former alone are the condition of human kind. The perfect state we are entitled to with the real nature of things which surround us. We do not know from what principle or institution they derive a power to act on other beings, or in what manner a operation is performed. We do not know of causes but in their effects alone, which are visible to our material organs. We see the same effects invariably from the same causes, except the miraculous power interposes, and for a moment the general nature, which remains in its state of inactivity, when the superior influence is removed. At such times exceptions do not perplex our view; but, to destroy this general

order as frequently as the imagined interest of individuals seems to us to require it, is to confound human knowledge, and, in consequence, human action. The husbandman commits his seed to the ground, with a presumption that the earth retains all those powers which promote vegetation. He concludes that the seasons will return in their stated order; that the sun will warm and invigorate, where it shines, and showers cool and refresh, where they fall, as in ancient times. Certain established properties in matter, and certain established laws of motion, are presumed in the meanest mechanical operation, nay, in the least considerable actions of our lives.

Let us represent to ourselves such a system of things existing, as, in the opinion of an objector to the present, would justify our conceptions of a moral Supreme Being. Let us imagine every element and power of nature, in the minutest as well as the greatest instances, operating to the preservation and advantage of the good; and on the contrary, concurring to produce misery and destruction to the wicked. The good man inhabits a house with great security, whose walls decline near two feet from the perpendicular. He falls all at once with a lighted candle at the bed-side, and the flame it produces, though sufficient to consume the dwelling of the wicked, plays but as a lambent vapour on his curtains. He drinks a glass of aqua-fortis, by mistake, for the same quantity of champagne, and finds it only an innocent enlivener of his spirits. The heats of summer, and the frosts of winter, occasion the same agreeable sensations. Rich wines and poignant sauces strengthen his juices, and rectify the scorbutic habit of his body. The bad man, on the other hand, experiences very opposite effects. He sits frozen with cold over that fire which communicates warmth to the rest of the company at the extremity of the room. At another time he scalds his fingers by dipping them into cold water. A basin of broth, or rice-milk, intoxicates his brain. He acquires the stone and a complication of distempers from a vegetable diet; and at last concludes a miserable being, by passing under an arch of solid stone, which his own iniquities drew down upon his head.

Let us rest a moment to express our admiration of such a system, and then enquire

N^o CXXXIII. THURSDAY, J

THERE is nothing in this world that a man places so high a value upon, or that he parts with so reluctantly, as the idea of his own Consequence. Amidst care, sickness, and misfortune; amidst dangers, disappointment, and death itself; he holds fast this idea, and yields it up but with his last breath.

Happy indeed would it be, if virtue, wisdom, and superior abilities of doing good, were the basis of our Consequence; but the misfortune is, we are generally apt to place it in those very qualities for which the thinking part of mankind either hate or despise us. The man of pleasure derives his Consequence from the number of women he has ruined; the man of honour, from the duels he has fought; the country squire, from the number of bottles he can drink; the man of learning, by puzzling you with what you do not understand; the ignorant man, by talking of what he does not understand himself; my lady's woman, by dressing like a woman of quality; and my lady herself, by appearing in clothes unworthy of one of her house-maids.

order to be a return.

I remember city, who, t Consequence tomers, that been upon alium upon the mask w head, was his also a shoe-b was a student wards transp but who havin gamester, an company for preface what ' remember ' when I was more ridiculo an old gentle taken a garre (whose father the quorum) hours every e roll an l a fa because it was she says. to

t this affectation of Consequence most ridiculous of all vanities, ody will allow. But where men worth in all other respects are d of it, or where persons in great onourable stations render them- ind their employments contemp- y such affectation, it is then seri- o be lamented.

anceffors derived their Conse- from ther independency; and ted it by their integrity and hof- . They relied upon their feve- ates, and kept open houfes for neighbours and tenants. They l themselves in deeds of hardinels ctivity; and their wives and ters were modest and good house-

ere is an epitaph in Peck's collec- f curious historical pieces, which d book is but in a few hands, and o not remember to have seen it in her collection) I shall here trans- that our gentry of the present may be instructed in the art of g themselves persons of real Conce. This epitaph (which, for it's l beauty and simplicity, is equal thing of the kind) was written in Elizabeth's time, upon that noble mous knight, Sir Thomas Scot, ot's Hall, in the county of Kent, lied on the 30th day of Decem- 1594, and was buried at Bradborn . His mother was the daughter William Kempe. He served in parliaments as knight of the shire at county. In the memorable 1588, upon the council's sending a letter on the Wednesday, ac- ting him with the approach of the sh Armada, he sent four thousand men to Dover on the Thursday. inhabitants of Ashford would have he charges of his funeral, on con- that his corpse might have been l in their church.

E P I T A P H,

I.

RE lies Sir THOMAS SCOT by name;
Oh hapie KEMPE that bore him!
AYNOLD, with f'ur knights of fame,
l'd lynceally before him.

II.

leses were BAKER, HEYMAN, BEERE;
l love to them unfayned.
ved nyne and fifty yeare;
d seventeen sowles he gayned.

III.

His first wief bore them everie one;
The world might not have myst her!
She was a verie paragon,
The ladie BUCKERST's syster.

IV.

His widowe lyves in sober sorte;
No matron more discreter.
She still reteynes a good reporte,
And is a great howsekeeper.

V.

He (being call'd to special place)
Did what might best behove him.
The QUEENE of ENGLAND gave him grace;
The KING of HEAV'N did love him.

VI.

His men and tenants wait'd the daye,
His kinn and cuntry cried!
Both younge and old in KENT may saye,
Woe woorth the daye he died.

VII.

He made his porter shut his gates
To sycophants and bribeors;
And ope them wide to greate estates,
And alsee to his neighbors.

VIII.

His hous was rightlye termed hall,
Whose bred and beef was redie.
It was a verie hospitall,
And refuge for the needie.

IX.

From whence he never slept aside,
In winter nor in summer.
In Christmas time he did provide
Good cheer for everie comer.

X.

When any servis should be daps,
He lyeked not to lyngar;
The rich would ride, the poor would runn,
If he held up his finger.

XI.

He kept tall men, he rydd great hors;
He did indite most finelye;
He us'd few wordes, but cold discours
Both wisely and dyvinelye.

XII.

His lyving meane, his chargies greate,
His daughters well bestowed;
Although that he were lefts in debt,
In fine he nothing owed;

XIII.

But died in rich and hapie state,
Belov'd of men and woman;
And (which is yeat much more than that),
He was env'y'd of no man.

XIV.

In justice he dyd much excell,
In law he never wrangled;
He loov'd relligion wondrous well,
But he was not now fangled.

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27. 124

that the law must be general, not particular, which God employs in the government of mankind. Let us now examine a little particularly the nature of the complaints which these laws occasion, and consider how for the existence of a Providence is rendered precarious by them.

We lament that happiness and misery are very irregularly distributed among the good and bad: and yet, as it has been well observed, are by no means determined in questions, very necessary to be precisely settled, before we form this conclusion; as, what is the final and proper happiness of man? And who are the good, and who are the bad, that deserve to partake of it, or to be excluded from it? He is not a good man at Rome, who is a good man at London: nay, in the same country, this sect adores him as a saint, whom another proclaims a minister of darkness. The patriot of one party is the rebel of the opposite one. The happiness, then, or misery, of such a person, becomes very frequently, at the same time, and in the very same place, both an argument in the belief and rejection of a Providence.

Again, the greatest part of the misfortunes which afflict us, are concluded to arise from the action of general laws; when, in reality, they proceed from our own wilful conduct.

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to be condemned, because in particular instances they give us transient pain, or even determine our present state of being, which they have contributed to preserve in every period of it, and on which not only our happiness, but our very existence, has depended? It is a necessary condition of a compound substance, like the material part of man, to be subject to dissolution, from causes exterior to it, or united with its constitution. Does a more convincing argument arise against a Providence from its dissolution at one season rather than another? or from its dissolution by an external, rather than an internal cause, which is as effectual to the end, though less precipitate in the means?

Some few cases (much fewer than are generally imagined) may possibly be stated, where, in the present life, the moment of misery to a faultless creature may exceedingly overbalance the moment of its happiness; as when it is introduced into being with infirmities of body, too obstinate for temperance and discipline to correct, and which render it intolerable to every enjoyment. But to solve these appearances, a well-supported revelation, that instructs us in the doctrine of a future state, may fitly be applied: for though revelation cannot serve as a basis to natural religion, on which it is only a superstructure, yet it may be extremely useful to reinforce the seeming inconsistencies of a system, discovered to be good by arguments of another kind; and reason will acquiesce in the truths it teaches, as agreeable to its own dictates.

After premising these reflections, I may venture to make public the following letter from a very learned female correspondent.

MRS. FITZ-ADAM,

I have been some surprize to me, that in a paper which seems designed to correct our judgments, and reduce the influence of passion, folly, prejudice, and passion, you have nevertheless insisted on a principle, which is a composition of the small; I mean the belief of a Providence. It answers indeed no individual purpose, except to countenance the influence of our passions, who maintain it in defiance of the wisdom of their superiors. I was early initiated in that *philosophy*, which explained the creation by a fortuitous concourse of atoms. An indi-

nite number of particles, varied in shape, size, and colour, and embracing each other in all possible positions, opened a scene as entertaining to my fancy as it was intelligible to my understanding. My brother was an able advocate for this opinion; and his situation in a goal, under the pressure of ill-health, loss of fortune, reputation, and friends, furnished him with copious arguments to support it. A maiden aunt, indeed, who had the management of my education, was perpetually representing his principles as impious, and his arguments for them as absurd. That loss of reputation and friends was the natural consequence of a want of common honesty; loss of fortune, of extravagance; and loss of health, of debauchery. I am ashamed to confess, that these childish reasons had too much weight with me, and that I continued too long in a fluctuating state between truth and error. I thank God, however, that my own misfortunes have taken off the partial bias from my mind, and opened it to conviction and the reason of things. My beauty impaired, if not lost, by the small pox, the death of a favourite child, the scantiness of my circumlances, and the brutality of my husband, have proved beyond exception that no moral Being presides over us. I shall not trouble you with a repetition of the same nonsense employed against me, as before against my brother, by the same ancient lady. She concluded with observing, that complaints of circumstances, and the brutality of a husband, came with an indelible grace from a person who, after rejecting so many advantageous offers, escaped from a window with a stranger she had scarcely seen. You will do me the justice to believe, that my judgment on this occasion was regulated more by my own feelings than the opinion of my aunt. My satisfaction is, that the good lady, intensibly to herself, seems now becoming a convert to those opinions which half her life has been employed to confute. Some late circumstances have indeed staggered her orthodoxy. She has made a new discovery, that she is considerably turned of seventy, and feels the infirmities which accompany that season making ready advances to her. Her father confessor, and ancient admirer, the vicar of the parish, broke his leg not long since, and received other contusions,

— would more to mislead our judgments, and pervert our morals, than the confusion of our ideas arising from the abuse of words. Hence it hourly happens, that virtues and vices are so blended and disguised, by taking each other's names, that almost the worst actions a man can be guilty of shall be attributed to an elevated and laudable spirit. Thus the most extravagant fellow living, who, to keep up an ostentatious figure by all kinds of expence, sets his country and conscience to sale, shall be extolled by all about him as a noble generous soul, above the low consideration of dirty money. The high-mettled blood, who debauches his friend's wife or daughter; who withholds a tradesman's just debt, that he may be punctual with a sharper; in short, who dares do any injury, and run the man through the body who shall resent it, calls himself, and is called by the world, a man of gallantry and honour. Oeconomy is put out of countenance by the odious word Avarice; and the most rapacious covetousness takes shelter under the terms Prudence and Discretion. An easy thoughtlessness of temper, which betrays the owner to recommend a scoundrel; to lend to, or be bound for, a spend-thrift; to conform with all the gallant schemes of a profligate; to heap favours on a pimp or sharper, even to the ne-

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ice of him; while even his in-
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good, though convinced of the
of his heart, and the purity of
ions, are yet obliged, when
g in his favour, to grant that
ten the appearance of an *ill-*
man.

is a downright country gen-
bon vivant; an indefatigable
. He can drink his gallon at
and will tell you he was never
erry in his life. He married a
greable woman with a vast
whom, however, he contents
with slighting, merely because
take the trouble of using her
the same reason he is seldom
e angry, unless his favourite
uld happen to be lamed, or the
infringed. Having an estate
five thousand a year, his strong
, and wine-cellar, are always
d; to either of which, as alio
ible, abounding in plenty of
uals, ill-sorted and ill-dressed,
er and fox-hunter claims a kind

He roars for the church,
never visits, and is eternally
his coarse jests, and talking
the parsons; whom, if he can
ldled, and expose to contempt,
highest pleasure he can enjoy.
is by friends, nothing is more
with him than to set them and
vants dead drunk upon their
o whose sagacity it is left to
way home in a dark winter's
nd should any of them happen
und half smothered in a ditch
morning, it affords him exulta-
tion for a two-month after.
are babies, and his daughters
: not that he is covetous, but
in their educations. Through
e indolence, his bastards, of
: has not a few, are left to the
and his men and maid servants
without controul for want of
e in the family. He has a mor-
tion to any interruption in his
Tell him of a calamity that has
any of his acquaintance, he
are stands the bottle? Propose
he assisting at a quarter-sessions,
aged at a cock-match; or should
ugh curiosity, make his appear-
ance, ever jovial and facetious,

and equally free from the disturbance of
passion and compassion, he will crack
his joke from the bench with the va-
grant whom he sentences to be whipt
through the county, or with the felon
whom he condemns to the gallows.
Such is his condescension, that he makes
no scruple to take his pipe and pot at an
alehouse with the very dregs of the peo-
ple. As for the parliament, (though
his seat in it costs him very dear in house-
keeping) if the fate of the nation de-
pended upon his attendance there, he
would not be prevailed on to quit the
country in the shooting or hunting sea-
son, unless forced up by a call of the
house. In fine, it is an invariable
maxim with him, let what will happen,
never to give himself one moment's con-
cern. Are you in health and prosper-
ity? No one is readier to club a laugh
with you; but he has no ear to the voice
of distress or complaint. The business
of his life is (what he calls) pleasure;
to promote this, he annually consumes
his large income, which, without any
design of his, may happen indeed to do
some good,

And wander, Heav'n-directed, to the poor.

With these endowments, there are at
least nine in ten who give the prefer-
ence to Hilarius, and lavish on him the
epithets of the worthiest, the noblest,
and the best-natured creature alive;
while Sombrius is ridiculed as a *deadly*
wise man, a milkop, stingy, proud,
sullen, and ill-natured. Yet Sombri-
nus is the man to whom every one flies,
whenever there is a demand for justice,
good sense, wholesome counsel, or real
charity: to Hilarius, when the belly on-
ly is to be consulted, or the time dis-
sipated.

Thus are the thousand good qualities
of Sombrius eclipsed by a too reserved
and serious turn of mind; while Hila-
rius, on the false credit of generosity
and good-humour, without one single
virtue in his composition, swims tri-
umphantly with the stream of applause,
and is esteemed by every one of his ac-
quaintance for having only the abilities
of a complex voluptuary.

I cannot dismiss this letter without
lamenting the mistaken opinions usually
received of characters like these, as a
woeful instance of the depravity of our
hearts as well as heads. A man may
with equal propriety aver, that the giant
who

times, to take notice of public and remarkable events; so I apprehend it to be the business of writers of essays for entertainment and instruction, to mark the passions as they rise, and to treat of those especially, which appear to influence the manners of the age they live in.

The love of noise, though a passion observable in all times and countries, has yet been so predominant of late years, and given rise to so many of our modern customs, that I cannot think it unworthy of one of your speculations.

In many instances this passion is subordinate to, and proceeds from another, which is no less universal, and no less commendable; I mean, the love of fame. Noise, or sound in general, has been considered as a means whereby thousands have rendered themselves famous in their generation; and this is the reason why to be famous, and to make a noise in the world, are commonly understood as equivalent expressions. Hence also the trumpet, because one of the most noble instruments of sound, was anciently made sacred to the heathen goddess of Fame: so that even at this day, when the world is too backward in doing justice to a man's merit, and he is constrained to do it himself, he is very properly said to sound his own praises, or trumpet out his name.

eloquence. mark, than an elevation

In the noise and riot shakes more to the all the know of it, Locke found polit voices to ma

From a coral can be in good purpose that a great shewn for it, or tendency is ble: for from the means will the end is not

At a coffee at the St. James meet with two monly disting Beaux and Boly interrupting company, either lipping of new-out affected spe or else with rec past, and much about to engag more becoming an generally

tion of merry songs. In most of these clubs there are presidents chosen and invested with authority to be as noisy as they please themselves, and to inflict penalties on all those who open out of time.

The ladies indeed are somewhat more limited in their topics for noise, though their meetings for venting it are more numerous than those of the men. They also lie under the disadvantage of having voices of a tone too soft and delicate to be heard at a great distance: but they seem in some measure to have obviated these disadvantages by agreeing to talk all together; by which means, and as the subject is generally of the vituperative kind, they are able to cope with the men, even at the most vociferous of their clubs.

Again; those diversions, in which noise most abounds, have been always held in the highest esteem. The true and original country squire, who is actuated by this generous passion for noise, prefers the diversion of hunting to all other enjoyments upon earth. He can entertain his companions for hours together with talking of his hounds, and extolling the divine music and harmony of their tongues; and scarce ever goes to bed without winding the horn, and having the full cry in his parlour. Horse-racing, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and the like, are sports which fill the hearts of the common people with the most extravagant delight; while their voices are employed in the loudest shouts and exclamations. In the opinion of our English sailors, no entertainment can be complete where the all-consuming hozza is wanting; by the force of which they are inspired with such courage and resolution, that even fighting itself becomes their diversion.

In London, where many of these sports cannot be enjoyed, the passion for noise has appeared in various other shapes. It has, within the memory of most men, given rise to routs, drums, and hurricanes; which in all probability would have been improved into cannonades, thunders, and earthquakes, before this time, had it not been for the late panics on account of some concussions in the air, very much resembling those of a real earthquake. However, as a proof that the names already given to these polite assemblies are extremely proper for them, I need only to remark that

they are usually composed of what is called the best company, who from time immemorial have pleaded the privilege of birth for talking as loud as they can.

Among the many other instances of the effects of this passion in high life, I shall only take notice of one more; which is an ingenious method (unknown to our forefathers) of making a thundering noise at people's doors; by which you are generally given to understand, that some person of consequence does you the honour to suppose you are in the land of the living.

Some may think that it will bear a dispute, whether such a violent hammering at people's doors may not be looked upon, in the eye of the law, as an attempt of a *forcible entry*: but it is my humble opinion, that it can only be construed to an action of *assault* and *battery*; since it may be proved that the generality of those who are guilty of this misdemeanor have really no intention of making any entry at all; for when doors are opened to them, they flourish their retreat as fast as they can, flying from the face of those whom they count their enemies when at home, and wish to shun when abroad.

I have now by me a certain curious book of memoirs, wherein the sentiments of a wealthy old lady in the city, with regard to the tumults of noise, seem very nearly to correspond with the observations I have just made upon that subject. I first open a most passage from the chest of this lady, and conclude my letter.

'Towards the decline of her days
' she took lodgings on Ludgate Hill,
' in order to be amused with the noises
' in the street, and to be constantly supplied
' with objects of contemplation;
' for she thought it of great use to a
' mind that had a turn for meditation,
' to observe what was passing in the
' world. As she had also a very religious
' disposition, she used often to say
' it was a grievous shame that such a
' thing as silent meetings, among some
' of the dissenting brethren, should be
' fostered in a Christian country. And
' when she died, she left five hundred
' pounds towards the erecting fifty new
' *funding-bells*, to aid the lungs of
' the aged clergy, in divers churches
' within the bills of mortality.'

I am, Sir, your obliged humble servant,

R. L.

N^o CXXXVII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1755.

MY correspondent of to-day will, I hope, excuse me for not publishing his letter sooner. To confess the truth, I had some thoughts of making an apology to him for not publishing it at all; having conceived an opinion that it might tend to lessen those exalted ideas which the world has always entertained of us men of learning. But though upon re-consideration I have changed my mind, I must take the liberty of observing, by way of introduction, that as I modestly presume no man living has more learning than myself, so no man values himself more upon it, or has a greater veneration for all those who possess it, even though they should possess nothing else. I remember to have seen it under my grandmother's own hand, in the new primer she gave me at my first going to school, that 'learning 'is better than house and land;' and though I cannot say that I have ever been in a situation to make the proper comparison between Learning and House and Land; yet my grandmother was a wise woman, and I had never reason to call in question the truth of any of her sayings.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IT is with pleasure I observe, that you commonly avoid the ridiculous ostentation of prefixing a heap of antiquity to your lucubrations. Your practice confirms me in my opinion, that a line or two of Greek and Latin is neither useful nor ornamental to a paper intended for the benefit of all sorts of readers.

It was excusable in your predecessors, the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian; for in their time we had fine gentlemen, one out of twenty of whom could, perhaps, make a shift to pick out the meaning of a Latin complot. But now-a-days the case is altered; it is pedantry to know any other language, or, at least, to seem to know any, but the fashionable modern ones. For my own part, I by no means approve of mottos, which I doubt not are often thought of after the piece is written; and if not, must confine the writer too closely to the sense of them. The same objection I have to

numerous quotations from the ancients; for why should we speak in a less intelligible language, what may be as pertinently and justly expressed in our own? It is with reason, then, that in our days a man is no more reputed a scholar for quoting Homer and Virgil, than he would be esteemed a man of morals for reading Tully and Seneca; and a Greek motto is thought as unnecessary to a good essay, as a head of Orho or Galba would be to a learned man, if it was hung round his shoulders. Indeed, to speak my mind, if the use of a language is to arrive at the sense, wit, and arts, conveyed by it, I see no reason why our own should yield to any other, ancient or modern. It is copious and manly, though not regular; and has books in every branch of the arts and sciences, written with a spirit and judgment not to be exceeded. Notwithstanding which, a man versed in Greek and Latin, and nothing else, shall be called learned; while another, less knowing in these, who has imbibed the sense, spirit, and knowledge, of all the best authors in our own language, is denied that honourable title.

I own to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that he who would lay in a store of prudent and judicious maxims, for the direction of his conduct in life, can do it no where more effectually than from the invaluable works of antiquity. But is it absolutely necessary that he should do this from the very languages in which they were written? I am myself what I called a good Greek and Latin scholar and yet I believe I might be master of a much true knowledge if I understood neither. There are many good reasons to be given why the study of these languages ought to be cultivated; but I think this pursuit may be carried too far and that much of the time spent in acquiring a critical knowledge of them might be employed to more advantage I speak in general; for there are some who have a genius particularly suited to the study of words, that would never make any figure in the study of things.

There is hardly any thing truly valuable in the dead languages, that may not be read with equal advantage in
Latin

satisfaction in the living, and more particularly in our own; for if I may rely upon my own judgment, and the report of learned men, many of the best ancient authors have lost little by their translation into our soil. I am charmed with the Greek of Thucydides and Longinus; but I am likewise delighted with the French dress of the last, and Mr. Smith's English of both. I can distinguish the gentility and ease of Cicero, and the spirit and neatness of Pliny, in their epistles, as they are translated by Mr. Melmoth. Will any man that has seen Mr. Pope's Homer, lament that he has not read him in the original? And will not every man of a true taste admire the gaiety and good sense of Horace, the gallantry and general carelessness of Ovid, the fire and energy of Juvenal, and the passion of Tibullus; in paraphrases or translations of Denne, Dryden, Garth, Congreve, and Hammond? In France these, as their beauties are with more difficulty translated into a foreign language.

It would be endless to enumerate the English poems that perhaps equal any thing in Greek or Latin. The *Paradise Lost* will be thought little inferior to the *Iliad* or *Æneid* in judgment, majesty, and true poetic fire. The *Essay on Criticism*, I need not scruple to compare with the *Epistle to the Pisto's*; nor to prefer the *Dissertation on Man*, and the *Ethical Epistles*, to any of the productions of antiquity. And will you not join with me in praising Alexander's *Fest* to all the extravagance of Pindar, in point of harmony, and power of expression and number? The poets, it is true, had different views; but, notwithstanding, there may be a comparison.

To enforce farther would carry me beyond the limits I propose to myself; I shall therefore conclude my remarks on this kind of writing, with observing, that if we fall short of the ancients in any part of poetic writing, it is in the method of doing it, in which some of them, as Xenophon, Plato, and Tully, had not excellent counsels; and yet I know not whether the *Dissertation on Medals*, and the *Maxims of Xenophon*, may not rival any thing they have left behind them; for as to their political writings, no man will think them equal to the *Lectures on Patriotism*, and the *Idea of a Patriot King*. In history we are certainly deficient, though Raleigh, Clarendon, and a few others, are excellent

in their kinds; but we as certainly make it up in mathematics, natural philosophy, physics, and the many excellent treatises we have in morality, politics, and civil prudence.

It is not my intention to resume a subject that has already employed much abler pens, and to raise a dispute about the comparative merits of the ancients and moderns; nor would I by any means discourage the study of the ancient languages; for I think the time I spent in acquiring them extremely well employed; but I would willingly persuade such as are not masters of them, that they may become scholars and learned men with no other assistance than their own native English. I am sure I think the man more deserving of those names, who is conversant with Bacon, Boyle, Locke, and Newton, than he who is unacquainted with these great philosophers, though he should have read Plato, Aristotle, and all the orators and poets of antiquity.

You will now, no doubt, be curious to know who I am, that decide so magically in a point so long given up, and of so much consequence to the republic of letters. Time, Mr. Fitz-Adam, may bring that to light: at present it is necessary I should screen myself from the indignation of pedants, who would overwhelm me with heaps of ancient rubbish. My view in this letter is to convince the ladies, that many of them possess more real learning than a fellow of a college, who has for twenty years pored upon commentaries. I have indeed often wondered that the author of the *World* has not been favoured with a much greater share of the productions of female correspondents than any of his predecessors, as he has set at naught Greek and Latin for their sakes. But perhaps it may be for that very reason: for to expiations are the sex, that though they have a pedant, they despise the man who is not *bono multarum literarum*. I have heard a lady declare, that she could no more love a man whose learning was not superior to her own, than her who took all occasions of showing her that it was. If you approve of me as a correspondent, I may be sometimes at your service; in which case to show my learning, my title shall not, and then be enriched with a little Greek and Latin. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

A. C.

... and people to be met with, who are by no means as wise and as good as they ought to be. General satire, as I have formerly observed, is what few people care to apply to themselves; and though I have hitherto been averse to particular and personal abuse, I am at last willing to try its effect, well knowing, that if the good which may accrue from it be but in the proportion of one million to the entertainment it gives, I shall have reason to bless myself for thus quarrelling with the world. I am sensible also, that by adopting this method, I am increasing the number of my correspondents, as every one will be for trying his hand on so delightful a subject as the failings of his kindred; especially when I shall have given him my honour that he need be under no apprehensions for his safety, and that I will take every quarrel upon myself. I therefore hereby invite all persons whatsoever to transmit to me forth with all the scandal they can either collect or invent. Names, and particularly great ones, will be very acceptable; or, in default of such names, minute descriptions of persons, their alliances and connections, or the places they live in, will be equally agreeable. Great regard will be paid to the letters of female correspondents; but it is humbly hoped that they will not forget the copiousness and

variety of their communications. I shall if I can find time to answer them, and to return them in my former notation, to what may hope for a plan I shall be saying people of the last, who, trust an act to divided in administrative own measure practical institution. The better design, I find people have what are I find it's day will be the year, and a new number my feelings. There is no I shall have questions in and I did not give that to the plan.

ill communicate in this
 ligence I shall from time
 from the said powers; so
 shall always be apprized
 the measures they intend

onsider the vast utility of
 aking, I cannot be too
 abilities I am blessing
 ng it on to the universal
 all parties. My huma-
 nity, a little hurt, by re-
 while I am thus making a
 dities and slander, I am
 y to those of my brother
 have long lived by deal-
 cational portions of those

But I am comforted,
 oughts, that as this paper
 ce a week, they will have
 ortunities of enriching
 or compositions with the
 arts of it; and this they
 leave to do, provided
 no conjectures of their
 d to doubt the superio-
 rities, whereby disputes
 upon any of those facts
 ink proper to advance.
 gence is hereby given to
 mpilers of country news-
 at Britain and Ireland:
 ily the good of my coun-
 try desirous of extending
 s to the remotest parts of
 ominions. I shall also
 er satisfaction, that the
 int of the country's be-
 inhabitants every winter
 by means of this circu-
 vate gentleman may re-
 at his seat, and every
 s living, without being
 year to pay a visit to
 or to study politics, and
 inistration.

greater advantage than
 ned remains still to be
 ulation of this paper will
 l to Great Britain and
 doubtless be demanded
 cities, and large towns,
 which means our enemies
 it, finding the superio-
 rity, and knowing by
 mellers are counselled,
 or peace upon our own
 mean time, as we are
 war not of our own
 rely in defence of our
 or the protection and

support of our undoubted rights, I shall
 direct the administration how to raise
 such supplies as may enable us to carry
 it on with vigour and success; and this
 I hope to effect to every body's satisfac-
 tion, which, I humbly apprehend, has
 not always been the case.

I am well aware that there are certain
 superficial persons in the world, who
 may fancy that they have not discovered
 in my writings hitherto these marvel-
 lous abilities to which I am now laying
 claim. To all such I shall only answer,
 let the event decide: for I have always
 thought it beneath me to boast of talents
 superior to other men, till the necessity
 of the times compel me to produce them.
 Those who know me, will say of me
 what modesty forbids I should say of
 myself: indeed, it has been owing to a
 very uncommon degree of that sheepish
 quality, that I have not let my readers
 into many secrets of myself, that would
 have amazed and confounded them.

I have undertaken politics and slander
 at the same time, from a constant obser-
 vation that there is a certain connection
 between those sciences, which it is difficult
 to break through. But I intend to vary
 from the common method, and shall
 sometimes write politics without abuse,
 and abuse without politics. It may be
 feared, perhaps, that as I have hitherto
 received no reward for the great candour
 with which I have treated the admini-
 stration during the course of this paper,
 I may incline to direct wrong measures
 out of pure spite; but I can assure my
 readers that such fears are groundless:
 I have nothing at heart but the public
 good, and shall propose no measures but
 such as are most apparently conducive to
 the honour and glory of my native coun-
 try. In treating of these measures, I
 shall build nothing upon hypothesis, but
 will go mathematically to work, and re-
 duce every thing to a demonstration.
 For instance, if the war is only to be a
 naval one, I would instruct our minister
 (as a certain ingenious painter is said
 to draw) by the triangle. As thus:
 the end of the war is an advantageous
 peace. Now, suppose any triangle, equi-
 lateral or otherwise, where A shall sig-
 nify the English fleet, B the French
 fleet, and C the above peace; the solu-
 tion then will be no more than this, let
 the fleet A take the fleet B, and you
 produce the peace C. The same solu-
 tion will do in a land war, where A and
 B may stand for armies instead of fleets,
 Having

Having now sufficiently explained myself upon this important occasion, I shall take leave of my readers till next Thursday; at which time, unless I

should see reason to the contrary, present them with a paper either of scandal or politics, which shall be to their satisfactions.

Nº CXXXIX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 17

I have judged it proper to postpone politics to another week, that I may oblige my readers with a piece of scandal, or whatever else they may please to call it, which has but just transpired, and which will quickly engage the conversation of all the best families in town and country. Those who are unacquainted with the parties concerned, will I hope excuse me for publishing only the faint hints of their names, or sometimes no letters at all; their high rank, and the honourable offices they bear, demanding from me a little more complaisance than I may probably show to meaner persons. At the same time, I should be sorry to have it thought, that my tenderness upon this occasion arose from any selfish considerations of the consequences that might ensue: the sword of a man of quality is no longer than that of another man; nor, for any thing I have observed, is he a lot more dexterous at drawing a trigger. My moderation proceeds from the great respect which is due from persons in his noble situation to men of high and illustrious birth: though at the same time I must take the liberty of declaring, that one or two letters more of the same nature with what I am now going to relate, will entirely cancel my regards, and incline me to treat them with the freedom of an equal.

Every body knows, at least every body in general like, that the match between Lord *** and Miss G—— was brought about by the old earl and the young lady's aunt; at whose house my lord unfortunately fell, and fell desperately in love with Mrs. L——, who was a distant relation of the aunt, and who happened to be there upon a visit, at the time of his lordship's courtship to the niece. The character of Miss L—— is too notorious to require a place in this narrative; though I must do her the justice to own, that I believe every art to undo a woman was practised upon her, before she was prevailed upon to give up her honour to a man whom she knew to be

the destined husband of her more noble friend.

Those who knew of the affair between my Lord and Miss L——, endeavoured by every possible method to keep Miss G—— from the match; a deed, if not an unfortunate young lady, not perhaps a title to his pinck, treated his lordship as he deserved a thousand convictions that he had seduced his wife's daughter upon Miss G——. But a nation of fools is by no means scarce in the marriages of the great; and the old earl saw a thousand charms in Miss G——'s face and every thing in her that could be for in the married state. The ceremony was performed soon after it was heard, and the young couple, perfectly indifferent to each other, conducted themselves so prudently and discreetly, that those who did not know them immediately, believed them very happy people.

The old earl dying soon after he had succeeded to the estate and *** and lived with his lady in magnificence and splendour which a large income could afford. His lordship had a considerable mortgage on the estate of Sir O—— S——; and it was the business of settling some affairs with a gentleman, at his brother's seat at Ailbury, that he set out the beginning of this month upon the expedition. His unhappy turn out so fatal proved. Colonel ***, a gentleman well known for his gallantries to the ladies to need the initial letter name, was to be of his lordship's and though my lord had two houses of his own, yet, for certain reasons, which may hereafter be given, he hired a coach and six at Tubbs set out on the Tuesday for St. A with intention, as was given out, to return on the Thursday following.

I should have informed my readers that L. by ***, and the young Viscount D——, who was said to have

wherein the people lived with a monarch, under pretence of being a monarch. A despotism, therefore, was counter to the progress of liberty. A friendship should exist with the United States, and agreed to ensure that the book of novels in his return, the arrival of my lord and the colonel, which was every moment expected.

I shall leave my readers to make their own comments on this unhappy affair, which

which I have brought into as short a compass as I was able, with truth and perspicuity. I am sensible, that where names occur so often, and those only marked with asterisks or initial letters, it is a very difficult matter to avoid confusion: and indeed I should hardly have thought myself perfectly clear, if I had not communicated my narrative to a country acquaintance of mine, a man totally ignorant of the whole affair, who

was pleased to assure me, that he never met with any thing so plain and intelligible. I have been the more circumstantial upon this occasion, from a desire of pointing out in the most perspicuous manner the leading steps of this fatal catastrophe: for I am not satisfied with entertaining my readers with the frailties and misfortunes of persons of quality, unless I can warn them by their example against falling into the like errors.

Nº CXL. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1755.

THE report of the King of France's having lately forbidden the coffee-houses at Paris to take in any English newspapers, was no more than I expected, after having in the World of last Thursday was I thought to plainly and openly declared my intentions of making all men politicians. But though his Most Christian Majesty has thought proper to keep his subjects in the dark as to the science of politics, yet I hear with pleasure, that his emissaries in this city are buying up large numbers of these my lucubrations, for the private perusal of that monarch and his ministers, and that a council is ordered to attend the reading of them as soon as they arrive. But, for very good reasons, I have thought proper to change my intentions, and not meddle with matters of state; at least for the present. Indeed, to confess the truth, I have lately received full conviction that, great as my knowledge is in politics, there are those at the head of affairs that know to the full as much as myself. Success is not always in our power; but if we are really to enter into a war with France, I have the pleasure of assuring the common people of England, that they may depend upon it's being as well conducted, as if they had the entire management of it in their own hands, or even if I myself was to preside at all their meetings for settling plans and operations.

This and other reasons have inclined me for the present to lay aside politics, and to go on in the old way, mending hearts instead of heads, or furnishing such amusements as may fix the attention of the idle, or divert the schemes of the vicious, for at least five minutes every week. Of this kind is the following little piece, which I received some time

since from a very ingenious correspondent, who entitles it—

A MEDITATION AMONG THE BOOKS.

FROM every thing in nature a wise man may derive matter of meditation. In meditations various authors have exercised their genius, or tortured their fancy. An author, who meant to be serious, has meditated on *the mystery of existence*; an author, who never meant to be serious, has meditated on a *brass-stick*; let me also meditate; and a *library of books* shall be the subject of my meditations.

Before my eyes an almost innumerable multitude of authors are ranged, different in their opinions, as in their bulk and appearance; in what light shall I view this great assembly? Shall I consider it as an ancient legion, drawn out in goodly array under fit commanders? or as a modern regiment of writers, where the common men have been forced by want, or seduced through wickedness, into the service; and where the leaders owe their advancement rather to caprice, party favour, and the partiality of friends, than to merit or service?

Shall I consider ye, O ye Books! as a herd of courtiers and strumpets, who profess to be subservient to my use, and yet seek only your own advantage? No; let me consider this room as the great charnel-house of human reason, where darkness and corruption dwell; or, as a certain poet expresses himself—

Where hot and cold, and wet and dry,
And beef, and broth, and apple-pye,
Most slovenly assemble.

Who are they, whose unadorned raiment bespeaks their inward simplicity?
Dun

re *law books, statutes, and commentaries on statutes*. These are *alls of weight*, whom all men must obey, a few only can purchase. Like synx of antiquity, they speak in us, and yet devour the unhappy as who comprehend them not.

se are *commentaries on statutes*: perusing of them, the longest life would prove insufficient; for the anding of them, the utmost industry of man would not avail.

It is the dilemma between the y and the impossibility of underg; yet are we not left utterly devoid of relief. Behold, for our *common abridgement of law and equity*! it is not of many volumes; it extends to twenty-two folios; yet, few thin cakes may contain the nutritive substance of a stalled ox, / this compendium contain the l gavy of many a report and adcase.

sages of the law recommend this ment to our perusal. Let us ll thankfulness of heart receive unself. Much are we beholden ficians, who only prescribe the of the *Quinquina*, when they oblige their patients to swallow ole tree.

n these volumes I turn my eyes xp embodied phalanx, numerous midable: they are *controversial* r; so has the world agreed to term

How arbitrary is language! and es the custom of mankind join that reason has put asunder! we often hear of hell-fire cold, of a hand'ome, and the like: and *controversial* and *divine* have been ted.

se *controversial* divines have d the rule of life into a standard uration. They have employed ple of the Most High as a fencool, where the gymnastic exercise daily exhibited, and where serves only to excite contests. ng the bulwarks wherewith He stowed religion on mankind had l it, they have encompassed it with minute outworks, which an arwarriors can with difficulty de-

next in order to them are the reble antagonists of common sense; rtemen who close up the common y to heaven, and yet open no

private road for persons having occasion to travel that way. The writers of this tribe are various, but in principles and manners nothing dissimilar. Let me review them as they stand arranged. These are *Epicurean orators*, who have endeavoured to confound the ideas of right and wrong, to the unspeakable comfort of highwaymen and stock-jobbers. These are *enquirers after truth*, who never deign to implore the aid of knowledge in their researches. These are *sceptics*, who labour earnestly to argue themselves out of their own existence; herein resembling that choice spirit, who endeavoured so artfully to pick his own pocket, as not to be detected by himself. Last of all, are the composers of *rhapsodies, fragments*, and (strange to say it) *thoughts*.

Amidst this army of anti-martyrs, I discern a volume of peculiar appearance: it's meagre aspect, and the dirty gaudiness of it's habit, make it bear a perfect resemblance of a decayed gentleman. The wretched monument of mortality was brought forth in the reign of Charles the Second; it was the darling and only child of a man of quality. How did it's parent exult at it's birth! How many flatterers extolled it beyond their own offspring, and urged it's credulous father to display it's excellencies to the whole world! Induced by their solicitations, the father arrayed his child in scarlet and gold, submitted it to the public eye, and called it, *Poems by a Person of Honour*. While he lived, his booby offspring was treated with the cold respect due to the rank and fortune of it's parent: but when death had locked up his kitchen, and carried off the keys of his cellar, the poor child was abandoned to the parish: it was kicked from stall to stall, like a despised prostitute; and, after various calamities, was rescued out of the hands of a vender of Scotch snuff, and safely placed as a pensioner in the band of free thinkers.

Thou first, thou greatest vice of the human mind, Ambition! all these authors were originally thy votaries! They promised to themselves a fame more durable than the calf skin that covered their works: the calf-skin (as the dealer speaks) is in excellent condition, while the books themselves remain the prey of that silent critic the worm.

Compleat cooks and conveyancers;
bodies of school divinity and Tommy
2 R Thumb;

THE following letter was mislaid; and which is the reason of its not being any more printed in this paper. The excellent things which you have said in this manner are true, but it is some odd one I can make with truth: and I hope the author will receive it with candour.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IF ever you take the trouble of looking into any of the public papers besides your own, you cannot help observing the many curious experiments, which of late years have been made through all parts of this kingdom, in *running, riding, leaping, driving, fire-eating, sword-dancing*, and various other useful arts, by persons of all ranks and fortunes.

I am willing to give credit to these extraordinary achievements, though many of them, I own, far exceed the bounds of probability, because of the honour they do to our age and country: and it is not without high indignation against the ingratitude of the present times, that I have been hitherto disappointed in my expectations of seeing public honours and rewards bestowed on these illustrious personages, who by such experiments have shewn us what great things the powers of nature are capable of, when properly directed.

the planet has rolled out of the world faster of us and have a the walls of ries of Le thought na

I am for me, that the ly different; chiefs in p. have turned heroes of ant been the ad- Be it for. A and have no comparison: these exploits lous, if it be them were onl and that the n vided among share in their be made, on s merit of ancie on whose file to turn. I am antiquity; bu when ancient brated --

Olympia; with a place in the
at Athens; and an ovation,
umph, at Rome. Suffer not
to fix a stain upon our coun-
it would never be able to

did not to enumerate, or even
ole, of all the advantages with
le singular efforts of genius
ended: but in natural philo-
religion their uses are appa-
firit glance.

ents, it is now agreed on all
the only solid basis of natural
In these Bacon and Newton
ay; but their followers have
them; they have transferred
a heavy *inert matter*, to the
essence of spirit, their horses and

What before was only fit
pedants, they have made the
and the business of fine gen-

re I beg leave, by the way, to
problem to the lovers of these
, which I hope will not be
together unworthy of their

a *gentleman* is able to drive a
stage any number of miles in
when the motion of his horses
ive, or according to the na-
le of their limbs; how much
he to be allowed to do it in
orses move retrograde, or tails

come to religion. These new
ts serve to shew how little we
of the bounds of credibility.

experiments been properly
o, a certain gentleman, that
amelets, might have spared
ty challenge to the defenders
inian faith. Our brave youths
nake him sensible of his error,
the edge of that formidable
rd of his upon himself, with
has threatened to depopulate
an world. Will he any longer
say, that no testimony can
ing credible that is contrary
ence, when I defy him to
the annals of any age or
he feats which he is forced to
the credit of a common news-

run through all the arts and
and in each of them shew the
advantage of these new ex-

periments; but this is a task that de-
serves an abler hand: I therefore propose,
when his Majesty shall have incorporated
the authors of them into a new Royal
Society, which I hope will be soon, that
one of our most eminent pens be ap-
pointed, after the example of Bishop
Sprat, to write the history of the so-
ciety; and another, after the example
of Fontenelle, to make eulogies on it's
particular members. And I desire that
you will immediately look out for two
such persons amongst your correspond-
ents, which I should imagine can be no
great difficulty to one who has the ho-
nour to reckon in that number the prime
wits of the age. I am, Sir, your hum-
ble servant.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

WALKING the other day through
Wapping, to see the humours of
the place, I happened to cast my eyes
upon the windows of an alehouse, where
I saw written in large capitals, 'Ro-
'man Purl.' I had the curiosity to ask
of a man who was walking near me,
why it might not as well have been call-
ed British Purl, as Roman Purl? 'O
'Sir,' said he, 'the landlord has had
'twenty times the custom since he gave
'his liquor that outlandish name.' I
soon found that my sagacious informer
was a maker of leather breeches, by
seeing him enter, and set himself to
work in a shop, over the door of which
was written upon a bit of paper—'The
'True Italian Leather-breeches Patch,
'fold here by the Maker.' I confess I
was a little surprized to find the fashion
of admiring every thing foreign had ex-
tended itself to so great a distance from
St. James's, having conceived an opi-
nion that none but our betters at the
polite end of the town were the de-
spisers and discouragers of our home
manufactures.

As I see no solid reason for this uni-
versal dislike to every thing that is Eng-
lish, I should be glad of your sentiments
on the subject, which will greatly obli-
ge, Sir, your constant reader and ad-
mirer,

C. D.

I shall forbear making any remarks
upon this letter, that I may oblige a
very witty correspondent, whose letter
I received a few days ago by the re-
mail.

...have received the two following, which I shall lay before my readers for the entertainment of to-day.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOUR paper which treats of the passion for noise has in one respect given me some pleasure; the observations in it being such as I have often made myself, and the ridicule intended by them what many persons in the world very justly observe. At the same time, I could not help feeling some uneasiness, on being led by those observations to reflect seriously and deliberately upon my own misfortunes.

Till I was about forty years old, I had lived a bachelor in London; at which time, having acquired a considerable fortune in the mercantile way, I retired into the country; and hoping to pass the rest of my days in peace, and to be happy in a social companion, I married a wife. She has always been, for any thing that I know to the contrary, what is called a virtuous woman; a *notable* one I am sure she is: but though chastity and notableness may be very valuable qualities in a woman, yet if they are to be nursed and cherished at the expence of meekness, forbearance, and all the other virtues, in my humble opinion, she had better be without

deaf, I shall alter my course; always in cat, the dog who has a mal, has flour, and flour with macca

Besides that I am perpetually and in the which our the room of for many yet tice for church matters, had left the advantage should wealthy yeoman a considerable ringers of the her of peals forever. About acquisition, that was introduced of fellows Singers: so that ing rejected, hear their terrible time, or the airs of a

that in almost all my hours of it, in my slumbers, and even in visions, I am constantly tormented with noises, and thoroughly convinced that there is no peace for me but *ave*.

For my case, I would advise Fitz-Adam, by all possible means to discourage this raging passion. If you are a married man, with a *notable* wife, (though from her calm and spirit with which you would guess you to be a batchelor) will need neither my example nor entreaties to set about this work in earnest. I am firmly persuaded, that you can put an end to all unreasonable wishes, you will then accomplish a rational reformation of sentiments for which your paper was intended. The women will be discreet, and the men rational comforters for their wives and one another.

What I have here said of myself, let me let you know the first syllable of my name, or of the village where I live, I desire, nevertheless, to be as your very good friend, and, unknown, your most faithful servant.

I forgot to tell you that I have several girls, who, though extremely well lined, are whipt every hour in and made to pierce my ears with their cries, for not being women of their time, and as *notable* as their own. It had like to have escaped me that though my wife is reckoned to have the best times of any woman in the parish, it is the jest of the whole neighbourhood, upon hearing any violent or irrational screaming, that Mrs. *** is *r*.

FITZ-ADAM,
SIR, BY a late paper of yours, that you are an advocate for peace and civility, I am encouraged, though I mean to make known my case to have been a sufferer by noise all my life long. When I was young, I was under, though not a sickly constitution; and was reckoned by all my friends to be a girl of a mild and gentle temper, with abundance of good-

The temper of my father was exactly the very reverse of mine; though I was ready to obey the least

notice of his will, yet his commands were always given in so loud and harsh a tone of voice, that they terrified me like thunder. I have a thousand times started from my chair, and stood with my knees knocking together, upon his beginning to ask me a common question. My mother, he used to tell me, would ruin me by her gentleness. Indeed, she was as indulgent to me as I could wish, and hardly ever chid me in her life, unless forced to it by my father, and to keep the peace of the family, which on various other occasions was frequently in danger of being broken.

At the boarding-school, which I was sent to at the usual age, I met with a governess who was hasty and passionate; and as in her cooler hours she was frequently making concessions to her scholars for the unguarded things she had said in her anger, she lost all her authority: so that having no one to fear, and no good example to follow, we were noisy and quarrelsome all the day long.

After this I had the unhappiness to be left an orphan to the care of my mother's brother, who was a wealthy pewterer in the city. The room we lived in was directly over the shop, from whence my ears were perpetually dinned with the noise of hammers, and the clattering of plates and dishes. Our country-house (where we usually passed three or four months every summer) was built close to some iron-mills, of which my uncle was proprietor. During our stay at his house, I need not tell you how I was tormented with the horrid and tremendous noise which proceeded from these mills.

At last I was sent to board with a distant relation, who had been captain of a man of war, but who having married a rich widow, had given up his commission, and retired into the country. Unfortunately for poor me, the captain still retained a passion for firing a great gun; and had mounted on a little fortification, that was thrown up against the front of his house, eleven nine pounders, which were constantly discharged ten or a dozen times over, on the arrival of visitors, and on all holidays and rejoicings. The noise of these cannon was more terrible to me than all the rest, and would have rendered my continuance there intolerable, if a young gentleman, a relation of the captain's, had not held me by the heart-strings, and softened by the most

most tender courtship in the world, the horrors of their firings. In short, I staid at the captain's till my fortune was in my own power, and then gave it to a husband.

But, alas! Mr. Fitz-Adam, I am wedded to noise and contention as long as I live. This tenderness of lovers is the most tyrannical of husbands. The hammering of pewter, the iron-mills, and the cannon, which to much disturbed me, are but belling sounds, when compared to the raging of his voice, whenever he throws himself into one of his furies. It is the study of my life to oblige and please him, yet I offend and disgust him by every thing I do. If I am silent to his upbraidings, I am sullen; if I answer, though with the utmost mildness, I am either insolent or impertinent. How must I do, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to re-

claim or bear with him? Whatever I was by nature, I am at present so humbled, that I can submit to any thing. I have laid my case before you for your advice; being well convinced, by your speculations in general, that you are a warm advocate for the sex, though you sometimes take the liberty of telling us our own. It is not so much at the crossness of my husband, as at the loudness of his voice, that I complain: for I could submit with some kind of patience to be beat, pinched, scratched, or any thing, so that the drum of my ear was not entirely in danger of being broken. If I was deaf, I could defy the utmost of his malice; but till that happy time arrives, I am the most miserable of women, though much Mr. Fitz-Adam's admirer, and humble servant.

Nº CXLIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1755.

I Ought hourly to be looking up with gratitude and praise to the Creator of my being, for having formed me of a disposition that throws off every particle of spleen, and either directs my attention to objects of cheerfulness and joy, or enables me to look upon their contraries as I do on shades in a picture, which add force to the lights, and beauty to the whole. With this happiness of constitution, I can behold the luxury of the times, as giving food and cloathing to the hungry and the naked, extending our commerce, and promoting and encouraging the liberal arts. I can look upon the horrors of war, as productive of the blessings and enjoyments of peace; and upon the miseries of mankind, which I cannot relieve, with a thankful heart that my own lot has been more favourable.

There is a passage in that truly original poem, called the Spleen, which pleases me more than almost any thing I have read. The passage is this—

Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills, he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide:
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees, unconcern'd, life's wager row'd;
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the follies of the fray.

The laughing philosopher has always appeared to me a more eligible character than the weeping one: but before I sit down either to laugh or cry at the follies of mankind, as I have publicly enlisted myself in their service, it becomes me to administer every thing in my power to relieve or cure them. For this purpose I shall here lay before my readers some loose hints on a subject, which will, I hope, excite their attention, and contribute towards the expelling from the heart those malignant and sullen humours which destroy the harmony of social life.

If we make observations on human nature, either from what we feel in ourselves, or see in others, we shall perceive that almost all the uneasinesses of mankind owe their rise to inactivity or idleness of body or mind. A free and brisk circulation of the blood is absolutely necessary towards the creating easiness and good humour; and is the only means of securing us from a restless train of idle thoughts, which cannot fail to make us burthen some to ourselves, and dissatisfied with all about us.

Providence has therefore wisely provided for the generality of mankind, by compelling them to use that labour, which not only procures them the necessities of life, but peace and health to enjoy them with delight. Nay, farther,

how essentially necessary it is the greatest part of mankind should be to earn their bread by labour, the ill use that is almost universal of those riches which come from it. Even the advantage of the best education are generally insufficient to keep us within limits of reason and moderation. I do the very best of men find repose upon themselves that abstain from labour which the narrowness of circumstances does not immediately compel them to? Is there really any, who, by all the advantages of idleness and leisure, is made more happy to himself, or more useful to the world? What numbers do we daily see of persons, either rioting in dissipation or sleeping in sloth, for one who properly uses the advantages which nature gives for the improvement of his mind, or the happiness of others? Many do we meet with, who, instead of the blessings of life, are plunged into perpetual uneasiness of mind, and to the greatest agonies of body.

Who seriously considers this point, and sees that riches are by no means attended with more blessings than the poor imagine to be: on the contrary, he will give the common labours and enjoyments of life as much better than the majority of mankind, than the luxury and abundance would be with-

out a merciful sentence which the Lord has affixed on man for his disobedience: 'by the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread;' for to the punishment of idleness he stands indebted for health, and all the enjoyments of life. If he had not his first paradise forfeited by his disobedience, yet by the penalty of idleness or that transgression, the earth would have been a paradise again, in the fields and gardens which we are now produced by the labour of man. Though the ground was pronounced barren for his disobedience, yet is that curse ordered, as to be the punishment, and almost solely, of those who are intemperate or sloth, inflict it on themselves.

From the wants and weaknesses of man, and are the hands of mutual aid and affection derived. The duty of each, which no man of us can sufficiently supply, compel

him to contribute toward the benefit of others; and while he labours only for his own advantage, he is promoting the universal good of all around him.

Health is the blessing which every one wishes to enjoy; but the multitude are so unreasonable as to desire to purchase it at a cheaper rate than it is to be obtained. The continuance of it is only to be secured by exercise or labour. But the misfortune is, that the poor are too apt to overlook their own enjoyments, and to view with envy the ease and affluence of their superiors, not considering that the usual attendants upon great fortunes are anxiety and disease.

If it be true, that those persons are the happiest who have the fewest wants, the rich man is more the object of compassion than envy. However moderate his inclinations may be, the custom of the world lays him under the necessity of living up to his fortune. He must be surrounded by a useless train of servants; his appetite must be palled with plenty, and his peace invaded by crowds. He must give up the pleasures and endearments of domestic life, to be the slave of party and faction. Or if the goodness of his heart should incline him to acts of humanity and benevolence, he will have frequently the mortification of seeing his charities ill bestowed; and by his inability to relieve all, the constant one of making more enemies by his refusals, than friends by his benefactions. If we add to these considerations a truth, which I believe few persons will dispute, namely, that the greatest fortunes, by adding to the wants of their possessors, usually render them the most necessitous men, we shall find greatness and happiness to be at a wide distance from one another. If we carry our enquiries still higher, if we examine into the state of a king, and even enthrone him like our own, in the hearts of his people; if the life of a father be a life of care and anxiety, to be the father of a people is a pre-eminence to be honoured, but not envied.

The happiness of life is, I believe, generally to be found in those stations which neither totally subject men to labour, nor absolutely exempt them from it. Power is the parent of disquietude, ambition of disappointment, and riches of disease.

I will conclude these reflections with the following fable:

' Labour,

her conversation, and songs of cheerfulness and joy, lessened the toils of the way; while Contentment went smiling on the left, supporting the steps of her mother, and by her perpetual good-humour increasing the vivacity of her sister.

In this manner they travelled over

eat.
her list
ments
after:
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Nº CXLIV. THURSDAY, O

THE following letter is of so interesting a nature, that I have put my printer to no small inconvenience in getting it ready at a very short warning for this day's publication. If the contents of it are genuine, I hardly know of a punishment which the author of such complicated ruin does not deserve. The unavoidable miseries of mankind are sufficient in themselves for human nature to bear; but when shame and dishonour are added to poverty and want, the lot of life is only to be endured by the consideration that there is a final state of retribution, in which the sufferings of the innocent will be abundantly recompensed, and temporary sorrows be crowned with endless joys.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

378,
IF your

sell his c
of ease a
reduced t
One son a
children-
say it! ha
if one of
The boy v
happier tir
commission
now a lieu
land with
dear and d
poor pare
want, by
has from
misfortune

His siste
father and
Alas, Mr
lous

ort. It is now a little more than
 us since our separation; and till
 a very few months, it was our
 fs and joy that we had provided
 so fortunately. She lived in the
 and friendship of the young ladies,
 re indeed very amiable persons;
 h was their father's seeming in-
 ce to us, that he advanced my
 t a sum of money upon his bond,
 him from some small debts,
 threatened him hourly with a

ow shall I tell you, Sir, that this
 benefactor has been the cruellest
 enemies! The enjoyment of our
 ortune began to be interrupted,
 ring less frequently from our
 r than we used to do; and when
 from her arrived, it was short,
 strained, and sometimes blotted,
 th tears, while it told us of no-
 at should occasion any concern.
 w upwards of two months since
 heard from her at all; and while
 wondering at her silence, we re-
 a letter from the eldest of the
 adies, which threw us into a per-
 which can neither be described
 igned. It was directed to me,
 tained these words—

reasons that you will too soon
 acquainted with, I must desire
 r daughter may be a stranger to
 dily. I dare not indulge my pity
 is I would, lest it should lead me
 too hardly of one, whom I am
 n duty to reverence and honour.
 arer brings you a trifle, with
 desire you will immediately hire
 raille, and take away your daugh-
 ly father is from home, and
 nothing of this letter; but assure
 it is meant to serve you; and
 un, Madam, your very sincere
 and humble servant.

ned and terrified as I was at this
 made no hesitation of complying
 s contents. The bearer of it
 ould not, or would not, inform
 syllable that I wanted to know.
 band, indeed, had a fatal guess
 eaning; and in a tury of rage,
 on accompanying me: but as I
 ped better things, and flattered
 at the young ladies were appre-
 f a marriage between their fa-

ther and my girl, I soothed him into pa-
 tience, and set out alone.

I travelled all night; and early the
 next morning saw myself at the end of
 my journey. O, Sir! am I alive to tell
 it? I found my daughter in a situation
 the most shocking that a fond mother
 could behold! She had been seduced by
 her benefactor, and was visibly with
 child. I will not detain you with the
 swoonings and confusion of the unhappy
 creature at this meeting, nor with my
 own distraction at what I saw and heard.
 In short, I learnt from the eldest of the
 young ladies, that she had long suspect-
 ed some unwarrantable intimacies be-
 tween her father and my girl; and that,
 finding in her altered shape and appear-
 ance a confirmation of her suspicions,
 she had questioned her severely upon the
 subject, and brought her to a full con-
 fession of her guilt: that farther, her in-
 fatuated father was then gone to town,
 to provide lodgings for the approaching
 necessity, and that my poor deluded girl
 had consented to live with him afterwards
 in London, in the character of a mis-
 tress.

I need not tell you, Sir, the horror I
 felt at this dismal tale. Let it suffice,
 that I returned with my unhappy child
 with all the haste I was able. Nor is it
 needful that I should tell you of the rage
 and indignation of a fond distracted fa-
 ther at our coming home. Unhappily
 for us all, he was too violent in his me-
 naces, which I suppose reached the ears
 of this cruellest of men, who eight days
 ago caused him to be arrested upon his
 bond, and hurried to a prison.

But if this, Mr. Fitz-Adam, had been
 the utmost of my misery, cruel as it is, I
 had spared you the trouble of this rela-
 tion, and buried my grief in my bosom.
 Alas! Sir, I have another concern, that
 is more insupportable to me than all I
 have told you. My distracted husband,
 in the anguish of his soul, has written to
 my son, and given him the most aggravated
 detail of his daughter's shame and his
 own imprisonment; conjuring him (as he
 has confessed to me this morning) by
 the honour of a soldier, and by every
 thing he holds dear, to lose not a mo-
 ment in doing justice with his sword up-
 on this destroyer of his family. The fa-
 tal letter was sent last week, and has left
 me in the utmost horror at the thought of
 what may happen. I dread every thing
 from the rashness and impetuosity of my
 son,

warrantable rashness? As forcibly as I the im-
 was able in this distracted condition, I which
 have set his duty before him; and have greatly
 charged him, for his own soul's sake, ble fer-
 and for the sake of those he most tenderly

N° CXLV. THURSDAY, O

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

It is with great pleasure that I see you frequently doing justice to the age you live in, and not running into that vulgar and ill-natured prejudice that the present times are worse than the past. We are certainly better in every respect than our forefathers; and it is right we should be told so, to encourage us in our progress towards the summit of perfection. I could give a thousand instances of the virtues of these times; but shall at present content myself with one, which I do not remember that you have hitherto so much as touched upon. It is the extreme constancy and disinterestedness of the men in affairs of love and marriage.

I am a woman, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and have lately experienced this truth, in a degree that would bring upon me the imputation of ingratitude, if I neglected to do this public duty.

I will does not piners on which nei me any pu was your opinion o could mi lover's fa mine. No there shoul either side that the me productive tion this ci do honour t

The time was to make his sentiments may be seen which, among kind, I shall

ver; for the world has nothing
to make him cheerful.

Now, my life! I have done with
tribts; the time approaches that
ge them into happiness. I
nothing (sickness and death
that can possibly prevent it.
ures will lie in so narrow a
that we shall always be within
nem. To oblige and be obliged
we want: and how sweet it is
that the business of our lives,
light of our hearts, will be the
gl. I mean, the making each
oy. But I am doomed to be
ged than I have power to ob-
hat a wife am I to have! In-
love, I shall think myself the
I am not the very best of all
Adieu!

My making a visit of a few days
near town, where I desired
to come, he wrote me as fol-

lazy penny-post, how I hate
is two tedious days that I must
n answer to what I write. I
a post of my own, that shall
ne every two hours; and then,
ition that I hear from you by
n of it, I will obey your com-
d not think of seeing you. I
n have not taken it into your
d me live without breathing.
rare, my love, that you never
ie power you have over me:
it comes to my turn to resign,
venged on you without mercy.
l you to with love and kind of-
your little heart shall almost
truggling how to be grateful.
ormenting you every day, and
ig. I will prevent your very
Even the poor comfort of hope
nied you; for you shall know,
of your to-morrows shall be
e you than your yesterdays.
e too shall be mortified; for I
ve you, and be kinder to you
an possibly be to me. All these
ou shall suffer, and yet never
wish for death to relieve you
.. So, if you have a mind to
cruelty, resolve not to marry
am a tyrant in my nature, and
e all I have threatened,

nder and obliging were these
! I own to you, Mr. Fitz-

Adam, that I answered them all in an
equal strain of fondness. But, in the
midst of this sweet intercourse, he was
unhappily taken ill of the small-pox.
The moment he was sensible of his dis-
temper, he conjured me, in a letter, not
to come near him, lest his apprehensions
for me (as I had never had it) should
prove more fatal to him than the disease.
It was indeed of the most dangerous
kind; but how was it possible for me to
keep from him? I flew to him when he
was at the worst, and would not leave
him till they took me away by force.
The consequence of this visit was, that I
caught the infection, and sickened next
day. My distemper was of the confluent
sort, and much worse than my lover's,
who in less than three weeks was in a
condition to return my visit. He had
sent almost every hour in the day to en-
quire how I did; and when he saw me
out of danger, (though totally altered from
my former self) his transports were not
to be told or imagined. I cannot resist
the pleasure of transcribing the letter that
he sent me at his return home that even-
ing—

WHAT language shall I invent to
tell the charmer of my soul how
happy this visit has made me! To see
you restored to health was my heart's
only wish; nor can my eyes behold a
change in that face (if they can be sensi-
ble of any change) that will not endear
it to me beyond the power of beauty.
Every trace of that cruel distemper will
be considered by me as a love-mark, that
will for ever revive in my soul the ideas
of that kindness by which it came.
Lament not a change, then, that makes
you lovelier to me than ever: for, till
your soul changes, (which can never hap-
pen) I will be only and all Yours.

This letter, and a thousand repetitions
of the same engaging language, made me
look upon the loss of my beauty as a
trivial loss. But the time was not yet
come, that was to shew me this generous
and disinterested lover in the most ani-
mable of all lights. My father, whose
only child I was, and who had engaged
to give me a large fortune at my mar-
riage, and the whole of his estate at his
death, fell ill soon after; and, to the sur-
prise of all the world, died greatly in-
volved, and left me without a shilling to
my portion.

My lover was in the country, when I acquainted him with this fatal news. Indeed, I had no doubt of his generosity; but how like a divinity he appeared to me, when, by the return of the post, he sent me the following letter!—

THINK not, my soul, that any external accident can occasion the least change in my affections. I rather rejoice that an opportunity is at last given me of proving to my dearest creature that I loved her only for herself. I have fortune enough for both; or, if I had not, love would be sufficient to supply all our wants. 'Thia cruel business, how angry it makes me! But a very few days, my life, shall bring me to your arms. Oh how I love you! Those are my favourite words, and I am sure I shall die with them; or, if I should have the misery to out-live you, they will be

only changed to—'O! how I. But the **HOW**, my dear, is told; your own heart must tell. When is it that I shall love you all? Why, the last day of my having lived many, many years obliged, and happy husband.

How truly noble was this! you will think me dwelling too on my own happiness; I shall only add, that it is now a week I wrote it; and that yesterday the undoubted intelligence that was married the very next day widow of five-and-fifty, with jointure, a fine house, and a twenty thousand pounds, at her disposal. I am, Sir, your most servant,

Nº CXLVI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16,

I Have so tender a regard for my fair countrywomen, that I most heartily congratulate them upon the approaching meeting of the parliament, which I consider (and I believe they do so too) as the general gaol-delivery of the several counties of the united kingdom.

That beautiful part of our species once engrossed my cares; they still share them. I have been exceedingly affected all the summer with the thoughts of their captivity, and have felt a sympathetic grief for them.

In truth, what can be more moving, than to imagine a fine woman of the highest rank and fashion torn from all the elegant and refined pleasures of the metropolis; hurried by a merciless husband into country captivity, and there exposed to the incursions of the neighbouring knights, squires, and parsons, their wives, sons, daughters, dogs, and hurses? The metropolis was at once the seat of her empire, and the theatre of her joys. Exiled from thence, how great the fall! how dreadful the prison! Methinks I see her sitting in her dressing-room at the mansion-seat, sublimely sullen, like a dethroned eastern monarch; some few books scattered up and down, seem to imply that she finds no consolation in any. The unopened knotting-bag speaks her painful leisure.

Insensible to the proffered er of her tender infants, they are for being so *abominably* neglected, and plexion laid by. I am not ; own my weakness, if it be confess, that this image strikes strongly, and dwelt upon it long, that it drew tears from

The prorogation of the last spring was the fatal for this summer captivity. I was of it, and had some thoughts ing a short treatise of consolation I would have presented to my try-women, in two or three papers, to have accompanied the exile: but I must own that I attempt greatly above my strength an inadequate consolation only the grief, by reviving in the cause of it. Thus at a loss, (as every modest modern shows ancients, in order to say whatever they had said in Greek upon the like occasion from finding any case in point not find one in any degree particularly consulted Cicero exile which he bore so very in himself; but, to my great surprise, not meet with one single consolation, addressed or adapted



E. P. Morrey del.

W. H. Wood engr.

fortune enough for both; or, if I had not, love would be sufficient to supply all our wants. This cruel business, how angry it makes me! But a very few days, my life, shall bring me to your arms. O! how I love you! Those are my favourite words, and I am sure I shall die with them; or, if I should have the misery to out-live you, they will be

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servant,

Nº CXLVI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1790.

I Have so tender a regard for my fair countrywomen, that I most heartily congratulate them upon the approaching meeting of the parliament, which I consider (and I believe they do so too) as the general gaol-delivery of the several counties of the united kingdom.

That beautiful part of our species once engrossed my cares; they still share them. I have been exceedingly affected all the summer with the thoughts of their captivity, and have felt a sympathetic grief for them.

In truth, what can be more moving, than to imagine a fine woman of the highest rank and fashion torn from all the elegant and refined pleasures of the metropolis; hurried by a merciless husband into country captivity, and there

Insensible of her tears for being dressed in a plain dress is a plexion la down my confels, t strongly, long, that

The p last spring this summer of it, and ing a snor I would h try-wome pers, to h exile: but



of his species. To say a philosopher seems to have attempted for, or an aversion to, for it is very observable, in an essay upon old age, there is a period addressed directly to them; whereas I humbly trust an old woman wants that, if not more comfort, than an. Far be it from me to put that refined stoical argument that exile can be no misfortune, that the exiled persons can find their *virtue* along with pleasure.

though I could administer comfort to my fair fellow-countrymen, their country captivity, concern for them prompts me to give some advice upon their apathy.

Just have been during this will not say only of pleasure (manner, of existence) a living in the article of pinkest recommend to them, upon their coming to town, sinking fund to the distresses already incurred, and the current service of the

I would not be mistaken only the payment of our contracted at Comor Faro; as they are apt upon the minds of women and even to affect their upon the approach of a for shop-debts to merchants, jewellers, French peddlers like, it is no great matter are paid or not; sometimes those people will thieve for at work, fall ultimately and.

advise those fine women, unfortunate concurrence of instances, have been obliged to acquaintance with their husbands in the country, not entirely in town; but on to allow a few minutes he keeping it up; since a when perhaps they may company rather better than

of fellow-subjects were all for their public spirit and country, I hope they will, in the emergency of the war distinguish themselves by

unequivocal proofs of patriotism. I flatter myself that they will, at their first appearance in town, publicly renounce those French fashions, which of late years have brought their principles, both with regard to religion and government, a little in question. And therefore I exhort them to disband their curls, comb their heads, wear white linen, and clean pocket-handkerchiefs, in open defiance of all the power of France. But above all, I insist upon their laying aside that shameful piratical practice of hoisting false colours upon their top-gallant, in the mistaken notion of captivating and enslaving their countrymen. This they may the more easily do at first, since it is to be presumed, that during their retirement, their faces have enjoyed uninterrupted rest. Mercury and vermilion have made no depredations these six months; good air and good hours may perhaps have restored, to a certain degree at least, their natural carnation; but at worst, I will venture to assure them, that such of their lovers who may know them again in that state of native artless beauty, will rejoice to find the communication opened again, and all the barriers of plaster and stucco removed. Be it known to them, that there is not a man in England, who does not infinitely prefer the brownest natural, to the whitest artificial skin; and I have received numberless letters from men of the first fashion, not only requesting, but requiring me to proclaim this truth, with leave to publish their names; which however I declined; but if I thought it could be of any use, I could easily present them with a round robin to that effect, of above a thousand of the most respectable names. One of my correspondents, a member of the Royal Society, illustrates his indignation at glazed faces, by an apt and well-known physical experiment. 'The shining glass tube,' says he, 'when warmed by friction, attracts a feather (probably a white one) to close contact; but the same feather, from the moment that it is taken off the tube, flies it with more velocity than it approached it with before.' I make no application; but, avert the omen, my dear country-women!

Another, who seems to have some knowledge of chemistry, has sent me a receipt for a most excellent wash, which he desires me to publish, by way of succedaneum

ment of foreigners, on their country. What opinion must foreigners entertain of a nation, where infamous ribaldry meets the eye on every window? an enormity, peculiar, in a great measure, to Great Britain. Do these writers, indeed, believe themselves to be wits? Let them but step into the smoaking parlours, or the low rooms where their footmen have their residence, and they

will perceive that their serving-men equal their masters in this species of wit. Vainly do people of fashion attempt to monopolize illiberality, ignorance, and indecency, when, if they and their footmen apply themselves to the same studies, the latter will probably be the best proficient.

Be wise, therefore, O ye scribblers! and Think. I am, &c.

Nº CXLVIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1755.

CIVILITY and Good-breeding are generally thought, and often used, as synonymous terms, but are by no means so.

Good-breeding necessarily implies Civility; but Civility does not reciprocally imply Good-breeding. The former has it's intrinsic weight and value, which the latter always adorns, and often doubles by it's workmanship.

To sacrifice one's own self-love to other people's, is a short, but, I believe, a true definition of Civility: to do it with ease, propriety, and grace, is Good-breeding. The one is the result of good-nature; the other of good-sense, joined to experience, observation, and attention.

A ploughman will be civil, if he is good-natur'd, but cannot be well-bred. A courtier will be well-bred, though perhaps without good-nature, if he has but good-sense.

Flattery is the disgrace of Good-breeding, as brutality often is of truth and sincerity. Good-breeding is the middle point between those two odious extremes.

Ceremony is the superstition of Good-breeding, as well as of religion; but yet, being an out-work to both, should not be absolutely demolished. It is always, to a certain degree, to be complied with, though despised by those who think, because admired and respected by those who do not.

The most perfect degree of Good-breeding, as I have already hinted, is only to be acquired by great knowledge of the world, and keeping the best company. It is not the object of mere speculation, and cannot be exactly defined, as it consists in a fitness, a propriety of words, actions, and even looks, adapted

to the infinite variety and combinations of persons, places, and things. It is a mode, not a substance: for what is Good-breeding at St. James's, would pass for foppery or banter in a remote village; and the home-spun Civility of that village would be considered as brutality at court.

A cloyster'd pedant may form true notions of Civility; but if amidst the cobwebs of his cell he pretends to spin a speculative system of Good-breeding, he will not be less absurd than his predecessor, who judiciously undertook to instruct Hannibal in the art of war. The most ridiculous and most awkward of men are, therefore, the speculatively well bred monks of all religions and all professions.

Good-breeding, like charity, not only covers a multitude of faults, but, to a certain degree, supplies the want of some virtues. In the common intercourse of life, it acts good-nature, and often does what good-nature will not always do; it keeps both wits and fools within those bounds of decency, which the former are too apt to transgress, and which the latter never know.

Courts are unquestionably the seats of Good-breeding; and must necessarily be so; otherwise they would be the seats of violence and desolation. There all the passions are in their highest state of fermentation. All pursue what but few can obtain, and many seek what but one can enjoy. Good-breeding alone restrains their excesses. There, if enemies did not embrace, they would stab. There, smiles are often put on, to conceal tears. There, mutual services are professed, while mutual injuries are intended; and there, the guile of the serpent simulates the gentleness of the dove: all this, it is true,

he expense of sincerity; but, whole, to the advantage of society in general.

I not be misapprehended, and I recommend Good-breeding, and prostituted to the pursuit and perfidy; but I think I infer from it, to what a degree accomplishment of Good-breeding can enforce virtue and truth, can thus soften the outrages of vice and falsehood.

Every one is obliged to confess, that active country is not perhaps the most perfect Good-breeding. I really believe that it yields to hearty and sincere Civility, as civility is (and to a certain degree inferior moral duty of doing as I be done by. If France exhibit that particular, the incomparable author of *L'Esprit de Loix* accredits it very impartially, and I believe truly. 'If my countrymen,' are the best-bred people in the world, it is only because they are the most civil.

It is certain that their Good-breeding and attentions, by flattering and self-love of others, repay with interest. It is a general civility, usually carried on by a barter of civilities, and often without one solid merit, by way of medium, to keep the balance.

It is to be wished that Good-breeding in general thought a more effect of the education of our youth, of distinction, than at present it does. It might even be substituted in the room of some academical studies that take up a great deal of time for very little purpose; or at least, might usefully share some of those studies, that are so frequently employed on a coach-box, or in stables. It is those who by their rank and force are called to adorn courts, ought not to disgrace them by their

But I observe, with concern, that it is the fashion for our youth of both sexes to brand Good-breeding with the name of ceremony and formality. As such, they ridicule and explode it, and adopt in its stead an offensive carelessness and inattention, to the diminution, I will venture to say, even of their own pleasures, if they know what true pleasures are.

Love and friendship necessarily produce, and justly authorize familiarity; but then Good-breeding must mark out its bounds, and say—'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther;' for I have known many a passion and many a friendship degraded, weakened, and at last (if I may use the expression) wholly *flattered* away, by an unguarded and illiberal familiarity. Nor is Good-breeding less the ornament and cement of common social life: it connects, it endears, and at the same time that it indulges the just liberty, restrains that indecent licentiousness of conversation which alienates and provokes. Great talents make a man famous, great merit makes him respected, and great learning makes him esteemed; but Good-breeding alone can make him be loved.

I recommend it in a more particular manner to my countrywomen, as the greatest ornament to such of them as have beauty, and the safest refuge for those who have not. It facilitates the victories, decorates the triumphs, and secures the conquest, of beauty; or in some degree atones for the want of it. It almost deifies a fine woman, and procures respect at least to those who have not charms enough to be admired.

Upon the whole, though Good-breeding cannot, strictly speaking, be called a virtue, yet it is productive of so many good effects, that, in my opinion, it may justly be reckoned more than a mere accomplishment.

XLIX. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1755.

CANTANTES LICET USQUE (MINUS VIA LÆDET) FAMUS.

VIRGIL.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

Let me know that you, or any of your predecessors, have ever paid your respects to a most useful branch of

this community; I mean, the ancient and reputable society of Ballad-singers. These harmonious itinerants do not cheat the country people with idle tales of being taken by the Turks, or maimed by the Algerians.

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graven upon it, should express the kind of subjection to which the wearer was inclined to submit. And when these passive gentry were all enrolled under their proper banners, they might annually chuse some one person of distinguished merit, who should be stiled, for the time being, Grand Master of the most honourable order of the Ring.

There was a time, when the laity of the whole Christian world ought to have worn Rings in their noses; and if the device had been a *triple-crown*, it would not have been unexpressive.

The gentlemen of the army have sometimes taken it into their heads to *ring* every body about them; and we have had instances how able they have been, by the help of these Rings, to lead both houses of parliament by the nose. The device engraved on those *nose-jewels* was, *The Protector*. At present, indeed, it is thought that the gentlemen of the law have a great superiority over the gentlemen of the army, and that they are preparing Rings for all the noses in these kingdoms, under the well-conceived device of *Liberty and Property*.

It has been a maxim of long standing among frammens, never to employ any person who will not bear being *ring*; and as this very much depends on the

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inflection upwards towards the nose, caused the physiognomist to deem him a drunken, impudent, and insolent person; which the philosopher acknowledged to be a true character of his natural state.

Hebrews looked upon this kind of nose to be so great a blemish in a man's face, that, though of the lineage of Aaron, his having a *flat nose* was by the command of Moses an absolute bar to him from the sacerdotal office. On the other hand, they held *long noses* in highest esteem, as the certain indication of a meek and patient mind. Hence, in the book of Proverbs, the words which literally signify *he is a long nose*, are in our English translation, and by all interpreters, rendered *that is slow to wrath*: and the words which signify *he that has a short nose* are always translated, *he that is soon angry* or *hasty of spirit*. I shall only add upon this, that the Welch, who is so called, means the *slowest to anger*, generally *short noses*.

The elephant is of all animals the most odious and servile; and every body is so much struck with the length of his snout; though it sometimes happens that he is not altogether so patient of injuries as might be expected. Hamilton, in his Travels to

the East Indies, tells us of an elephant of Surat, that was passing with his keeper to his watering-place through the streets of that city, who seeing the window open of a taylor's shop, and thrusting in his trunk in search of provision, received an affront from the needle of the taylor, as he was sitting at his work. The story adds, that the elephant went soberly on to water, and after drinking his usual draught, drew up a great quantity of mud into his trunk, and returning by the window of the taylor, discharged an inundation of it on his work-board. This was, I own, an unlucky trick; but we ought not to have a worse opinion of *long noses* in general for the sake of one such story, the like of which may not probably happen again in a whole century.

I have many more curious observations to make on the various kinds of noses, which, for fear of exceeding the bounds of your paper, I shall reserve to another opportunity, when I intend to descend at large on the method of *ringing* them: for some men are of such untoward and restless dispositions, that they are like the Leviathan mentioned by Job, into whose nose there is no putting a *hook*, as our translators render it, but the original word signifies a *RING*. I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

° CLI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1755.

As lately subpoenaed by a card to a general assembly at Lady Townshend's, where I went so awkwardly early, I found nobody but the five or six who had dined there, and who, for want of hands enough for play, were reduced to the cruel necessity of conversing. I thought something better should offer. Townshend observed, with concern and impatience, that people of fashion came intolerably late, and in a hurry at once, which laid the lady of the house under great difficulties to conduct the parties properly. 'That, no doubt,' said Manly, 'is to be lamented, and the more so, as it seems to give your ladyship some concern: but it is no mean time, for want of something better to do, I should be glad now the true meaning of a term you have just made use of, *people of fashion*: I confess I have never yet

' had a precise and clear idea of it; and
' I am sure I cannot apply more properly for information, than to this company, which is most unquestionably composed of *people of fashion*,
' whatever *people of fashion* may be. I therefore beg to know the meaning of that term: what are they, who are they, and what constitutes, I had almost said, anoints them, *people of fashion*?' These questions, instead of receiving immediate answers, occasioned a general silence of above a minute, which perhaps was the result of the whole company's having discovered, for the first time, that they had long and often made use of a term which they had never understood: for a little reflection presently produced those discoveries. Belinda first broke this silence, by saying—'One knows well enough who are meant by *people of fashion*, though one does not yet
' just

‘but know how to defer to them: they are those that one generally lives with; they are people of a certain sort.’— ‘They certainly are so,’ interrupted Manly; ‘but the point is, of what sort? If you mean, by people of a certain sort, yourself, which is commonly the meaning of those who make use of that expression, you are indisputably in the right, as you have all the qualifications that can, or, at least, ought to constitute and adorn a *woman of fashion*. But, pray, must all *women of fashion* have all your accomplishments? If so, the myriads of them which I had imagined from what I heard every day, and every where, will dwindle into a handful.’— ‘Without having those accomplishments which you so partially allow me,’ answered Belinda, ‘I still pretend to be a *woman of fashion*; a character, which I cannot think requires an uncommon share of talents or merit.’— ‘That is the very point,’ replied Manly, ‘which I want to come at; and therefore give me leave to question you a little more particularly. You have some advantages, which even your modesty will not allow you to disclaim, such as your birth and fortune: do they constitute you a *woman of fashion*?’ As Belinda was going to answer, Bellair partly interposed, and said— ‘Neither, to be sure, Mr. Manly: if birth constituted *fashion*, we must look for it in that inestimable treasure of useful knowledge, the Peerage of England; or if wealth, we should find the very best at the Bank, and at Garterway’s.’— ‘Well, then,’ Bellair, said Manly, ‘since you have taken upon you to be Belinda’s sponsor, let me ask you two or three questions, which You can more properly answer than She could. Is it her beauty?’— ‘By no means, neither,’ replied Bellair; ‘for, at that rate, there might perhaps be a *woman of fashion* with a gold chain about her neck in the city, or with a diamond necklace in the country; prodigies, as yet unheard of and unseen.’— ‘Is it then her wit and good breeding?’ continued Manly. ‘Each contribute,’ answered Bellair; ‘but both would not be sufficient, without a certain *à la day* gay, a something or other that I feel better than I can explain.’ Now Dorimant, who had for all this time silent, not looked unkindly, said— ‘I could say

something.’— ‘Aye, and something very impertinent,’ according to custom, answered Belinda; ‘so hold your tongue, I charge you.’— ‘You are singularly charitable, Belinda,’ replied Dorimant, ‘in being so sure that I was going to be impertinent, only because I was going to speak. What this suspicion of me?’— ‘Why! because I know you to be an odious abominable creature, upon all subjects of this kind.’ This amicable quarrel was put an end to by Harriet who on a sudden, and with her usual vivacity, cried out— ‘I am sure I have it now, and can tell you exactly what *people of fashion* are: they are just the reverse of your *odd people*.’— ‘Very possible, Madam,’ answered Manly, ‘and therefore I could wish that you would give yourself the trouble of defining *odd people*; and so by the rule of contraries, help us to a true notion of *people of fashion*.’— ‘Aye, that I can very easily do,’ said Harriet. ‘In the first place, your *odd people* are those that one never lets in, unless one is at home to the whole town.’— ‘A little more particular, dear Harriet,’ interrupted Manly. ‘So I will,’ said Harriet, ‘for I hate them all. There are several sorts of them. Your prudesses for instance, who respect and value themselves upon the unblemished purity of their characters; who rail at the indecency of the times, censure the most innocent freedoms, and suspect the Lord knows what, if they do but observe a close and familiar whisper between a man and a woman, in a remote corner of the room. There are besides, a sober, formal, sort of married women, insipid creatures, whose domestic lives, and who can be merry as they think, at home, with their own and their husband’s relations, particularly at Christmas. Like turtles, they are true and tender to their lawful mates, and breed like rabbits, to beggar and perpetuate their families. There are very *odd women*, to be sure; but deliver me from your severe and august dowagers, who are the scourge of *people of fashion*, by infesting all public places, in order to make their spiteful remarks. One meets them every where, and they seem to have the secret of multiplying themselves into ten different places at once. Their poor hostess, like those of the sun, go

the world every day, baiting eleven in the mornings, and six evening, at their parish churches. speak as movingly of their *poor* *de*, as if they had ever cared for other; and, to do them honour, some of the many silly things said to say. Lastly, there are maiden ladies of riper years, or of distinction, who live together in threes and three's, who club their for a neat little house, a light-coach, and a foot-boy—"And, blair, quarrel every day about idend."—"True," said Harriet, "are not the sweetest-tempered persons in the world; but, after all, I forgive them some malignity, in consideration of their disappointment."

Well, have I now described *de* to your satisfaction?—"Ad-ye!" answered Manly; "and so what one can, to a great degree, judge of their antipodes, the *de* of *fashion*. But still there seems something wanting; for the present, by the rule of contraries, only this: that *women of fashion* must not care for their husbands, nor go to church, and must not be embellished, or, at least, unfavourable reputations. Now, though these are very commendable qualities, it must be owned they are negative ones, and consequently must be some positive ones necessary to complete so amiable a character. "I was going to add," inter-jects Harriet, "which, by the way, were then I engaged for, that *de* of *fashion* were properly those of the fashions, and who gave the rules of dress, language, manners, and customs, to the town."—"I add," said Manly; "but what I still to know is, who gave them power, or did they usurp it? For, in nature of that power, it does seem to me to admit of a succession hereditary and divine right."—"I allowed to speak," said Dorimant, "perhaps I could both shorten and save up this case. But I dare not oblige Belinda, to whom I pro-pit obediency, gives me leave."

"let him speak, Belinda," said Manly; "I know he will abuse us; we are used to him."—"Well, let us say then," said Belinda. "See a *de* impertinent friver he has al-

ready." Upon this, Dorimant, addressing himself more particularly to Belinda, and smiling, said—

"Then think that he, who thus commanded, dares to speak, Unless commanded, would have dy'd in silence."

"O, your servant, Sir," said Belinda; "that fit of humility will, I am sure, not last long; but, however, go on."—"I will, to answer Manly's question," said Dorimant, "which, by the way, has something the air of a catechism."

"Who made these *people of fashion*?"

"I give this short and plain answer—"

"They made one another. The men,

by their attentions and credit, make

the *women of fashion*; and the women,

by either their supposed or real fa-

vours, make the *men* such. They are

mutually necessary to each other."

"Impertinent enough, of all consci-

ence," said Belinda. "So, without

the assistance of you fashionable men,

what should we poor women be?"

"Why, faith," replied Dorimant, "but

odd *women*, I doubt; as we should be

but odd fellows without your friendly

aid to fashion us. In one word, a fre-

quent and reciprocal collision of the two

sexes is absolutely necessary to give

each that high polish which is pro-

perly called *fashion*."

"Mr. Dorimant has, I own," said Manly, "open-

ed new and important matter; and my

scattered and confused notions seem

now to take some form, and tend to

a point. But, as examples always best

clear up abstruse matters, let us now

propose some examples of both sorts,

and take the opinions of the company

upon them. For instance, I will offer

one to your consideration—Is Bervin-

that a *woman of fashion* or not? The

whole company readily, and almost at

once, answered—"Doubtless she is."

"That may be," said Manly; "but

why? For she has neither birth nor

fortune, and but small remains of

beauty."

"All that is true, I con-

fess," said Belinda; "but she is well-

dress, well-bred, good-humoured, and

always ready to go with one any

where."

"Might I presume," said

Dorimant, "to add a title, and per-

haps the best to her claims? *fashion*,

I should say that she was of Belville's

creation, who is the very fountain of

honour

' a thought never entered into my head;
 ' I only meant, mislaid it. With a very
 ' little care she will find it again.'—
 ' There you are in the right,' said Bel-
 ' lair; ' for it is most certain, that the
 ' reputation of a *woman of fashion*
 ' should not be too muddy.'—' True,'
 replied Dorimant, ' nor too limpid nei-
 ' ther; it must not be mere rock-water,
 ' cold and clear, it should sparkle a lit-
 ' tle.'—' Well,' said Harriet, ' now
 ' that Berynthia is unanimously voted
 ' a *woman of fashion*, what think you
 ' of Loveit? Is she, or is she not,
 ' one?'—' If she is one,' answered Do-
 ' rimant, ' I am very much mistaken if
 ' it is not of Mirabel's creation.'—' By
 ' *writ*, I believe,' said Bellair; ' for I
 ' saw him give her a letter one night at
 ' the opera.'—' But she has other good
 ' claims, too,' added Dorimant. Her
 ' fortune, though not large, is easy,
 ' and nobody fears certain applications
 ' from her. She has a small house of
 ' her own, which she has fitted up very
 ' prettily, and is often *at home*, not to
 ' crowds indeed, but to people of the
 ' best fashion, from twenty, occasionally
 ' down to two; and let me tell you,
 ' that nothing makes a woman of Love-
 ' it's fort better received abroad, than
 ' being often *at home*.'—' I own,' said
 ' Bellair, ' that I looked upon her rather
 ' as a genteel led-captain, a posturing

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 Dorimant;
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full of that most extraordinary sensation which I had just heard, hitherto, from having taken no part I had attended to the more, and did the better. I went straight and immediately reduced it into a system, as I here offer it for the presentation of my readers. But as it

has furnished me with great and new lights, I propose, as soon as possible, to give the public a new and complete system of ethics, founded upon these principles of *people of fashion*; as, in my opinion, they are better calculated, than any others, for the use and instruction of all private families.

CLII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER, 28, 1755.

FLORIFERIS UT APES IN SALTIBUS OMNIA LIBANT,
OMNIA NOS ITIDEM DEFASCIMUR AUREA DICTA.

LUCRET.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

OXFORD, NOV. 22, 1755.

I, for a long time past, had a strong inclination upon me to become one of your correspondents; but, the habits contracted from this of my education and residence, I felt a certain timidity in my conduct, which has hitherto restrained (ardon the expression) from venturing into the world. However, when I thought that Oxford, as well as her Cambridge, has always been distinguished with the title of one of the universities of England, I cannot suppose that I will pay so little respect to so valuable a part of the microcosm, as to reply to you with disdain, merely because it comes dated to you from this seat of learning; especially as I know you, you shall see nothing in it that will favour at all of that narrow and insupportable spirit which was heretofore the characteristic of the professors of the college.

Mr. Fitz-Adam, though learning is my subject, I will not treat of in a manner that shall disgust the possessor of your readers; and though I am from a place which, within the memory of many now living, enjoyed the sole monopoly of it, yet I do not lament the loss of that privilege, but am, with Moses, thoroughly persuaded that all the Lord's people shall be prophets.

Indeed, the main business I am upon is to congratulate the great world upon the diffusion of science and literature, which for some years has been spreading itself abroad upon the face of

it. A revolution this, in the kingdom of learning, which has introduced the levelling principle, with much better success than ever it met with in politics. The old fences have been happily broken down, the trade has been laid open, and the old repositories, or storehouses, are now no longer necessary or useful for the purpose of managing and conducting it. They have had their day; and every good custom and encouragement they had, while that day lasted; but surely our sons, or, at farthest, our grand-sons, will be much surprized, when they are told for what purposes they were built and endowed by our ancestors, and at how vast an expence the journeymen and factors belonging to them were maintained by the public, merely to supply us with what we now have had from every coffee-house, and Robin Hood assembly. In short, it has passed with learning as with our pine-apples. At their first introduction amongst us, the manner of raising them was a very great secret, and little less than a mystery. The expences of compost, hot-houses, and attendance, were prodigious; and at last, at a great price, they were introduced to the tables of a few of the nobility and gentry. But how common are they grown of late! Every gardener, that used to pride himself in an early cucumber, can now raise a pine-apple; and one need not despair of seeing them sold at six a penny in Covent Garden, and become the common treat of taylor and hackney-coachmen.

The university of London, it is agreed, ought to be allowed the chief merit of this general dissemination of learning and knowledge. The students of that

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ample body, as they are less straitened by rules and statutes, have been much more communicative than those of other learned societies. It seems, indeed, to be their established principle to let nothing stay long by them. Whatever they collect, in the several courses of their studies, they immediately give up again for the service of the public. Hence that profusion of historians, politicians, and philosophers, with whose works we are daily amused and instructed. I am told, there is not a bookseller within a mile of Temple Bar, who has not one or two of these authors constantly in his pay, who are ready, at the word of command, to write a book of any size, upon any subject. And yet I never heard that any of these gentlemen ever drank, in a regular manner, of the waters of Helicon, or endeavoured to trace out that spring by the streams of Cam or Isis.

But it is not merely the regular book, or legitimate treatise, which has thus abounded with learning and science; but our loose papers and pamphlets, periodical as well as occasional, are, for the bulk, equally profuse of instruction. Monthly magazines, which some years since were nothing more than collections to amuse and entertain, are now become the magazines of universal knowledge. Astronomy, history, mathematics, antiquities, and the whole mystery of inscriptions and medals, may now be had, fresh and fresh, at the most easy rates, from the repositories of any of these general undertakers. What an advantage is this to the modern student, to have his means of learning thus carved out for him, at proper seasons and intervals, in quantities that will not over-cloy his stomach, or be too expensive to his pocket! How greatly preferable, both for cheapness and utility, is this method of study, to that of proposing a whole system to his view, in all the horrid formalities of a quarto or folio! Much praise and honour are undoubtedly due to the celebrated Mr. Amos Wenman, for reducing the price of punch, and suiting it to the capacities and circumstances of all his Majesty's subjects; and shall not that self-taught philosopher, Mr. Benjamin Martin, the great retailer of the sciences, come in for some share of our acknowledgment and commendation?

I expect to be told, for indeed the ob-

jection is obvious enough, that since the streams of learning have been thus generally diffusive, they have, in consequence of that diffusion, been proportionably shallow. Now, notwithstanding the prejudice which may still prevail with a few grave and solid mortals against the shallowness of our modern learning, I should be glad to know what good purpose was ever served by all that profundity of science, which they and our ancestors seem so fond of. It was, as is allowed on all hands, confined to a very few of the candidates for literary reputation; and the many, who aimed at a share of it, waded out of their depths, and became a sacrifice to their own useless ambition. On the contrary, no one, that I know of, ever had his head turned, or his senses drowned, in the philosophy of a magazine, or the critique of a newspaper. And thus the stream, which lay useless when confined within its banks, or was often dangerous to those who endeavoured to fathom the bottom of it, has, by being drained off into the smaller rills and channels, both fertilized and adorned the whole face of the country. And hence, Mr. Fitz-Adam, have risen those exuberant crops of readers, as well as writers. The idea of being a reader, or a man given to books, had heretofore something very solemn and frightful in it. It conveyed the notion of severity, moroseness, and unacquaintance with the world. But this is not the case at present. The very depths of our learning may be read, if not understood, by the men of dress and fashion; and the ladies themselves may converse with the abstrusest of our philosophy with great ease, and much to their instruction.

To say the truth, the men of this generation have discovered, that what their fathers called solid learning is a useless and cumbersome accomplishment, inconvenient to the man who is possessed of it, and disgusting to all who approach him. Something, however, of the sort, that fits light and easy upon us, we are willing to attain to: but surely, for this, there is no need of going to the expence of massy bullion, when our own leaf-gold, or a little foreign lacquer, will answer the purpose full as well, and make a better figure in the world.

Give me leave, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to conclude with my congratulations to this place of academical education, on

Some happy symptoms I have lately observed, from whence it should appear, that the manufacture of modern learning may, one day, be able to gain some footing amongst us. The disadvantages it lies under, from ancient forms and establishments, are, it is true, very great: the general inclination, I own, is still against it; and the geniuses of our governors are, perhaps, as deep and as solid as ever; but yet, I hope, we have a set of young gentlemen now rising, who will be able to overcome all difficulties, and give a politer turn to the discipline and studies of the university. I can already assure you, that the students of this new sect, amongst us, have advanced so far as to make the coffee-houses the chief and only places of application to their studies. The productions of your London authors are here taken in, as we call it, by subscription; and, by this means, the deepest learning of the age may be divided into, at the small price of two or three shillings by the year. Thus the expences of university education are reduced, and the pockets of the young men are no longer picked by those harpies the book-sellers.

I can see but one reason to suspect the probability of their not gaining a sure

and certain settlement amongst us; and that is, the great shyness which is observed in all these gentlemanly students, with regard to the old-fashioned languages of Greek and Latin. The avenues to our foundations are hitherto secured by guards detached from the ancients. Our friends, therefore, cannot very safely enter into the competitions at college elections, where these are always retained against them. But who knows what time may bring forth? Fellows of colleges themselves may reform, and become mere moderns in their learning, as well as in their dress, and other accomplishments. I could even now point out some of these who are better acquainted with the writings of Petrarch, Guarini, and Metastasio, than with those of Homer and Horace; and know more of Copernicus and Sir Isaac Newton, from the accounts given of them by Fontenelle, Voltaire, and Pemberton, than from the original works of those two philosophers. But I shall say no more at present, for fear of betraying that interest which it is the *sincere* purpose of this letter to improve and advance. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

NEO-ACADEMICUS.

Nº CLIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1755:

HAVING been frequently pressed by Sir John Jolly (an old friend of mine, possessed of a fine estate, a large park, and a plentiful fortune) to pass a few weeks with him in the country, I determined last autumn to accept his invitation, propelling to myself the highest pleasure, from changing the noise and hurry of this bustling metropolis for the agreeable silence and soothing indolence of a rural retirement. Accordingly set out one morning, and pretty early the next arrived at the habitation of my friend, situated in a most delicious and romantic spot, which (the owner having fortunately no Taste) is not yet defaced with Improvements. On my approach, I abated a little of my travelling pace, to look round me, and admire the towering hills, and fertile vales, the winding streams, the stately woods, and spacious lawns, which, gilded by the sunshine of a beautiful morning, on every side afforded a most enchanting prospect;

and I pleased myself with the thoughts of the happy hours I should spend amidst these pastoral scenes, in reading, in meditation, or in soft repose, inspired by the lowing of distant herds, the falls of waters, and the melody of birds.

I was received with a hearty welcome, and many shakes of the hand, by my old friend, whom I had not seen for many years, except once, when he was called to town by a prosecution in the King's Bench, for misunderstanding the sense of an act of parliament, which, on examination, was found to be nonsense. He is an honest gentleman of a middle age, a hale constitution, good natural parts, and abundant spirits; a keen sportsman, an active magistrate, and a tolerable farmer, not without some ambition of acquiring a seat in parliament by his interest in a neighbouring borough: so that, between his pursuits of game, of justice and popularity, besides the management of a large quantity of land,

gentle persons of both sexes, in dicker-
bills, with their hair in papers; the cause
of which I was quickly informed of, by
the many apologies of my lady for the
meanness of the apartment she was ob-
liged to allot me—By reason the house
was so crowded with company, during
the time of their races, which, she said,
began that very day for the whole week,
and for which they were immediately pre-
paring. I was instantly attacked by all
present with one voice, or rather with
many voices at the same time, to accom-
pany them thither; to which I made no
opposition, thinking it would be at-
tended with more trouble than the ex-
pedition itself.

As soon as the ladies and equipages
were ready, we issued forth in a most
magnificent cavalcade; and, after tra-
velling five or six miles through bad
roads, we arrived at the Red Lion, just
as the ordinary was making it's appear-
ance on the table. The ceremonials of
this sumptuous entertainment, which
consisted of cold fish, lean chickens,
rusty hams, raw venison, stale game,
green fruit, and grapeless wines, de-
stroyed at least two hours, with five times
that number of heads, ruffs, and suits
of cloaths, by the unfortunate effusion
of butter and gravy. From hence we
proceeded a few miles farther to the race-

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country la
' were so j
' prodigic
' an imm

I had not a little suffered by our lions; and therefore our coaches were immediately degraded to a and having rested during our fast, by a just distribution of things, now obliged to labour, while We at rest. I mean not in this number to include myself; for, though I sat immediately to bed, no rest could I find for some time, for the rumbling of the wheels, and the conversation of their friends, just under my window. Fatigued at length, I got the better of all obstructions, and I fell asleep; but I had scarce closed my eyes, when I was awaked by a louder noise, which was that of a whole pack of hounds, with their vociferous attendants, setting out to meet a friend, and some choice spirits, who he had just left behind at the assembly, and who chose this manner of amusement after a night's debauch, rather than the more usual and inglorious of going to bed. These sounds away by their distance, I again closed myself to rest; but was pre-again roused by more discordant notes, uttering all the grossness of the Lane, and scurrility of Billingsgate.

I now waked indeed with some more satisfaction, at first thinking, it was an unpastoral dialogue, that I was more returned safe to London; but I found my mistake, and understood that these were some innocent and good neighbours of Sir John's, who came to determine their gentle dispute before his tribunal, and being ordered to wait till his return from hunting, were resolved to make all possible use of this suspension of justice. It being now towards noon, I gave up all hopes of sleep, and it was well I did; I was presently alarmed by a confused noise, as loud, though somewhat different from the former. As they proceeded from the parlour under me, amidst giggling, laughing, squeaking, and singing, I could distinguish only the following incoherent words—*horrible—ridiculous—Frisland benighted—Red Lion at Brentford—flays the ram's horn—sawny minx—immortal coxcomb*. I started up, dressed

me, and went down, where I found the same polite company who breakfasted there the day before, in the same attitude, discoursing of their friends, with whom they had so agreeably spent the last night, and to whom they were again hastening with the utmost impatience. I was saluted with a How-d'ye from them all at the same instant, and again pressed into the service of the day.

In this manner I went through the persecutions of the whole week, with the sufferings and resolution, but not with the reward of a martyr, as I found no peace at the last: for at the conclusion of it, Sir John obligingly requested me to make my stay with him as long as I possibly could, assuring me, that though the races were now over, I should not want diversions; for that next week he expected Lord Rattle, Sir Harry Bumper, and a large fox-hunting party; and that the week after, being the full-moon, they should pay and receive all their neighbouring visits, and spend their evenings very sociably together; by which is signified, in the country dialect, eating, drinking, and playing at cards all night. My lady added, with a smile, and much delight in her eyes, that she believed they should not be alone one hour in the whole week, and that she hoped I should not think the country so dull and melancholy a place as I expected. Upon this information, I resolved to leave it immediately, and told them I was extremely sorry that I was hindered by particular business from any longer enjoying so much polite and agreeable company; but that I had received a letter which made it necessary for me to be in town. My friend said he was no less concerned; but that I must not positively go till after to-morrow; for that he then expected the mayor and aldermen of his corporation, some of whom were facetious companions, and sung well. This determined me to set out that very evening; which I did with much satisfaction; and made all possible haste, in search of silence and solitude, to my lodgings, next door to a brazier's at Charing Cross.

gone, took up the paper as it lay open, and found the subject of their search to have been the trial of a young lady of fifteen, for robbing the communion-table of her pockets in St. Paul's Church-yard. The evidence of the maid was in the following words—

“And please you, my lord, I had been with an other maid-servant at Drury Lane playhouse, to see the Country Wife. A badlish sort of a play to be sure it turned out; and I with it did not put some wicked thoughts into the head of my fellow-servant; for she gave me the slip in the playhouse passage, and did not come home all night. So, walking all alone by myself through St. Paul's Church-yard, the prisoner overtook me, and would needs have a kiss of me. “Oho, young spark!” thought I to myself, “we’ve all been at the play, I believe; but if a kiss will content you, why e’en take it, and go about your business; for you shall have nothing more from me, I promise you.” Thus I said to myself, my lord, while the young man was kissing me; but, my lord, he went on to be quite audacious; so I stood stock-still against the wall, without so much as speaking a word; for I had a mind to see how far his impudence would carry him. But all at once, and without any other warning,

retiers, whiling their canes, would be for knocking should be n

Many a I believe, i with this po so well; tho brought to bery he ha watchmen a seiz upon it and then a plunder is no

To say th of temtle he the frailty o descended in every individ are two kin culatly cauti a saint's one tioned, that impudence w that of kn strength, an themselves to with honour to guard thei persons, aga for, in this un determined

lev, and run her deeply in
sies at cards are to be paid
other, or there is no possibi-
lizing in company; and of
is a lady's virtue, if she is
ay at home with it?

A young fellow of my ac-
was complaining to me the
of his extreme ill-fortune at
he told me, that he had a
vins of completely undres-
the finest women about St.
it that an unfortunate repique
nited him of his hopes. The
ms, had played with him at
use, till all her ready-money
nd, upon his refusing to pro-
er upon credit, she contented
g a small sum against her cap,
von and put into his pocket,
ards her handkerchief; but
g both cap and handkerchief,
winnings, against her tucker,
off cruelly repiqued, when he
t two points of the game, and
leave the lady as well dressed
d her.

Is indeed a very critical turn
for the lady: for if she had
sing from top to bottom, what
ke might have been I almost
think. I am apprehensive
end's impudence would have
n to greater lengths than the
et's in the trial, and that he
rdly have contented himself
ing off with her clothes: and
hat modest woman, in such a
would object to any conceit-
which she might have reco-
clothes, and put herself into
n to be seen?

My friend's telling me this story,
nled into two or three mistakes
through the streets and squares
iter part of this metropolis:
nn naturally short-sighted, I
aken a well-dressed woman's
son: I have seen coming out of
house with a bundle under his
a gentleman who has had the
unc to strip the lady of her
nd was moving off in triumph
winnings.

At lengths this new kind of
sight have been carried, no one
f the ladies had not taken up
nd put a stop to beginnings.

A prudent man, who knows he is not
proof against the temptations of play, will
either keep away from masquerades and
riottes, or lock up his purse in his
cassette. But as, among the ladies,
the staying at home is an impracticable
thing, they have adopted the other cau-
tion, and very prudently leave their
clothes behind them. Hence it is that
caps, handkerchiefs, tippets, and tuckers,
are rarely to be met with upon the young
and handsome: for as they know their
own weakness, and that the men are not
always complaisant enough to play with
them upon credit, they throw off at their
toilettes all those coverings which they
are in any immediate danger of losing at
a *tête-à-tête*.

The ladies will, I hope, think me
entitled to their thanks at least, for
ascribing to their prudence that naked-
ness of dress, which inconsiderate and
ignorant persons have constantly mis-
taken for wantonness or indifferenc-
e. At the same time, I would recommend
it to all young ladies, who are known
to be no gamblers, either to wear a co-
vering on their necks, or to throw a
cloak over their shoulders, in all public
places, lest it should be thought that, by
displaying their beauties to attract the
eyes of the men, they have a *curiosity*,
like the maid-servant in the trial, *to see
how far their impudence will carry them*.

To conclude a little seriously, I would
entreat my fair readers to leave gaming
to the men, and the indecencies of dress
to the women of the town. The vigils
of the card-table will fully those beau-
ties which they are so desirous of exhi-
biting; and the want of concealment
render them too familiar to be admired.
These are common observations, I con-
fess; but it is now the season for repeat-
ing and for enforcing them. Loss of
time and fortune are the usual mischiefs
of play: but the ruin does not always
end there; for, however great may be
the paradox, many a woman has been
driven to sell her honour to redeem
her credit. But I hope my countrywo-
men will be warned in time; and that
they will study to deserve a better eulogy
than was once given in a funeral ora-
tion, of a lady who died at a hundred
and five, 'that towards the latter part
' of her life she was exemplary for her
' chastity.'

N^o CLV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1755.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Have the honour to sit at the feet of a Gentleman in this city, in the capacity of a parish-clerk, which office I hold in commendam with the employment of an undertaker. The injuries I have suffered are so little cognizable by the laws of the land, (till it shall please God to raise our nation so much wisdom as to amend them in this particular) that I have none to whom I can appeal but the Almighty, to whom I beg that you will plead to justify this my humble supplication and request.

I hope you will excuse the trouble I now give you, not only because I chuse to submit myself to the judgment of your court, but also I have reason to believe that the news-writers would not be faithful enough to lay this complaint before the public, the gentleman being the parties concerned, and against whom it is to be argued.

My only sin is this. As I was one morning furnishing my head with the news of the day, to my great surprise I read a paragraph, which informed me that a very rich gentleman of our parish died the day before. This startled me, as I had never heard of his illness, and therefore had employed nobody to watch him in his last moments, and so bring me the earliest intelligence of his death, that I might not be wanting in my respects to the family by my condolence, and the offers of my service in paying my last duties to so worthy a master. I was apprehensive too, lest some sharper looker-out might be before-hand with me, and run away with the jobb. I therefore whipt on my black coat and white periwig, as fast as I could, to wait on the disconsolate widow. I rung gently at the door for fear of disturbing her; and to the footman who opened it delivered my duty and condolence to his lady, and begged, if she was not provided with an undertaker, that I might have the honour to bury Mr. Deputy.

The servant gaped and stared, and from the great concern he was under for the loss of his master (as I apprehended)

was rendered so stupid, that he seemed not readily to understand what I said. Before I could new frame my message, to put it, if possible, into more intelligible words, I was myself seized with the utmost horror and confusion, at seeing the apparition of the deceased stalk out of the counting house, which opened into the passage where I stood. I observed a redness in his countenance more than was usual in *dead people*, and, indeed, more than he himself was wont to wear when he was alive; and there was a firmness and severity in his features, beyond what I had ever seen in *hamboneys*. Struggling more dreadfully than than for breath out, and in the language of hell, swearing, cursing, calling me a thousand names, and telling me he would teach me to play tricks with him, he dealt me half a score such substantial blows as recently convinced me they could proceed from no ghost. I retreated with as much precipitation as I could, for fear of falling myself into the pit which I hoped to have dug for him.

Thus, Sir, the wantonness of the news-papers disappointed me of furnishing out a funeral, deprived me of my dues as clerk, got me well thrashed, and will probably lose me the gentleman's custom for ever: for, perhaps, next time he dies, he will order another undertaker to be employed.

Now, Sir, is it not a shame, that people should thus die daily, and not a single fee come to the clerk of the parish for a burial? And that the news-writers, without commission from his Majesty, or licence from Warwick Lane, should kill whom they please, and we not get a shilling to comfort us in the midst of such mortality?

There are other inconveniences, though of an inferior consideration, which may attend this dying in print. A young heir at Oxford, just come of age, reads that his father was carried off by an apoplectic fit such a day: catching the lucky minute, he marries that divine creature, his tailor's daughter, before the news can be contradicted. When it is, fear of the old gentleman's displeasure, makes him bribe

new relations to secrecy for a while. In process of time, he marries a lady of rank and family by his father's direction.

Tatterella raves with all the spirit and dignity of a lady of the British race; proves her prior marriage; not calls, but records Lady Mary a bastard; bastardizes the children of the squire; and old Snip's grandson sways with the estate.

How often have these disturbing passions whirled up expectants of places to their post-chaises, to whirl back with the old Squeeze, and 'I will not forget you WHEN the place is vacant?' How often has even the most divine suffered the violent convulsions of a hard-trotting horse for threescore miles together, to wait for a patron of a benefice vacated by the dying Poet; where he has met the mortification of smothering a letter with the incumbent? Perhaps a young lady, whose tenderness and sensibility would not permit her to attend her husband to Bath, reads an account of death in the papers. What shrieks, faintings, what tears, what inexorable grief afflicts the poor relative when she has mourned in half a year as much as any reasonable widow does in a whole year, and (having received the legacy of sorrow to his memory) spends his days, which by the courtesy of the world he might have taken a twelvemonth to, in thinking of a new home, when the old one, and the rapture of the virtues of Bath.

While all the satisfaction the writers give this unteignified poor lady, is—'The death of Sir Esq. mentioned in these papers last week, proves a mistake.'

How but one instance where any to us parish-clerk has been had, interests in the least taken care of: temporary and occasional deaths; at was a gentleman of rank, who generally reported and allowed for.

His heirs at law, not caring to see the real body, for reasons best to themselves, (though one of excuses might be because it was yet convinced of the reasonableness that a funeral should follow a deluge up a poor drowned sailor out sole on the shore, into which he had tumbled, and with great so-

lemnity interred the departed knight by proxy. There was justice in this; every man had his due. It was acting with the wisdom of an old Athenian.

A practice of the Athenians may serve as an answer to such (if any such there are) who from modern prejudices object to the funerals of people not really dead. Our doctor told us in one of his sermons upon regeneration, that among these Athenians, if one who was living were reported to be dead, and funeral obsequies performed for him—which plainly implies their custom of celebrating funerals for persons who were dead in their news-papers, though they were not so in reality—if afterwards he appeared, and pretended to be alive, he was looked upon as a profane and unlucky person, and no one would keep him company. One who fell under this misfortune (it matters not for his name, though I think the doctor called him Harry Storehouse *, or something like it) consulted the oracle how he might be re-admitted among the living: the oracle commended him to be regenerated, or new-christened; which was accordingly done, and grew to be the established method of receiving such persons into community again.

And here in England, before the Reformation, as I am informed, it was usual, when a rich person died, to celebrate yearly and daily masses, obits, and commemorations, for him; so that one who died but once should be as good as buried a thousand times over: but among us it is just the reverse; a man may die here a thousand times, and be buried but once.

However, I hate popery, and would not with the restoration of it: yet, as I hope a Christian country will not come behind hand with a heathen one in wisdom and justice, permit me to recommend the practice of the Athenians before-mentioned, and petition the World immediately to pass it into a fashion, and ordain, that hereafter every man living, who has been killed in the news-papers, shall account to the clerk of the parish where such decease is reported to have happened; or, if no place is specified, to the clerk of the parish where the person has resided for the greater part of the month preceding, for a burial fee; and also, before he is admitted to

* Aristinus.



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tion, a very nursing mode
eds them with the pap of
nonsense, and lulls and
their desired repose. This
proper element; and, as if
e genius of the place, I
s seen them brighten up
h an air of joy and satis-

as well as the stomach,
od fitted and prepared to
humour, or it will reject
Now the opera is so good
nows so well to please the
se her guests, that it is
see with what an appetite
whatever she sets before
great is their partiality,
ood drest by another hand
relish; but minced and
is their favourite, shall be
he plain beef and mustard
e (though served up by
ks) turn their stomachs,
aroni of Rolli is, in their
a fit for the gods. Thus
killed by the conspirators,
them: but *Julio Cesare*,
; and singing and stab-
bbing and singing, till
expires, is *caro caro*, and
o, the great conqueror of
them a mighty silly fel-
lione is a charming crea-
ident, then, that the food
to the taste, as the taste to
as the waters of a certain
Thessaly, from their be-
ity, could be contained in
ie hoof an ass, so can this
isjointed composition find
but in such heads as are
ed to receive it. Thus
ity appears as well in what
n what they reject; and,
companion, attends them
nd in all places: for I have
; wherever they are, they
not to be changed by time or
ver, as a play is the very
he passions, the neutrality
o strictly observe is no
picious as at the theatres.
re to be seen, one while
e flowing all around them,
the very benches are crack-
ls of laughter, sitting as
ne as if they had nothing
innocent thoughts to con-

Upon considering their character and
temper, as far as they can be guessed at
by their actions, and observing the apathy
in which they seem to be wrapped, I
once was inclined to think that they
might be a sect of philosophers, who
had adopted the maxims of the Stoics of
old: but when I recollected that a thirst
after knowledge, contempt of pain, and
whatever is called evil, together with
an inflexible rectitude in all their ac-
tions, were the characteristics of those
sages, I soon perceived my mistake; for
I cannot say that I ever found that these
philosophers practise any of those vir-
tues. To speak the truth, it is very
difficult to know in what class to place
them, and under what denomination
they ought to pass. Were I to decide,
I should at once pronounce them to be-
long to the vegetable world, and place
them among the beings of still-life; for
they seem too much under the standard
of their species to be allowed to rank
with the rest of mankind. To be seri-
ous, is it not strange that their heads
and hearts should be impenetrable to all
the passions that affect the rest of the
world; nay, even more so than age it-
self, whose feelings Time, with his icy
hand, has chilled, and almost extingui-
shed? And yet age, with all its infirmi-
ties, is more quick, more alive, and
susceptible of the finer passions, than
these sons of indifference in their prime
and vigour of youth.

An old woman, whom I found at my
side in the pit the other night, gave me
an instance of the truth of this assertion.
She did justice both to the poet and the
actors, and bestowed her applause plen-
tifully, though never but where it was
due. At the same time, I saw several of
these inanimate bodies sitting as uncon-
cerned as if they had not known the
language, or could not hear what was
said upon the stage.

It is a proverbial expression, (though
perhaps a little injurious) to call an in-
sippid and senseless person of the male sex
an *old woman*. For my part, I was so
charmed with mine, that I will make no
disrespectful comparisons; but yet, Sir,
how contemptible must these triflers be,
who can be out-done by a toothless old
woman, in quickness, spirit, and the
exertion of their faculties? From a re-
gard then to that agreeable and sensible
matron, I will not liken these *insensibles*
to those grave personages; but yet I can-

not forbear thinking that they approach very near to what is most like old women, *old men*; and that they resemble the picture of those crazy beings in the last stage of life, as drawn by that incomparable painter of human nature, Shakespeare: for these young men, like his old men, are *sans eyes, sans ears, sans taste, sans every thing*. I am,

Sir, your faithful, humble servant,

PHILONOUS.

P. S. The verses underneath, upon the same subject as the letter, I venture to tack to it, (like a bit of embroidery to a plain cloth;) and if you think either or both deserving any notice, you may

present them with my service to the gentle reader.

THE INSENSIBLE.

WHILE crowded theatres attentive sit,
Anxious applauses echo to rough the pit;
Unconscious of the cunning of the scene,
Sit smiling FLEET with insipid mien.
Fixed like a standing lake, in dull repose,
No grief, no joy, his GENTLE bosom knows;
NATURE and GARRICK no attention gain,
And hapless WIT darts all her stings in vain.
Thus on the Alps eternal frosts appear,
Which mock the changes of the various year;
Intensest suns unheeded roll away,
' And on th' impassive ice the lightning
' play.'

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF CORKE.

LORD,

usual in churches, when an organ, an altar-piece, or some valuable ornament, is given by the bounty of any particular person, to set forth in very conspicuous characters the name of the donor. In imitation of this custom, I take the liberty of prefixing your Lordship's name to a volume of the *World*, that I may signify to the public by whose bounty it has been ornamented.

your Lordship is not the only one of your family to whom I have been indebted; and it is with great pleasure that I am on this occasion of making my acknowledgments to the *EARL OF*, as it gives me an opportunity at the same time of confessing my obligations to *Mr. BOYLE*.

not offend your Lordship with the common flattery of dedicating having always observed that praise is least pleasing where it is due: a consideration that obliges me to add no more, than I am,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's obliged,

Most humble,

And most obedient Servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

TO

SOAME JENYNS, Esq.

ONE OF THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS FOR TRADE AND
PLANTATIONS.

SIR,

TO promote the circulation of these small volumes, by limiting their number to no more than six, it was thought advisable to put a stop to the paper of the *WORLD*, at a time when the demand for it greatly exceeded my expectation, and while it was the only fashionable vehicle in which men of rank and genius chose to convey their sentiments to the public. To extend this circulation, (for I confess myself a very self-interested person) I have separately addressed the first five volumes to those of my correspondents whose pieces are the most numerous, and whose names and characters do me the greatest honour. It will not, therefore, I hope, displease you, if among these favourite names you should happen to discover your own; it being impossible for me to say any thing more to the advantage of this work, than that many of the essays in it were written by Mr. JENYNS.

I am, SIR,

Your most obliged

And most obedient

Humble Servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM

TO

M R. M O O R E.

DEAR SIR,

IN the list of those whom I am proud to call my assistants in this work, and to the principal of whom, as far as they are come to my knowledge, I have dedicated the former volumes of it, to have omitted you, my best and sincerest friend, would have been strange and unpardonable. It would have been strange, as you are sensible how high a regard I have always paid to whatever came from your hand; and unpardonable, as I am convinced you never sat down to write me a paper but from motives of pure love and affection. It is true, and I scorn to flatter even in a dedication, I have not always regarded your papers with that degree of admiration which some other of my correspondents commanded from me; yet, so partial have I been to your talents and abilities, that you must own I have never, through the whole course of the work, refused any one of your lucubrations: infomuch that I greatly fear my readers may now-and-then have reason to reproach me with having suffered my friendship to blind my judgment.

But let Malice and Envy say their pleasure, I shall always acknowledge with gratitude the favour of your assistance in the long contention I have had with the vices and follies of the world; and that it was frequently owing to your ironical smile, that I have been enabled to raise the laugh of raillery in favour of virtue and good manners. I confess indeed, and you will not be angry that to yourself I avow it, the immortality I have reason to hope for, arises from the conjunction of many higher names than yours, which I have had the honour to associate with me in this favoured undertaking. And here I feel my vanity struggling to get loose, and indulge itself in the pleasing theme. The name of FITZ-ADAM shall be carried down to latest posterity with those of his age, the most admired for their genius, their learning, their wit, and humour. But I check myself.—I dare not engage in the task of saying what ought to be said on this occasion, and therefore beg leave to hide my inability in silence.

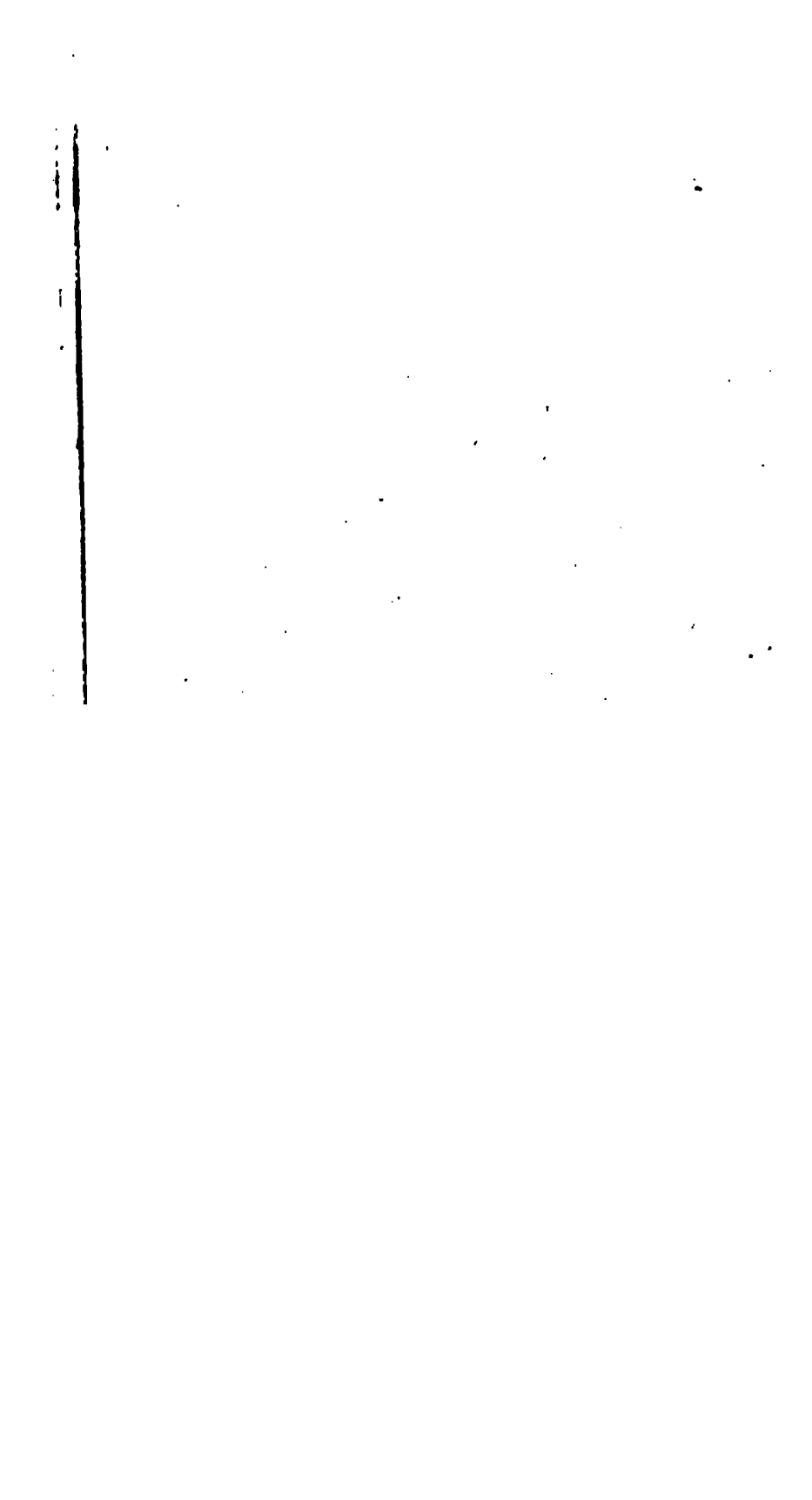
You will pardon, Sir, this short digression, though not made in your favour; and be assured, notwithstanding all I have said, and whatever I may think of you as a writer, as a man I bear you a true affection, take a very interested part in all your concerns; and should you ever meet with that reward from the public which I think your merits have long deserved, I hope you are satisfied that no one will more truly rejoice in your good fortune than,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Friend,

And humble Servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.



T H E

W O R L D.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

N° CLVII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1756.

ONE can scarce pass an hour in any company, without hearing it frequently asserted, that the present generation of servants in this country are the proudest, and the laziest, the most profligate, insolent, and extravagant set of mortals, any where to be found on the face of the globe: to which indisputable truth I always readily give my assent, with but one single exception, which is that of their masters and ladies. Now, though by this exception I have incurred the contemptuous smiles of many a wise face, and the indignant frowns of many a pretty one, yet I shall here venture to shew, that the pride and laziness of our servants, from whence their profligacy, insolence, and extravagance, must unavoidably proceed, are entirely owing, not only to our example, but to our cultivation, and are but the natural productions of the same imperfections in ourselves.

In the first place, then, pride has put it into our heads, that it is most honourable to be waited on by gentlemen and ladies; and all, who are really such by birth or education, having also too much of the same pride, however necessitous, submit to any servitude, however easy, we are obliged to take the lowest of the people, and convert them by our own ingenuity into the genteel personages we think proper should attend us. Hence our very footmen are adorned with gold and silver, with bags, toupées, and ruffles: the valet de chambre cannot be distinguished from his master, but by

being better dressed; and Joan, who used to be but *as good as my lady in the dark*, is now by no means her inferior in the day-light. In great families I have frequently intreated the *maitre d'hôtel* to go before me, and have pulled a chair for the butler, imagining them to be part, and not the least genteel part of the company. Their diversions, too, are no less polite than their appearance: in the country they are sportsmen; in town they frequent plays, operas, and taverns; and at home have their routs and their gaming-tables.

But lest thus exalting our servants to an equality with ourselves should not sufficiently augment their pride, and destroy all subordination, we take another method more effectually to complete the work; which is, debasing ourselves to their meanness, by a ridiculous imitation of their dresses and occupations. Hence were derived the flapped hat, and cropped hair, the green tuck, the long staff, and buckskin breeches: hence, among the ladies, the round-eared cap, the stuff night-gown, white apron, and black leather shoe; and hence many persons of the highest rank daily employ themselves in riding matches, driving coaches, or in running before them, in order to convince their domestics how greatly they are inferior to them in the execution of these honourable offices. Since, then, we make use of so much art to corrupt our servants, have we reason to be angry with their concurrence? Since we take so much pains to inform them of

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deserves the consideration of a legislature, who are not themselves under the influence of their servants, and can pay them their wages without any inconvenience.

From what has been said, it plainly appears that every man in this country is ill-served, in proportion to the number and dignity of his servants: the parson, or the tradesman, who keeps but

two maids, and a boy not exceeding twelve years old, is usually very well waited on; the private gentleman infinitely worse; but persons of great fortunes or quality, afraid of the idols of their own sitting up, are neglected, abused, and impoverished, by their dependents: the king himself, as is due to his exalted station, is more impeded on, and worse attended, than any one of his subjects.

Nº CLVIII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1756.

DURING the course of these my labours, there is nothing that I have applied myself to with more diligence and attention, or that I have hoped for with greater pleasure and delight, than the information of the fair sex. Their dressing, gaming, and painting, have been from time to time the subjects of my animadversions. Happy indeed should I have been, if my success had borne any proportion to my zeal: but, as my philosophy has taught me to bear with patience those evils which I cannot redress, I am contented, under certain limitations, to wink at those enormities which I wanted to have removed. In regard to dress, I consent that the fashion shall continue as it now is; but I enter my protest against absolute nakedness; for while I am conniving at low stays and short petticoats, I will permit no lady whatsoever (as a brother essayist very wittily has it) *to make both ends meet*. I consent also to the present fashion of curling the hair, so that it may stand a month without combing; though I must confess, (and I believe most husbands and lovers are of my opinion) that I think a fortnight or three weeks might be a sufficient time: but I bar any application to those foreign artists, who advertise in the public papers that they have the secret of making up a lady's head for a compleat quarter of a year. As to gaming, I permit it to go on as it does, provided that the ladies will content themselves with injuring their husbands in no other respect than ruining their fortunes. Painting likewise I submit to; and, indeed, as cards and late hours have so totally destroyed the natural complexion, it is not unreasonable that a little art should be introduced to repair it. But, to make this *art as little hurtful as possible* to the

health, the breath, the teeth, and the skin, of those who practise it, I have consulted almost every author, both ancient and modern, who has written on the subject. The most satisfactory of these is Jo. Paul Lomatus, a painter of Milan. His works were translated by Richard Haydock, of New College, Oxford, in the year 1598. In the third book of which are the following observations, which the author calls '*A Discourse of the Artificial Beauty of Women*.'

'HAVING treated of so many and divers things, I could not but say something of such matters as women use continually in beautifying and embellishing their faces: a thing well worth the knowledge; inasmuch, as many women are so possessed with a desire of heaping their complexions by some artificial means, that they will by no means be dissuaded from the same.

'Now the things which they use are these, viz. ointments of divers sorts, powders, fairs, waters, and the like: wherof Jo. Madonese, doctor of physic, hath written at large, in his book intitled '*The Ornaments of Women*;' wherein he teacheth the whole order of beautifying the face.

'Now my intent in this treatise is only to discover the natures of certain things which are in daily use for this purpose; because it often falleth out, that instead of beautifying, they do most vilely disfigure themselves. The reason wherof is, because they are ignorant of the names and qualities of the ingredients. However, partly by my directions, and partly by Madonese's book, I hope to content and satisfy them in all such sort, that they shall have just cause to thank us both; and, in truth, for their sakes have I occa-

cially undertaken this paines, by teaching them to understand the natures of the minerals, vegetables, and animals, which are most applied to this use. So that, if any shall henceforth fall into the inconveniencie after specified, their own fault be it. And first, concerning sublimates.

OF SUBLIMATE, AND THE BAD EFFECTS THEREOF.

' Divers women use Sublimate diversly prepared for encrease of their beauty. Some bray it with quicksilver, in a marble mortar, with a wooden pestle, and this they call *argentatum*; others boyl it in water, and therewith wash their face; some grind it with pomatum, and sundry other waies; but this is sure, that which way soever it be used, it is very offensive to man's flesh, and that not only to the face, but unto all the other parts of the body besides; for proof whereof, Sublimate is called *dead fier*, because of it's malignant and biting nature: the composition whereof is of *salte*, *quicksilver*, and *vitriol*, distilled together in a glassen vessel.

' This the chyrurgions call a corrosive, because if it be put upon man's flesh, it burneth it in a short space, mortifying the place, not without great pain to the patient. Wherefore, such women as use it about their face, have always black teeth standing far out of their gums, like a Spanish mule, an offensive breath, with a face half scorched, and an unclean complexion; all which proceed from the nature of Sublimate: so that simple women, thinking to grow more beautiful, become disfigured, hastening old age before the time, and giving occasion to their husbands to seek strangers instead of their wives, with divers other inconveniencies.

OF CERUSSE, AND THE EFFECTS THEREOF.

' The Cerusse, or white lead, which women use to better their complexion, is made of lead and vinegar, which mixture is naturally a great drier; so that those women which use it about their faces, doe quickly become withered and gray-headed, because this doth so mightily dry up the natural moisture of their flesh: and if any give not credit to my

report, let them but observe such as have used it, and I doubt not but they will easily be satisfied.

OF PLUME ALUME.

' This Alume is a kind of stone, which seemeth as it were made of tow, and is of so hot and dry a nature, that if you make the wicke of a candle therewith, it is thought it will burn continually without going out; a very strange matter, and beyond credit. With this some used to rub the skin off their face, to make it seem red, by reason of the inflammation it procureth; but, questionlesse, it hath divers inconveniencies, and therefore to be avoided.

OF THE JUICE OF LEMONS.

' Some use the Juice of Lemons about their face, not knowing the evil qualities thereof: for it is so forcible, that it dissolveth the hardest stones into water; and there is nothing which sooner dissolveth pearl than it. Now, if it can dissolve stones in this manner, what think you will it do upon man's flesh? Wherefore I exhort all women to eschewe this, and the like fretting and wearing medicines.

OF THE OYL OF TARTARIE.

' There is no greater fretter and eater than the Oyl of Tartarie, which in a very short time mortifieth a wound, as well as any other caustic or corrosive; and being so strong a fretter, it will take any stain or spot out of linen or woollen cloth: wherefore we may easily thinke that if it be used about the face, it will work the like effects on the same, by scorching and hardening it so, that in many days it will not return to the former state.

OF THE ROCKE ALUME.

' Rocke Alume doth likewise hurt the face, inasomuch as it is a very piercing and drying mineral, and is used in strong water for the dissolving of metals; which water is made only of Rocke Alume and sal nitrum distilled, and found to be of that strength, that a drop thereof being put on the skin burneth, shriveleth, and parcheth it, with divers other inconveniencies, as looke the teeth, &c.

OF CAMPHIRE.

Camphire is so hot and drie, that any-thing neerer the fier, it sudaketh fier, and burneth most vely. This being applied to the caldeth it exceedingly, causing alteration, by parching of the and procuring a flushing in the end in this the women are very leceaved.

OF SUCH THINGS AS ARE ENNEMIES TO THE HEALTH, AND DANGEROUS TO THE COMPLEXION.

Of those paintings and embellishments which are made with minerals and metals, are very dangerous; for being used upon the flesh, especially upon the face of a woman, which is very tender and delicate by nature, (besides the injury they doe to the natural beauty) much prejudice the health of the body, for it is very certain that all greases and colourings made of minerals: half minerals, as iron, brass, mercury, sublimed, ceruse, camphire, sulphur, plume alum, salt petriol, and all manner of saltes, and mixtures of alumes, (as hath been declared) are very offensive to the complexion of the face; wherefore if there be any remedy, but women will be meddling with this arte of polishing, let them beware of those mineral stuffes, use the remedies following.

OF THE HELPS OF BEAUTY AS THEY MAY SAFELY BE USED WITHOUT INJURY.

There is nothing in the world

which doth more beautifie and adorne a woman, than cheerfulness and contentment: for it is not the red and white which giveth the gracious perfection of beauty, but certain sparkling notes and touches of amiable cheerfulness accompanying the same; the truth whereof may appear in a discontented woman, otherwise exceeding faire, who at that instant will seem y^e favoured and unlovely: as contrariwise, an hard-favoured and blowne woman, being merry, pleasant and jocond, will seem sufficiently beautiful.

Secondly, honesty: because though a woman be fair and merry, and yet be dishonest, she must needs seem most ugly to an ingenuous and honest mind.

Thirdly, wisdom: for a foolish, vain, giggling dame, cannot be reputed fair, inasmuch as she hath an impure and polluted mind.

But hereof sufficient, till a further opportunity be administered. Mean while, if any be desirous to be more satisfied in this point, I referre them to an oration or treatise of Nazianzen's concerning this matter.

Thus far Lomatius; and as I have not been able to procure the treatise he refers to, I could wish with all my heart that the ladies would lay aside their paint for a few weeks, and make trial of his receipt. It will indeed cost them some trouble, and may possibly require a little alteration in their manner of living: but I will venture to assert, that the united toilettes of a hundred women of fashion cannot furnish a composition that will be half so efficacious.

CLIX. THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1756.

As I am, my curiosity carried me the other night to see the new satirical farce, called 'The Apprentice' which, considering the present satirical madness for theatrical employ-raging through the lower ranks of people, will, I hope, be as serviceable to the English mob of that idle sort, as the immortal work of Cervantes was to exorcise from the breasts of Spanish nobility the demon of idleness and extravagance. The piece is new and amusing, and has received no inconsiderable advantages from the masterly assistance of a principal comedian,

who, with a true genius for the stage, has very naturally represented the contemptible insufficiency of a pert pretension to it. At my return to my lodgings, I found the following letter on my table—

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG the many benevolent designs which have adorned the present well-disposed age, I remember to have read one a few years ago, in a periodical pamphlet, intitled 'A Proposal for building an Hospital for Decayed Authors.'

as to be written by the very pen which through me is sent and heard.

Having heard that the author of that effusive and impassioned not only upon those who shed often the tears of pity, but even upon wretches, attorneys, and sober tradesmen, I have ventured, by the conveyance of your paper, to lay my thoughts before the public, in compassion to the distresses of another order of men, who, in a subordinate degree, are connected with the sublime race of authors, and, as retainers to the Muses, claim mine and your assistance. The persons I mean are such as, either from the want of ambition or capacity, are prevented from soaring high enough to oblige mankind with their own conceptions; and yet having a taste or inclination above handling a yard, or engrossing parchment, entertain and instruct the rest of their species by retailing the thoughts of others, and animating their own exercises with the ever-living sentiments of heroes, heroines, wits, and legislators. These gentlemen and ladies, whilst they are resident in London, are called, in plain English, Actors; but when they condescend to exhibit their illustrious personages in the country, the common people distinguish them by the name of Stage-Players, the rural gentry by the uncivil appellation of Strollers.

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to cross one another again upon an obscure shop-board in a garret; I say, that we may drive misery from the minds of these wretches, when the puts on such horrid shapes, I would propose to the nobility and gentry of this metropolis a Subscription for relief on hospital for decayed actors and actresses, that our performers may constantly be cherished with the assurance that menage-wine shall never graze at their royal heels; and that whenever age, accident, or the caprice of the town, deprives those of their heroic callings, who fortunately have escaped violent deaths, (for these representatives of heroes are sometimes known to imitate their originals, and, as the poet sings—

— Ere Nature bids them die,
Fate takes them early to the pitying sky)

they will be supported whilst alive; and, when the sisters three shall slit the fatal thread, they may be enabled to make an exit as they have lived, in mimetic grandeur, and have the insignia of their honours carried before them to the grave's lightless mansion.

If I find the generality of your read-

ers are inclined to encourage this useful charity, I will take the liberty to offer to them a plan for the raising such an hospital; a scheme for the raising a fund for its support; to point out what qualifications are necessary to entitle a candidate to a place in it; and, last of all, to recapitulate the many advantages that must necessarily be derived to society from a so laudable an undertaking.

But that no well-disposed persons may be influenced by the uncharitable insinuation that I have some selfish views in erecting this hospital, I think it absolutely necessary to declare, that I am neither an unemployed physician, an unpractised surgeon, nor a daughter's apothecary; nor do I any other way expect either emolument or pleasure from the institution, than in that sweetest of sensations which the heart feels in having contributed to the relief of others, which always rises in proportion to the object. What then, and how great must be mine, to have contributed to the comfort of so illustrious a race of wretches! I am, with very sincere esteem, Sir, your most humble faithful servant,

A. Z.

Nº CLX. THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

I Think, Sir, more than three years are past, since you began to bestow your labours on the reformation of the follies of the age. You have more than once hinted at the great success that has attended your endeavours; but surely, Mr. Fitz Adam, you deceive yourself. Which of your papers has effected any real amendment? Have fewer fools gone to, or returned from France, since you commenced author? or have fewer French follies been purchased or propagated by those who never were in France? Do not come to bed dressed French, that issue from homes-dressed Claude, to theatres dressed Italian, in spite of your grave admonitions? Do the young men wear less claret, or the beauties less rouge, in obedience to your lectures? Do men of fashion, who used to sing for a thousand pounds a throw, now call only for five hundred? or if they should, do you in return to Your credit with Them, or to *Their want of credit*? I do not

mean, Sir, to depreciate the merit of your labours, nor in point of effect. I believe they are exerted as great reformation as the doctrines of the divine Scriptures, or the tenets of the affecting Tillotson. I really believe you would have corrected that young Athenian marquis Alcibiades, as soon as his philosophy preceptor. What I would urge is, that all the preachers in the world, whether loose, mystic, severe, or damnable, will never be able to bring about a reformation of manners by the mere eloquence of their exhortation or exhortation. You cannot imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, how much credit would give to your wit to be backed by a little temporal authority. We may in vain regret the simplicity of manners of our ancestors, while there are no sumptuary laws to restrain luxury, no ecclesiastical censures to castigate vice. I shall offer to your readers an instance or two, to elucidate the monstrous disproportion between our riches and extravagance, and the frugality of former times; and then

an honest tradesman, on whom I am
far from designing to reflect; he raised
his fortune honestly and industriously;
but I here, some future antiquarian,
struck with the prodigality of the times,
will compute how much sugar and
plums have been wasted yearly in the
inconsiderable portion of London, even
in one or two streets in that parish, be-
fore a single shopkeeper could have
raised four hundred and fifty pounds by
retailing those and such like com-
modities. Now let us turn our eyes back to
the year 1558, and we shall find not only
a person than the incomparable and ever-
famous Lady Joan, Princess Dowager of
Wales, by her last will and testament,
bequeathing the following simple mor-
tals; and we may well believe they were
the most valuable of her possessions, as
she divided them between her son the
king and her other children. To her
son King Richard she gave her new
bed of red velvet, embroidered with
ostrich feathers of silver, and heads of
leopards of gold, with boughs and leaves
proceeding from their mouths. Also to
her son Thomas, Earl of Kent, her bed
of red camak, paved with red, and rays
of gold; and to John Holland, her other
son, one bed of red camak. These par-
ticulars are faithfully copied from Dag-
dale, Vol. II. p. 94. an instance of sim-
plicity and moderation in so great and

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ourameur in a certain chapel of a manor-house of Robert de Brome, one of the collegiate church of Ely, without any licence from the bishop of Canterbury, by one in Ireland, a priest, before the king, upon Michaelmas-day, in the reign of Edward the Third.

Withstanding the great scandal such a proceeding must have given, it is evident the subservience of two priests to the rank of princess should not let her above all apprehension of punishment for the breach of her vows; yet it is evident, from the story, that her dignity exempted her from such proper restraints and penalties as might deter from commission of the like offence; as might daily and frequently the lady herself to blush for her rage; and as might draw comfort from taxing the inordinate appetite of their suitor.

A sort of comfort which, to do justice, the prior are apt to take as the relief of their own wants. The author says, Vol. II. page 95, the Lady Dowager and her young son being personally conveyed before the Archbishop of Canterbury for transgression, at his manor-house of Ely, upon the seventh day of the month, for their penance, he ordered them to find a priest to celebrate service daily for them, the Countess and Elizabeth; and for the Archbishop; besides a large quantity of penitential psalms, paternosters, which were to be daily said by the priest; and the transgression.

His Grace moreover ordered by Elizabeth (who, in some respects known to himself, I suppose ordered as the seducer) to go once on foot in pilgrimage to the tomb of the glorious martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury; and once every week during Lent to fast on bread and drink, and abstain from all meats, especially in the absence of her husband; a penance that must appear cruel to us, and not a little partial to the Countess, whom the Archbishop more respects than one to have been rather disobedient to the king, than guilty of much voluptuousness by his wedlock. But the most remarkable articles of the penance were the following. The Archbishop ap-

pointed the said Sir Eustace and the Lady Elizabeth, that the next day after any repetition of their transgression had passed between them, they should competently relieve six poor people, and both of them that day to abstain from some dainty of flesh or fish whereof they did most desire to eat.

Such was the simplicity of our ancestors. Such were the wholesome severities to which the greatest dukes and most licentious young lords were subjected in these well-meaning times. But though I approve the morality of such corrections, and perhaps think that a degree of such power might be safely lodged in the hands of our great and good prelates; yet I am not so bigotted to antiquity as to approve either the articles of the penance, or to think that they could be reconciled to the difference of modern times and customs. Pater-nosters and aves might be supplied by prayers and litanies of a more pious complexion. Instead of a pilgrimage on foot to Canterbury, if an inordinate matron were compelled to walk to Ranelagh, I believe the penance might be severe enough for the delicacy of modern constitutions. For the article of leaving off a shift, considering that the upper habit is already laid aside, perhaps to oblige a lady-offender to wear a whole shift, might be thought a sufficient punishment; for wise legislators will allow a latitude of interpretation to their laws, to be varied according to the fluctuating condition of times and seasons. What most offends me, and which is by no means proper for modern imitation, is the article that prescribes charity to the poor, and restriction from eating of a favourite dish, after the performance of certain ceremonies. If the right reverend father was determined to make the Lady Elizabeth ashamed of her incontinence, in truth he lighted upon a very adequate expedient, though not a very wise one; for as devotion and charity are reserved to increase with increase of years, the bishop's injunction tended to nothing but to lessen the benefactions of the offenders as they grew older, by the conditions to which he limited their charity.

One can scarce reflect without a smile on the troops of beggars waiting every morning at Sir Eustace's gate, till he and his lady arose, to know whether their wants were to be relieved. One must not woud, but one cannot help imagining.

bona mite, wrapped up neatly, but still
imperfect enough, would attend the
arrival of every new French dish, which
Sir Eustace or my Lady would be con-

N° CLXI. THURSDAY, J

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

BY a very tender letter, in one of
your papers, from an officer's wife,
we have seen the distresses of a father
and mother, and the misconduct of a
daughter, whose meekness and gentle-
ness of temper have drawn upon herself
and family the utmost misery and dis-
tress. Give me leave to lay before you
a character of another kind, the too
great gentleness and weakness of a son.

In the forty-second year of my age,
I was left a widower with an only son
of seven years old, who was so exact
a likeness of his mother, both in person
and disposition, that from that circum-
stance alone I could never prevail upon
myself to marry again. The image of
the excellent woman I had lost was per-
petually before my eyes, and recurred to
my memory the many endearing scenes
of love and affection that had past be-
tween us. I heard her voice I thought

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ing some time our mutual correspondence was kept up with great punctuality and cheerfulness; but in less than two months it drooped and grew languid on his side; and the letters I received from him contained seldom more than three lines, telling me, that he was much engaged in his studies, and that the departing post-boy hindered him from adding more than that he was my dutiful son.

Not to trouble you with too many particulars, in six months after he had been at the university I made him a visit; but I cannot find words to express the astonishment I felt, in discovering my gentle, easy, sweet-natured son, not only turned into a Buck, but a Politician. Never was any young man less fitted for either of those characters; never any young man entered deeper into both. He was a Buck without spot or ill-nature, and a Politician without the least knowledge of our laws, history, or constitution. His only passion at Bucklin was his insatiable love of wine; his only skill in Politics was the art of jumbling a parcel of words together, and applying them as he imagined, very properly to the times. By this means he became distinguished among his associates as the sole, honest, toad-madder in the university. But, that this was a part of and the source of a desire of pleasing, mixed with a dread of offending the persons into whose clubs and bumper ceremonies he had unhappily enlisted himself. Poor miserable youth! he was acting in opposition to his own nature, of which fact he followed the dictates; he would neither have me idled with party, politics, nor wine; but would have fulfilled, or at least have aimed at, that beautiful character of Pamphilus in *Terence*, so well delineated in the *Bay of Sir Richard Steele's* *Confessions of a Lover*.

To preserve his health, I withdrew him from the university as expeditiously and with as little noise as I could; and brought him home, perfectly cured, as I vainly imagined, to himself. But I was mistaken. The last person who was with him always commanded him. The companions of his midnight hours obliterated his duty to his father; and, notwithstanding his good sense, made him, like the bear in the fable, fancy himself a lion, because he had put on the

lion's skin. With the same disposition, had he been a woman, he must have been a prostitute; nor to much from evil desires, as from the impellibility of denying a request. He worshipped vice, as the Indians do the devil, not from inclination, but timidity. He bought intemperance at the price of his life; his health paid an interest-money, during many months of a miserable decay; at length his death, little more than two years ago, discharged the debt entirely, and left me with the sad consolation of having performed my duty to him, from the time I left his mother till the time he expired in my arms.

I have borne my loss like a man; but I have often lamented the untowardness of my fate, which snatched from me an only child, whose disposition was most amiable, but whose virtues had not sufficient strength to support themselves. He was too modest to be resolute; too sincere to be wary; too gentle to oppose; too humble to keep up his dignity. His passion was the singular part of his character; but he had other faults in common with his contemporaries: he had too much prejudice for principles; he thought the correction of an error a deviation from humanity; his aversions professed rather from names than persons; he could obstinately contradict; and he imagined that no friendship ought ever to be broken which had been begun, like the words of *Brechtus*, amidst the frantic revels of wine.

Thus far I have told before you, I have without any ceremony, the nature and progress of my irreparable misfortune. It will be your part to warn the living generation, in what manner to avoid the terrible rocks of mistaken honour, and to prevent a second one.

In the last century, the false notions of honour destroyed our youth by fashionable duels; and they were induced to murder each other by visionary crowns of applause. The false notions of honour, in the present age, destroy our youth by the excess of bumpers, and the mad consequences arising from every kind of liquor, by canardie and overture duels, restis, and reflection. Why are not heroes to be seen as well as drunk? Why are not the spells and magic, arising from mouthfuls of beef and mutton, being efficacious towards the accomplishment of our wishes, as

• lesson we may learn from
ty, is humility. What weak-
to pre-eminence are riches,
id applause, when a moment
them? Death, in his usual
shews us their insufficiency,
never approaches. The trophy
he hero, and the monument
; wealth and titles descend

The recital of such sudden and universal desolation fills us with terror, and we shudder at the prospect of a catastrophe, in which each of us shall be so immediately concerned. But our interest in it will appear in a stronger light, if we consider this change of things as the prelude of an unchangeable and eternal state of happiness or misery. Our best efforts here are mixed with many imperfections, and our best enjoyments liable to frequent disappointments; but when life's drama is completed, the applause or censure of an unerring Judge shall determine how far we have acted the different characters allotted us with propriety: the dissolution of earthly felicity shall be succeeded by the more substantial joys of heaven; and even those joys shall be heightened by their duration.

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ernando Cortez is digging gold mines of Peru or Mexico; that the highwayman, is several days spured backwards and forwards between London and Epping; that Lord * * *, and Sir Harry are now actually roasting for a fortnight. I question not but that Nero, the Great, and Julius Cæsar, have many times in child-bed since their appearance in those illustrious and amazing characters; that Charles the Fifth is at this instant a curate's son in some remote village with a numerous and increasing family; and that Chan is now whipped from paragon to paragon, in the person of a big-beggar-woman, with two children in her arms, and three at her back. I, the probability of this system from the difficulty of accounting the sufferings of many innocent persons without it: for if we look at the stretched variety of this kind; numerous animals subjected, by their own faults, to many miseries, and by our neglect to many more; incapable of doing them; called into being, as we can discover, only to be miserable for the service or diversion of less meritorious than themselves; that any possibility of preventing, punishing, or receiving recompence for this unhappy lot, if their whole existence comprehended in the narrow and confined circle of the present life. But every here inculcated, removes all difficulties, and reconciles these grossly unjust dispensations with the divine justice: it informs us, that these sufferings may be by no means deserved, but the just punishments for former misbehaviour in a state, may by means of their very vices, have escaped them. It teaches the persecuted and persecuted fox to see probably some crafty and rascally minister, who had purchased by acquired wealth that safety, which not now procure by his flight: the bull, baited with all the cruellest human ingenuity or human violence can invent, was once some effeminate tyrant, who had inflicted all tortures which he now endures: that the or bird, blinded, imprisoned, and starved to death in a cage, may have been some unforgiving creditor: the widowed turtle, pinning away the loss of her mate, some fashion-

able wife, rejoicing at the death of her husband, which her own ill usage had occasioned.

Never can the delicious repast of roasted lobsters excite my appetite, whilst the ideas of the tortures in which those innocent creatures have expired, present themselves to my imagination. But when I consider that they must have once probably been Spaniards at Mexico, or Dutchmen at Amboyna, I fall to, both with a good stomach and a good conscience, and please myself with the thoughts, that I am thus offering up a sacrifice acceptable to the manes of many millions of massacred Indians. Never can I repose myself with any satisfaction in a post-chaise, whilst I look upon the starved, foundered, ulcerated, and excoriated animals, who draw it, as mere horses, condemned to such exquisite and unmerited torments for my convenience; but when I reflect, that they once must undoubtedly have existed in the characters of turnkeys of Newgate, or fathers of the holy inquisition, I gallop on with as much ease as expedition; and am perfectly satisfied, that in pursuing my journey, I am but the executioner of the strictest justice.

I very well know that these sentiments will be treated as ludicrous by many of my readers, and looked upon only as the productions of an exuberant imagination; but I know likewise, that this is owing to ill-grounded pride, and false notions of the dignity of human nature: for they are in themselves both just and serious, and carry with them the strongest probability of their truth: so strong is it, that I cannot but hope it will have some good effect on the conduct of those polite people, who are too sagacious, learned, and courageous, to be kept in awe by the threats of hell and damnation: and I exhort every fine lady to consider how wretched will be her condition, if, after twenty or thirty years spent at cards, in elegant rooms, kept warm by good fires and soft carpets, she should at last be obliged to change places with one of her coach-horses; and every fine gentleman to reflect how much more wretched would be his, if after waiving his estate, his health, and his life, in extravagance, indolence, and luxury, he should again revive in the situation of one of his creditors.

where, as I am told, we receive all our
fashions. But surely, Mr. Fitz-Artan,
some things which I have seen of late
are too absurd to have come from thence
for our imitation, and can only have
been unhappy necessities in some person
of vogue, which others have mistaken
for choice and fashion.

A few days ago, I saw a young lady
in our neighbourhood, who after some
considerable absence from home, return-
ed with her hair all off, except as much
as might grow in a fortnight after close
shaving; and that too standing thin and
staring. I asked my wife, when I came
home, if she knew where Miss Giddy-
crown had been; for that I was sadly
afraid she had been confined in some
mad house; for her head had been
shaved and blistered. her hair was but
just coming on to grow again, and she
had, I observed, a particular shy and
wild look. As this was the first in-
stance of the kind ever seen here, my
wife knew no more than myself what
to make of it: she hoped indeed that it
might possibly not be so bad; that it
might be only some external disorder of
her head: or, had Miss been married,
she would have thought that her hair
might possibly have fallen off in a ly-
ing-in.

But alas, Sir! this disorder of the

bears, must include the man who shews them in the subject for laughter. I would therefore set up a person, who should be known by the name of Town Usher. His business should be to attend cloiely all young ladies who never were in town before; to teach them to walk into the playhouse without falling over the benches; to shew them the tombs, and the lions, and the wax-work, and the giant; and instruct them how to wonder, and shut their mouths at the same time: for I really meet with so many gapers every day in the streets, that I am continually yawning all the way I walk.

I shall only detain you to make one reflection upon these journeys to London. It appears very odd to me, that people should chuse to leave their home for two or three months, to make themselves unhappy in it the rest of their lives. My good cousin, the mother, thinks she has acted right in shewing her children the world; and, fully convinced that they have a thorough knowledge of it, carries them back into the country, where they despise those with whom they formerly lived in intimacy and friendship, because they have not seen London. Miss walks with less pleasure about the fields since her fall in the playhouse; and her sisters are pouting all day long, because the country can afford them no such sights as they saw in town. I am, Sir, your great admirer,

A. W.

SIR,

I Have the honour to be a member of a certain club in the city, where it is a standing order, 'That the paper called *The World* be constantly brought up on the table, with clean glasses, pipes, and tobacco, every Thursday after dinner.' In consequence of this order, a letter, or rather a petition, from one of your correspondents, was lately read, praying that you would establish it as a law, that healths should be *eaten* as well as *drank*. There appeared something so new and national in *eating the prosperity of our king and country*, that the whole club, with a vivacity unknown

in that place before, rose up to applaud it; and, after many wise and learned debates upon the subject, agreed to the following orders and resolutions—

Ordered, That in this club, the word Toast in drinking, be changed to Mouthful in eating; and that every member, after naming the Mouthful he proposes, do fill his mouth as full as possible, in honour of the person or cause so named.

Ordered, That the chairman be always Mouthful Master.

Ordered, That the Mouthful Master do demand the Mouthfuls regularly from the members over the right thumb, and do cause them to be eaten regularly over his left.

Resolved, That all the members of the club be obliged, upon every club day, to eat a large slice of roast beef, as a bumper health to Old England.

Resolved, That the city of London, and the trade thereof, be eaten in turtle.

Resolved, Always to eat prosperity to Ireland in boiled beef, and to North Britain in Scotch collops.

Resolved, To eat the administration in British herrings.

Resolved, To eat success to our fleet in pork and pease.

Resolved, As the greatest instance that this club can possibly shew of their respect and devotion, that the healths of Lady ***, and the Dutchess of ***, be eaten by every member in mouthfuls of minced chicken.

Resolved, That Mr. Fitz-Adam, or any of his friends, be permitted to eat the members of this club as often as they please, provided they do not knowingly and wittingly suffer any Frenchman whatsoever to eat the said members dead or alive.

Thus, Sir, you see that you are continually in our thoughts; and therefore, as a member of a society so warmly attached to you, you will believe me, when I assure you that I am your most faithful humble servant,

E. P.

N° CLXV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1756.

THERE are few things by which a man discovers the weakness of his judgment more, than by retailing scraps of common-place sentiment on the trite and thread-bare topic, the degeneracy of the times. We are told very seriously, in almost every company, that the courage we received from our ancestors is evaporated; that our trade is ruined; that religion is but a badge to distinguish parties; and that the Muses, kicked out of doors, have carried off with them truth, honour, justice, and all the moral virtues.

But, to our comfort, this reflection is not confined to the present age; it extends itself equally to all. A touch on the times is a piece of satire that almost runs parallel with the foundation of every state. How many authors do we hear bewailing the degeneracy of their contemporaries, and prognosticating the farther corruption of their posterity! Our very stature is diminished. Even in Homer's time, men were strangely decreased in their size since the Trojan war. Virgil says, that Turnus threw a stone at Æneas, which a dozen Romans could not have lifted; so that, had men decreased since the days of Virgil in the same proportion, we should long before now have dwindled into a race of atoms.

Livy, who flourished in the golden age of Augustus, tells us, that above three hundred years before, a spirit of equity and moderation animated the whole body of the people, which was not to be found then in one individual. Cicero is for ever declaiming against the degeneracy of his own times; and Juvenal says, that in his, vice was arrived to such a height, that posterity, however willing, would not be able to add any thing to it. Yet consult the authors who have written since, and you will imagine that every former age was an age of virtue.

From all these passages, and many others, it is evident that this complaint is by no means applicable to our times only. And really it is a great breach of good-manners, that modern fine gentlemen cannot put a little rage on their faces, but the saucy quill of some im-

pertinent author immediately rubs it out; but neither is it their own invention, nor imported from France; for Juvenal informs us, that the Roman beaux did the same.

There is but one reason that I know of, why a man may declaim with impunity against the degeneracy of the time; it is, because the reflection is only general, and that he is as much the object of his own satire as any other man. But let a foreigner, in a company of Englishmen, presume to say that they have degenerated from their forefathers, and not a Briton amongst them but will resent the indignity; or let the reflection become more particular still, and no man lay an act of degeneracy to the charge of another, and the consequence is too obvious.

To lament the loss of religion, as abuse it's professors; to censure the constitution of a state, and it's constituent are quite different things. And though a man may prefer the army with which Henry the Fifth beat the French at Agincourt to our present soldiery, yet examine them one by one, and there is scarce a serjeant in the service that does not think himself equal to the most valiant commander, from Alexander the Great King of Macedonia, down to brave Hendrick, Sachem of the Mohawk Indians. So that, if considered separately, we are more wise, more valiant, and more religious, than our ancestors; collectively, we are a set of fool cowards, and infidels.

An ingenious correspondent of mine has carried his compliments on the present times farther than I have done. I shall conclude this paper with his lettings and verses.

SIR,

A Conquest over the affections and passions has been the highest boast of the philosophers of every age; and in proportion as they have attained this victory, future writers have celebrated their characters as the most exalted patterns of wisdom and prudence. But though a veneration for the rank of antiquity, or a fondness for every thing

happened before the memory of
 and fathers, may lead some to ce-
 former ages; yet we may boast it
 the felicities of the times in which
 e, that the most important con-
 of life are entered into only un-
 directions of reason and philoso-
 To instance only in one particu-
 marriage is the effect of mere pi-
 and forecall, without any mixture
 it ridiculous passion which has
 o being but in play-books and
 ces.

ormer ages, Love was supposed to
 he door of Hymen's temple; but
 as the knowledge of the world
 ave been somewhat expensive in
 ing, and as our modern philoso-
 have spent that fortune on their
 which it had been ridiculous to
 reserved for the debility of old age;
 fore the last spark of vigour is
 uished, some rich heiress is won,
 nduces both to the perpetuating
 e, and to the providing a fortune
 at posterity, which is to continue
 nily honours. Happy expedient
 ch the weight of numerous young
 n, the almost constant burthen
 mer times, is most judiciously
 d.

it I may present your readers with
 ng contrast between the follies of
 cestors and the solid prudence of
 sent generation, I shall here sub-
 couple of short odes, which are
 in the character of an Old Eng-
 n, and a Modern one, on the day
 their marriage.

THE OLD ENGLISHMAN.

I.

ell you why I love my love;
 use her thousand graces prove
 worth is very high:
 ery fair, and very good,
 e unwilling to be woo'd
 ne so plain as I.

II.

er muse has fir'd the strain,
 tish on Tuscan plain,
 ght has the rovd;
 w'd with all the gen'rous rage
 n.makes the story'd page,
 ritish bosoms lov'd.

III.

the sought, with careful feet,
 blow'd hermit's calm retreat,
 trac'd with thought profound

Each precept of the wise and good;
 That ev'ry wish has she subdu'd
 To wisdom's narrow bound.

IV.

Has learn'd the flatt'ring paths to shun,
 Where folly's fickle vot'ries run,
 Deceiv'd by fortune's glare:
 Has learn'd that food, and cloaths, and fire,
 Are only nature's plain desire,
 Nor forms for more her pray'r.

V.

Content with these, my GERALDINE
 Has promis'd to be ever mine,
 For well she knows my heart;
 She knows it honest and sincere,
 And much too open to appear
 Beneath the veil of art.

VI.

She knows it pants for her alone,
 That not the splendor of a throne
 From her my steps could lure:
 To-morrow gives to these fond arms
 My GERALDINE in all her charms,
 And makes my bliss secure.

THE

MODERN ENGLISHMAN.

I.

NO, no; by all the pow'rs above,
 My heart's as little touch'd by love
 As ever in my life.
 Full well, dear HAL, to thee is known
 Whom fortune to my lot has thrown,
 To be my wedded wife.

II.

But why I wed? should any ask,
 To answer is an easy task,
 Want, want! my honest HARRY:
 What can a man whose fortune's spent,
 Who's mortgag'd to his utmost rent,
 But drown, or shoot, or marry?

III.

Of these the best is sure the bride;
 For when once plung'd beneath the tide,
 Adieu to all our figure.
 Full sudden is the pistol's fate;
 When once 'tis touch'd, alas! too late
 We with undrawn the trigger.

IV.

'Tis thus resolv'd, then, honest boy,
 To-morrow thou may'st with me joy,
 Jov will I buy by wiving:
 Soon to her mansion, far from town,
 Six rapid bays shall whirl us down,
 As if the devil were driving.

have undone it. It's much of late years run much to the patronage at they have appropriated to their own use, and community of their own privilege being accessible only to no longer retains its alities; it's real dignity

become rather the cr-e foundation of a cha-kind of polish, that im-character, and too often imperfect one.

onour got an imaginary a real one. It has lost long; and by being the of a few, is no longer of iv. It's new-acquired e spoils of it's former he remembrance of what nly to heighten the me-f what it now is. It ntly attended ment, as a dian; it now accompa-as a flutterer and para-

iment to the taste of the alledge that Honour is ibute. It is in itself a every thing that is valu-y of commendation; and generate state, it is in a are of V rtrue: it is fine-he lines are not just, and o glaring. The endea-tits to let it off to ad-nade it more like a piece antry than a true copy

he truth of what I assert, , Mr. Fitz Alam; and ask you, what are your when you hear him par-manded as a man of Ho-r notions at all enlarged. moral character? Would ie preference in your vo-e, ative in parliament? Or ceive him to have a more zeal for the true religion ? Would you trust him r could you with more im into your family, to uth your wife and daugh-uld undoubtedly rather m, because he will not ou would be sure to re-mey, if you gained any *never his more just cre-*

ditors might suffer. You would cer-tainly show him more respect, because you dare not affront him; Honour be-ing a thing of so very delicate a nature, that the least indignity endangers it's destruction: having lost it's true es-sence, it can only be supported by the courage and zeal of those who will not suffer it's title to be disputed.

What is become of poor Honesty? Is she confined to the habitations of Mark and Mancing Lane? Dares she not ap-pear in the polite world? I make no doubt she is as frequent in her visits there, as in any other place; but, for want of a proper dress, she is obliged to be incog. She is not a little afraid of the pert raillery of Honour, whom she would be sure to meet in her travels to those parts of the town; and as the latter is a hurlesque on her character, she chuses always to avoid her.

Her name seems to be quite banished to the unbred world; and is so much out of vogue at present, that an Honest Man as certainly means a tradesman, as a Man of Honour does a gentle-man.

The word is fairly worn out: it has been so long in mercantile hands, that it is no longer fit for gentlemen. They have laid it aside by universal consent, and bestowed it, with their old cloaths, on their servants and dependants.

The ladies, who form the most con-siderable part of the fashionable world, have a peculiar sort of Honour of their own. They entrench not upon that, already appropriated to the other sex, but take it where the men leave it. Conscious of their own frailties and in-firmities, they are not ashamed to in-voke it's aid and assistance, to guard them in a part where they are most li-able to surprize. No other branch of their conduct comes within the jurisd-iction of Honour; for Honour, at present, is no more than what the world expects from you; they are at free li-berty in every other article; and, like our original parents, have but one thing prohibited.

The different value and credit of par-ticular virtues, at several periods of time, would form a very entertaining and useful history; and by looking back into former times, and observing the different faces and changes that virtue has appeared in, we might reduce it to a degree of calculation, and form a to-lerable

lerable conjecture when any particular species of it would again come into fashion. The present rage for liberty will not easily admit of many articles of belief; they are a degree of servitude of the mind which we disdain; but as it is very proper to observe some appearance of religion, we voluntarily give up the freedom of the body to preserve that of the mind; and admit of some regulations and restrictions, which custom has established as indispensably necessary to maintain the connections of social life.

But the body is full as rebellious as the mind, and has as strong an aversion to restraint; for which reason it has been found expedient to grant some degree of indulgence, to moderate between pleasure and strict virtue, and to make a compromise between the several duties and most prevailing passions.

To form this alliance, and strengthen it by the firmest tie, the word Honour was introduced; a word very much the favourite of Virtue, and so enchanting in it's sound, that Vice could make no objection. She consented; but on these conditions, that she should have a due proportion of advantage; and if it was allowed to heighten many virtues, it should likewise be permitted to cover almost an equal degree of vice. Thus it is made to serve both as a cordial and palliative: it exalts the character of virtue, and takes off from the deformity of vice. But the mixture is so unnatural, that the poison gets the better of the medicine; and if some strong antidote is not speedily applied, all the humours

will be vitiated, and the corrupted.

No person who is any way faint in antiquity can be ignorant of the allegorical situation of the Virtue and Honour at Rome were so placed, that there was no entrance into the latter, but by the former; which has given rise to the famous thought in Cicero's *de Officiis* against Verres. Both these were built by Mæcenus, whose sign was to have placed the deities in one temple; but who are always for extending ceremonial religion, would it; which obliged him to a concession, that he purchased of it, by building two temples to each other, and in addition, that the only avenue to Honour should be through the Virtue; leaving by this very elegant and useful lessening, that Virtue is the only way to Honour.

It is impossible to have to regard and esteem for a man of honour; but then let him propose to this title by the whole of his actions. Let him not hold trines in high estimation, others of equal importance: rather attempt to derive his character from his conduct, from his opinion of others: let a truth be the uniform rule of and a just praise and approbation their due reward.

Nº CLXVII. THURSDAY, MARCH 11,

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE want of happiness has been the perpetual complaint of all ranks and conditions of men, from the beginning of the world to the present times; and, at the rate they still go on, it is absolutely impossible that the complaint should cease. Happiness is a fruit always within their reach, but they will not give themselves the trouble to gather it. It is hourly at their doors as a friend, but they will not let it in. It solicits them in every shape, yet they reject it's

offers. Ignorance and indolence are constant enemies.

Most people have parts sufficient to learn the *White*, *Cabbage*, and *Cherries* soon as they are informed (it is a little suspect, and will be heard) that Happiness is a *Game* much greater and deeper on *Pharo* or *Hazard*, I make no men, women, and children mediocrately set themselves to rules and finesses of this imp

When they are satisfied that it will be universally

in town and country, what be so stupid as not to learn degree of perfection? For it the greatest gratitude, can the benevolence of nature, introduced felicity into the the welcome and ever-fa life of deep play, and high

ne attainment could not have ed to books and learning; perpetual reasonings, and ations, would have embarras: neither could it have d to riches, which are ever h care and anxiety. If po- contentment had been the appropriated to convey it, a would have stagnated all ac- d it been given to political w could it have been recom- defactory sentiments of man- ninerities? Therefore bound- has annexed it to Cards, i it to the pulchre of man- be spirit of gaming, which nost equally infused into all children.

I have always professed my- friend and admirer of Play, vour to lay down a few of tain rules, by which all per- intrusted in the art of play- Royal Game of Happiness: e more willing to promote lge of this Game, as it de- upon skill and address than fortune. It is not played igerous men, like Back- Trick-track; nor like Bragg, of countenance and polite and through, like Plaquet, ch putting, cut and taking y card is playable.

iel with pleasure, when I t I am going to teach mis- is this great Game: which, ity I may say, is making nt of more than a sixth sense, g them to exercise their five s in the most delightful man- d not here expatiate upon s of Play, the first pastime and the ultimate amusement age; the faculty which most s the rational from the brute at levels the lacquey with and the humble cinder- the stately dutchess; the ce- rue society, which, by dis-

carding volumes of words, confines all wit, sense, and language, within the limits of half a score short and significant sentences. How admirable is the sagacity of the adepts! or, in other words, the people of fashion! who are perpetually taking into their hands, and dealing about most liberally, all that is desirable in the world! For though the uneducated class of mortals may think a club is but a club, and a spade a spade, these exalted and illumined characters thoroughly comprehend, that clubs denote power, diamonds riches, spades industry, and hearts popularity and affections of every sort. From this consideration, I never enter a great apartment without being struck with solemnity and awe. I look upon the different contenters at each table, as so many mighty giants, tossing about with stupendous strength these glorious symbols of every thing valuable in the creation.

What giggling Miss shall hereafter presume to disturb these rites with more than female levity? What puny senator shall dare here to recollect the politics of either house, the partial interest of insignificant islands and nations, whose comparative greatness is lost in such a scene; where every motion decides the fates of kings and queens, and every ordinary trick includes as much wisdom and address as would set up a moderate politician, statesman, or minister? I consider these assemblies as the great academies of education; and observe with pleasure that all parents, guardians, and husbands, are bringing their families to town, for at least six months in the year, to take the advantage of these noble schools and well-instituted seminaries.

What ideas must we form of the hospitable inhabitants of a great capital, where the houses and heads of the most respectable families are night after night devoted to public benefit and instruction! How much superior are these to the porticoes, gardens, and philosophic schools, that rendered the names of Athens and Rome so greatly celebrated! Here our daughters are capacitated to marry the first prince that may happen to ask them, instead of falling the unhappy victims of the narrow domestic views of some neighbouring country gentleman. And here the married ladies are taught to pass the winter evenings without a yawn, even in the ab-

sence

and great scene of happiness, which
will render the whole universe like one
grand assembly or rout.

Know then, ye happy mortals!
that the name of Happiness is play-
ed with pieces of card: each pack con-
sisting of the standard of five
different cards; the backs of which, in-
stead of being white, are of a rich
sandy colour. Every seventh card is
equivalent to a court card, of which
there are fifty-two in each pack; and
upon playing properly their court cards,
the fortunate event of the game is
thought greatly to depend.

It is played from one to any number
of players. The game of one is the best
entertaining; the game of two is much
applauded by lookers on; but a
greater number must necessarily give
more variety to the game, a point of
ten or a dozen is the most desirable;
though the players may be ten or
many revokers. Vivacious lovers of the
game are indeed fond of sitting down

Nº CLXVIII. THURSDAY

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

ETC,

EVERY disquisition that tends to
remove the prejudices and establish

of
for
pro
the

it progress: and being persuaded was incumbent upon every member of society to communicate, as far as his influence tend, I kept not the result of my secret, but formed a club of like part of my acquaintance, in with the greatest freedom I did my speculations; and, in spite of censure, inculcated many important

These I once thought of making public from the press; but no necessity for it, seeing the nobler sort of philosophers are seldom of my opinion, and discard the voice all that metaphysical rubbish would persuade us to believe materiality of the soul and a future. Our sentiments are calculated to promote human felicity they free the mind from any and disagreeable apprehensions. It then becomes the duty of one who would be deemed benevolent to propagate, as far as possible, ideas of such manifest utility. But it expects opposition to this salutary, from those who make a gain of prejudices of the world. They never be so disinterested as easily to the great emoluments arising

And perhaps some thinking since moral virtues are indispensable to the well-being of the society may judge it not quite so to loose the vulgar at once from except such as arise from the inordinance or depravity of actions. We have a scheme to obviate this, to no rational objection can be

I acknowledge myself indebted to Spinoza for the idea; but, as he did not pursue his reasoning so far, either for want of ability or through fear of the acquisition, justly ascribe to myself the merit of invention. This author tells us — "The great power of the imagination, being the great power of the human mind, hath in mankind a certain medicine, composed in a manner, and tempered with such ingredients, being taken in proper quantity, renders a man capable of reasoning better than he could before. It is called the confession of wisdom." If there is a medical composition (as from this authority we have no reason to believe) that will improve the rational faculties, and illumine

the understanding, we may with equal truth assert, there are to be found medicines which will curb the passions, those great obstacles to moral virtue, and make men live according to the fitness of things.

The thinking part of man being allowed to be a modification of matter, it must be supposed to be a part of the body; at least, it is so strictly united and adherent to it, that in all things it suffers with, and cannot by any arguments of reason be proved capable of existing without it. Hence it will indisputably follow, that all the powers of the mind, even the moral faculties, are inseparably connected with the temperament and habit of that body of which they are part. Inasmuch, that prudence (the foundation of all morality) as well as justice, fortitude, and temperance, (the other cardinal virtues) and their opposites, entirely depend upon the constitution. It will therefore become the province of the physician to extirpate the vicious habits of mankind, and introduce the contrary; to suppress luxury, and create chastity; to make the foolish prudent, the proud humble, the avaricious liberal, and the coward valiant. And all this is easy to be done, by the assistance of alterative medicines, and by a properly adjusted regimen, that shall be persicative of each virtue, and repugnant to each vice.

In confirmation of my sentiments, I could quote the fathers of physic, Hippocrates and Galen, as well as Plato and Aristotle, the chief of philosophers. But an example will be of more real authority than a multiplication of quotations. Man will be impelled to act by these appetites, good or evil, which arise from the habit of his constitution: the physician, then, who can alter his constitution, may make the vicious become virtuous. A famous philosopher greatly errs, when he dares to say of themselves of the science of medicine, which only by changing the temperament of the body, will force the mind to resist virtue and discontinue vice. If a mortal undertakes to reform a luxurious person, who gives himself up to high living and lascivious indulgence, by treating him according to the rules of his art, what means would be able to instil the principles of temperance and chastity, that they should take such deep root in the mind, as constantly and uniformly to influence his conduct?

He will set out by shewing him the deformity of intemperance and debauchery, and enumerating all that train of evils which proceed from such courses: and if the patient has not entirely got over the prejudices of a superstitious education, he will endeavour to affright him by a terrible detail of those inexpressible miseries his soul is in danger of suffering hereafter, if death should surprize him without giving him time to repent and forsake his debaucheries. After this, he will advise him to fast and pray, sleep little, and avoid the company of women; and perhaps to wear hair-cloth, to macerate his body by rigorous austerities, and keep it under by bloody discipline. These methods, if he continues long to practise them, will render him pallid and feeble, and so far different from what he was, that instead of running after women, and placing his *summum bonum* in good eating and drinking, he will learn to bear a female mentioned—and nauseate the very thought of a sumptuous entertainment. The man is so changed, that he will be set to improve the whole to his art, and sup— the habits of temperance and chastity come from I know not whence—and are the effect of his rational action. The physician knows the country, and is fully sensible they proceed from the languid and debilitated state of the body: for, if this be restored to it's prime vigour, the patient will soon turn to his old practices of excess and riot. Daily experience must convince us of this. What we have proved of luxury and chastity, will in the same manner hold good with regard to

all other vices and virtues; because each has it's proper temperament of body peculiarly adapted to it. Bleeding, then, and blistering, cupping, and purging may be usefully administered in men as well as corporeal disorders. A brisk salivation may cure the mind and body both of a venereal taint; and a strong emetic may have a more salutiferous effect than barely cleansing the stomach of an epicure.

I could add many more instances but have already said enough to evince the rationality and practicability of my scheme; and being determined not to lose the honour of my inventions, I do not care to discover too much, lest some paltry plagiarist should, with some little variation, obtrude them upon the world as his own. I have with great labour and thought reduced the whole to a compleat system; and am compiling a didactic treatise of all the vices incident to human nature, and their different degrees, with the symptoms prognostic and diagnostic, the curatory indications, and a proper dietetic regimen to be observed in all cases. The whole will be comprized in ten volumes folio: and when the work is quite ready for the press, I may perhaps venture to publish proposals more at large, with a specimen annexed. But as your paper is generally well received by good company, I thought this would be no improper method of communicating the first hint of my design, that I might judge, from what the intelligent say of this, how they will relish the larger work of, Sir, your humble servant,

ACADEMICUS

Nº CLXIX. THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1756.

THE following letters have lain by me some time. The writers of them will, I hope, excuse me for the delay, and for the few alterations which I judged it necessary to make in them.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IN a late paper you have declared absolutely against total nakedness in our sex, and by others you have given us to understand that we are very impolitic in our late near approaches to it: for that, while we are leaving little or nothing for

imagination to exercise itself upon, and for curiosity to desire, we are certainly losing our hold upon the men. But I cannot say, that since I have undressed myself to the utmost extent of the fashion, I have fewer admirers than when I appeared like a modest woman; though to confess the truth, I have had but one since, that has not plainly discovered thorough aversion to marriage; and him I imprudently lost, by granting to him the opportunity the full display of my whole person: indeed, the argument he used was so extremely reasonable, that

knew not how to object to it; and whilst he pleaded with the utmost tenderness, that what he requested as a tribute to love, was but a *very little more* than what I daily lavished indiscriminately on every eye, I had not the confidence to deny him.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as I think it not improbable, by the advances the ladies have made this winter towards compleat nakedness, that as the summer comes on, they will incline to throw off all covering whatsoever, I have thought proper to set before them the untoward effect which I have experienced from leaving nothing to discover. I can assure them, as an important truth, that if they have a desire to retain even any admirers, they must stop where they are, and uncover no farther; or, if they aim at getting husbands, they will do wisely to conceal, and reserve among the acquisitions to be obtained only by marriage, a great deal which they now shew, to no other purpose than the defeating their own schemes.

Give me leave, Sir, to conclude this letter with a short transcript from an author, who I believe is not unknown to you, and who has taken some pains to instruct the ladies in this particular point—

The maid, who modestly conceals
Her beauties, whilst she hides, reveals.
Give but a glimpse, and FANCY draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade,
All dress was meant for FANCY'S aid;
Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the bashful nymph conceals.
When Celia struts in man's attire,
She shews too much to raise desire;
But from the hoop's bewitching round
Her very shoe has pow'r to wound.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,
S. B.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

IN this free and communicative age, in which business of almost all kinds is transacted by advertisements, it is not uncommon to see wives and milch-asses, stolen horses and strayed hearts, promiscuously advertised in one and the same paper. It is a curious, and frequently an entertaining medley. But amidst all the remarkable advertisements I have lately seen, I think the following by far the most curious; and for that reason, I desire it may be made still

more public than it is already, by appearing in the World.

WANTED,

A Curate at Beccles in Suffolk. Enquire farther of Mr. Strutt, Cambridge and Yarmouth carrier, who inns at the Crown, the corner of Jesus Lane, Cambridge.

N. B. To be spoke with from Friday noon to Saturday morning nine o'clock.

I have transcribed this from a newspaper, Mr. Fitz-Adam, *verbatim et literatim*, and must confess I look upon it as a curiosity. It would certainly be entertaining to hear the conversation between Mr. Strutt, Cambridge and Yarmouth carrier, and the curate who offers himself. Questionless, Mr. Strutt has his orders to enquire into the young candidate's qualifications, and to make his report to the advertising rector, before he agrees upon terms with him. But what principally deserves our observation is, the propriety of referring us to a person who traffics constantly to that great mart of young divines, Cambridge. The advertiser might there expect numbers to flock to the person he employed, who (by the way) might have been somebody more like a gentleman (no disparagement to Mr. Strutt, I know him not) than a Yarmouth carrier. It is pleasant, too, to observe the N. B. at the end of the advertisement; it carries with it an air of significance enough to intimidate a young divine, who might possibly have been so bold as to have put himself on an equal footing with this negotiator, if he had not known that he was only to be spoke with at stated hours.

There are one of us laymen (you, I dare say, Mr. Fitz-Adam, among the rest) who are old fashioned enough to have some respect to the clergy; it does not therefore give us any pleasure to see them thus advertised like barbers journeymen.

But why did not the advertiser mention expressly the qualifications he expected in his curate? That would have saved much trouble and altercation between the prolocutor and the young divine. I will have done, however, with this particular advertisement, and leave the whole to your animadversions, only desiring that you would order, under

acc. acc. acc. Whoever will comply with these reasonable terms, may apply to *** inn-keeper, at *** for full information. I am, Sir, yours,

L. L.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

IT is with pleasure that I see you less addicted to dreaming than most of your predecessors: to say the truth, I have seldom found you incline to nod; though, without any disparagement to you, your betters and elders have sometimes slept in a much shorter work. *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, was what I told my school master, when he whipt me for sleeping over my book.

Life has been often called a dream; nay, we are told of some old Grecians, who used to be always in doubt whether they were asleep or awake. Indeed, the number of waking dreamers that are daily exhibiting themselves in this me-

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Nº CLXX. THURSDAY,

POST MORTEM NOBILITARI VOLUNT

TAKING my walk of observation the other day, as is often my custom, I was led by the course of my thoughts into one of our famous hospitals. The magnificence of the building

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several names inscribed in characters, which in my book for the votive histories who had felt the efficacy of these merciful mansions: nearer inspection, I found no other than an enumeration worthy and pious persons, who annually or afforded what it pleased liberality to bestow.

olved, since chance had this information in my way, until my custom, the accuser families; which practice, I thought the least I could perceive no other being placed there. Here contribution that did hold the names that were and would have done so to

The immense sums not-hat were adjoined to the real private persons, larger have suspected to be within raised my curiosity enough ther enquiry into the history of these very liberal donors of them I accordingly to be the subject of my as they stood upon the a maiden lady, who before her death five thousand poor of this house: the gentleman, who had succeeded, his whole estate never.

ady's story cannot be better by a letter which I received of my enquiry, few, who with three sisters in sorrow at their aunt's country village, in the north of this kingdom: it is written plainness and simplicity, which suited to the circumstances, that I own myself red with my rural correspondence this letter is this.

our inclination, nor I am interested, to conceal any thing so have taken so much ground in our service. Your efforts by us all most thanks are misinformed as to grounds: for my late aunt *skilling to the hospital,*

after her funeral expences were discharged, which amounted to a good deal, as she was whimsical in many articles that related to her burial. How she passed us by in this manner, is still a matter of wonder and perplexity to us, as she continued to the very day of her death to declare that she had nobody to look upon, this side of heaven, but her dear nephew and nieces. She was accounted always a vain woman; but we thought her very religious, especially as she began to decline. For some months before she died, she never missed morning or evening service throughout the week, besides her private devotion in her own house, at which none of the family were suffered to be present. The minister and she would sometimes stay two or three hours together. She used often to discourse upon charity, and said she loved the poor, though I do not remember to have seen her bestow any alms whilst I lived with her; which surprised us the more that she should leave all to them at her death. She has given them her picture too, with orders that it should be hung over the great door of the chapel. Remember, Sir, it is by your own desire I collect these trifling particulars, that concern ourselves only, and the memory of so fantastical and unjust a woman; for such I must call her, notwithstanding I assure you I am perfectly and contentedly resigned to my lot. I am, &c.

It was with great difficulty I could learn any thing relating to the old gentleman who is mentioned to have disposed of his whole estate in this manner. These of his blood and nearest kindred had betaken themselves to the lowest supports which employment affords to the miserable, and were either dispersed in the navy, or in such situations, that all enquiries of this sort were fruitless. The very name was obliterated every where, except where it pointed out the disposal of a very considerable fortune. As I could gather of him was, that he had increased a very good paternal inheritance by every art of thriving in trade; that is fairly practicable; that he was always called in the city a hard money getting man; and that he had left his brothers, sisters, and grand-children, to make their way without the least provision or assistance.

There

...contemplated with
rapture, was now exchanged for the dis-
gust I felt at pride and injustice. Were
strokes, indeed, of this nature not to ter-
vere in their effect, there is something so
ridiculous in these ostentatious charities,
and such an absurdity in appropriations
of this sort, under the circumstances I
have described, that I confess I could
indulge a less serious reflection at the
examination of them.

The two originals above have many
counterparts in this nation; persons who
are frequently so very charitable as to
reduce their whole families to beggary.
The raising a church, or endowing an
hospital, are the two main objects of an
elderly man's piety; and no matter
by what means, so that the end be but
accomplished. This is such a com-
pendious way of discharging all the
duties of life at once, and at the ex-
pence only of what there is no possibility
of retaining any longer, that no wonder
these sponges of charity are in so much
use at some certain periods, and at such
a rate.

I would not dwell upon errors which
I thought incorrigible, or endeavour to
discover causes without hopes of amend-
ing the effects; but I am really of opi-
nion that the grievances here set forth
owe their birth chiefly to a few mistakes,
which my acceptance of the w. l. Cha-

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it tends to cultivate the li-
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r the improvement of our
ore than our morals, that
e allowed to realize our sen-
specially where the object falls
under the public eye, is
at may perhaps admit of a

r instance, if an ingenious
for the greater embellish-
private library, should think
rect the head, or even the
of a shaking Mandarin,
busts of Tully and De-
or to exalt the divinities of
same degree of honour in
hat he has already paid to
n Venus and Apollo, it
infringement upon British
eck his devotion. But if
ovating taste should intrude
fusts shrine in our public
ring, I should wish for some
stop so sacrilegious an at-

care should extend even to
ents: I do not mean to de-
them from their right of ap-
fien as their patrons please
them; I would only assign
per limits of time and place,
their bringing any confu-
emselves and others. It is
t that Harlequin should flou-
dagger of lath, and invert
nature, whenever he finds it
ut though I am delighted
nuity of my party-coloured
ould grieve me to see him so
his talents, as to introduce
familiarily into the company
ire and Johnson.

this observation a little high-
any one of our public en-
, that more peculiarly be-
refined part of the world,
reserved from any alloying
t may sink and debase it's
ake us look upon it's stan-
the original worth that it
claim. It is upon this ac-
cannot enough lament the
of our Italian opera, which
continually declining, with-
holding hand to interpose, which
e it to it's native purity, or
om total decay. But before
former can be met with, or

if any such should appear, before his en-
deavours could hope for any success, it
will be proper to examine our own taste,
to find whether it will stand the trial, and
whether we should not think his care very
impertinent and ill applied.

At present our attention seems to be
so entirely fixed upon Air, that we think
nothing enhances the value of an opera
so much as allowing the performers to
introduce their own favourite songs at
pleasure; and this elegant assortment,
selected from dramas of opposite sub-
jects, written by poets of irreconcilable
geniuses, and set to music by com-
posers of contrary feelings, is served up,
to our inexpressible satisfaction, and
eagerly devoured under the modish title
of a *Pasticcio*.

If I may be permitted to enter into a
serious disquisition of this entertainment,
after what I have said of it in a former
paper, I must beg leave to observe that
the Italian opera carries much more
meaning in it than one part of it's audi-
ence is possibly aware of, and many of
the other part are willing to allow; but
it is therefore necessary to chuse *Meta-
stasio* for the poet, upon whose single
merit this species of drama must stand
or fall.

And here, notwithstanding the laud-
able partiality which directs us to give
the palm to our own countrymen, it
must be confessed that this foreigner has
at least as good a title to it as any Eng-
lish tragedian of this century; and if
(like them too) he has not the advan-
tage of striking out much that is new,
he has the happiness of throwing an air
of novelty upon the sentiments which he
adopts, by the agreeable dress he gives
them, and the advantageous point of
view in which they are placed.

It would be exceeding the bounds of
this paper to dwell upon every peculiar
excellency; but it is no more than jus-
tice to enter into a fair examination;
and, without any invidious comparison,
to enquire whether his thoughts are not
as pure and as classical; his language as
expressive and poetical; his characters as
distinctly marked, as strongly supported,
and as judiciously finished; his conduct
of the drama as well carried on, and
leading as clearly to the grand catastro-
phe, as those among the most admired
of our modern writers. In the last cir-
cumstance he has a difficulty in his way,
which the ablest hand would sometimes
be

tragic poet; not only as he is confined to the measure of three acts, but even those must be concisely managed, to avoid the disadvantages of a weary recitative. His dialogue, therefore, and even his narration, is short as it is clear; a significant expression, sometimes a single word, conveys a whole sentiment, and that without leaving room for doubt, or throwing the least obscurity. His soliloquies, where the composer has an opportunity of introducing the accompanied recitative, perhaps the most noble part of an opera, are not only distinguished by the finest touches of poetry, but abound in all that variety and transition of passions, which naturally work in the human mind, when it is wrought up to the height of it's distress. His songs and choruses, where all the power of music ought to combine, are made up of sentiment; these indeed are so finely imagined, and finished with so happy an elegance, that perhaps they would not suffer even by appearing among the ancient Lyric writers.

If this be true of our poet, (and surely it is but justice to show him this) let us bring him upon the stage, attended as he ought. And here it is not enough that the composer be thoroughly skilled in all the art of music, and feel the whole force of it, but he must be

consider every thing before him merely as canvas and colours.

If these observations are at all founded upon truth, an opera, well conducted, must be one of the noblest representations that lies within the reach of mimic art, and consequently there cannot be too much care and attention employed to produce it with every advantage. How this will best be effected, may perhaps be worth the enquiry; but it can only be so upon a supposition that the thing itself has really a great share of

that merit which it pretends to assume. There cannot indeed be a stronger ridicule than to give an air of importance to amusements, if they are in themselves contemptible and void of real taste; but if they are the object and care of the judicious and polite, and really deserve that distinction, the conduct of them is certainly of consequence, as that alone will determine the public approbation, and by that only their patrons can preside over them with dignity.

Nº CLXXII. THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE impatience of the public to be farther intrusted in the Royal Game of Happiness has no doubt been very great, since your publication of my letter on that subject the 11th of last month: for where the stake is so considerable, the desire of playing the game to the best advantage must needs be excessive; and where the cards are so numerous, (though the generality of players think them too few) the address required must be almost infinite.

Had it not been for this truly entertaining game, Adam and Eve, with all their innocence, had passed their hours but dully even in paradise. Before the fall they played the game in it's original purity, and with the utmost skill; afterwards indeed they were guilty of many revokes and oversights, as were their immediate descendants, though they consumed an immense quantity of packs of cards. Methuselah spent more time at the game than any man; but with what success is not absolutely certain. Tradition, with tolerable exactness, handed down the rules of play from father to son, to the death of Solomon, who in his younger years was a great lover of this game: it afterwards became various and uncertain, by the novelties and innovations that were every where introduced into it. In France one method of play has obtained; in England another; in Japan it is played very different from what it is in Peru.

From the corruption of this Royal Game of Happiness are derived all our modern games: and so fond are we of these inventions, that the true old game

is almost imperceptibly forgotten. Happy is it therefore for the world and me, that neither the splendid honours of the bar, the reverend dignities of the church, the profound researches of physic, nor the aerial castle of politics, have diverted my attention from the more honourable and useful investigation of the long-lost rules of this Royal Game of Happiness.

When I considered that every science has it's mystery, that chymistry has it's philosopher's-stone, geometry it's quadrature of the circle, astronomy it's longitude, mechanics it's perpetual motion, and natural philosophy it's gravitation; it soon occurred to me that social life must likewise have it's occult mystery, which, like a key-stone in architecture, sustains and supports the whole edifice. When I considered the various and general principles of animated life, I plainly perceived that Play was the great pervading power, from the leviathan that sporteth in the waters, to the microscopic insect that wantons invisibly in the air. When I considered that the mighty fabric of the great universe might only be a Great Game played at by superior existences, I was led to think that it was agreeable to the most reverential ideas of nature, to suppose that life was nothing else than Play. And when I likewise considered that the passion for gaming was universally predominant in mankind, that it was the natural remedy for all cares, and the only amusement of the idle hours, I readily discovered that life was indeed nothing more than a certain term allotted to play at the Royal Game of Happiness.

As the great secret of this Game de-

venth cards, which when they are thorough masters of, they will soon become perfect in playing the other cards.

Having in my former letter touched upon the general properties of the game, in compliance with my promise, I here subjoin the most necessary rules and directions for attaining a thorough knowledge of this Royal Game.

RULES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PLAYING AT THE ROYAL GAME OF HAPPINESS.

WHEN you begin a new game, recall to your memory the manner in which you played the foregoing one, that you may avoid a repetition of the same mistakes.

When you have well considered the card you are about to play, play it with steadiness and composure; and be sure not to betray any suspicion of your own ignorance.

When you shuffle or cut, do it above-board, to prevent any suspicion of deceit.

If you have won a large share of the stake, by playing a particular card well, be cautious of venturing it all on any single card in the same deal, unless you play a forced game.

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N^o CLXXIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1756.

IT was the advice of an old friend of mine upon his death-bed to his son, who had been guilty of some enormous offences which he wished to keep concealed, that he should take care how he offered himself as a candidate for a seat in parliament; for that an opposition would be like Doom's-day to him, when all his sins would be remembered and brought to light. This is generally the case at elections; the most secret actions of the candidates themselves are not only revealed, but the ashes of their ancestors are ransacked in the grave, to supply matter for scandal and defamation.

Common as this observation may be, it will enable us to account for all the malice and uncharitableness which we meet with in the world. We are all candidates for wealth, honour, or fame, and cannot bear that another should succeed in what ourselves have failed.

But why the spirit of defamation should be so frequently exerted against the dead, is a matter somewhat puzzling. Death, by putting an end to rivalry, should, one would think, put an end to all the animosities which arose from that rivalry; and the grave, that buries the man, should bury also his failings. But, according to Shakespeare—

THE EVIL that men do, lives after them;
THE GOOD is oft interred with their bones.

It is indeed very hard, that death, which pays all other debts, should be able to make no composition with envy; yet so it is; and, excepting a late memorable instance, where the virtues of a great and good man were too glaring in his life to be forgotten at his death, I have scarcely known it to be otherwise. The ladies, indeed, whom I am always ambitious of honouring, have too much gentleness and good-humour to defame the dead, especially their dead husbands. After burying the very worst in the world, it is usual with them, on a second marriage with the best, to put them daily in mind of the complying dispositions and other virtues of their *poor dear first husband*.

Happy is it that the works of men of wit, learning, and genius, have justice done them after their deaths; though I

am apt to believe the merit we ascribe to them then has its foundation in ill-nature; as by admiring the productions of the dead, we are enabled, by the comparison, to condemn those of the living. We read the works of the former with a desire to find out beauties, and of the latter to discover faults. Our acquaintance with an author is another circumstance against him. We are too apt to connect the foibles of his life with what he writes; and if he has unfortunately wanted talents to shine in conversation, we are generally blind to the wit of his writings. The reasoning of an atheist in proof of a first cause, or of a libertine for morality, is sure to be laughed at by those who know them; and it is only when a man's writings can be separated from his life, that they will be read with candour and impartiality. It may be observed farther, that in a country like ours, where party is apt to influence every thing, a man that professes himself openly on one side of the question, will never be allowed the least degree of merit by those on the other. Of this the immortal Milton is a witness, whose attachments to Cromwell had thrown such a cloud over his abilities at the Restoration, that the copy of the noblest poem in the world was not only sold for a mere trifle, but many years elapsed before it was discovered to be a work worth reading. Even Addison, whose Spectators and other essays are deservedly the admiration of all who read them, and by comparison with which it is a kind of fashion to condemn all other writings of the same kind, gives us to understand in his Spectator, Number DXLII. and elsewhere in that work, that he met with as many cavillers as any of his successors.

I have been led by these reflections seriously to consider what method an author ought to take to secure to his writings the approbation of the public while he is still alive. It was the saying of Doctor Radcliff to a young physician, who asked him what he should do to get practice—'Turn atheist, and make yourself talked of.' But though many a young physician may have availed himself of this advice, there are other practices that may succeed better with an

author. Personal slander has always been esteemed a very excellent method, and so indeed has wantonness; but where both are happily blended in the same work, as one sometimes sees them in very modern performances, they seldom fail of drawing the attention of the public. I have known nastiness attended with very happy effects, inasmuch as it frequently supplies the want of wit, and is sure of exciting the laugh in the gentlest company. That the ladies are not displeased at it, is easy to be accounted for; nothing is a stranger to them, and therefore entitled to their respect.

But if an author unfortunately wants talents for this kind of writing, there is nothing left for him that I know of, but to die as fast as he can, that his works may survive him. But the disadvantage even in this case is, that common and natural deaths are but very little talked of; so that a man may give up the ghost to no manner of purpose: it is therefore most earnestly to be recommended to all authors who are ambitious of sudden and lasting fame, that they set about some device to get themselves hanged. The tellings-paper is more universally read than any other of the papers, and the deaths it records are more authentic and interesting. A good dying-speech would be an excellent preface to an author's works, and make every body purchasers. An advertisement like the following could never fail of exciting curiosity—

THIS day are published, the Political, Moral, and Entertaining Works of Thomas Cranstoun, Esq. now under sentence of death in Newgate, for a rape and murder.

Under these circumstances, indeed, an author may taste of fame before death, and take his leap from the cart, with this comfortable assurance, that he has embraced the only opportunity in his power of making a provision for his family.

If it should be asked, why the having committed a rape or a murder should raise

the curiosity of the public to peruse the author's works? the answer is, that people who do spirited things, are supposed to write in a spirited manner. It is for this reason that we are so fond of the histories of warriors and great men, who, though they have happened to escape the gallows, have done something every day to shew that they deserved it.

It is indeed as much to be wondered at as lamented, that while every author knows how essential it is both to his fame and the support of his family, to get himself hanged, that we not see the words 'Executed at Tyburn,' always subjoined to his name in the title-page of his works. I hope it is not that authors have less regard for their families than other men, that this is not usually the case: for as to the love of life, we cannot suppose them to be possessed of it in an equal degree with other people; nor can they possibly be ignorant, that the world will have a particular satisfaction in hearing that they have made so desirable an end.

As for myself, I am an old man, and have not spirit enough to engage in any of those enterprises that would entitle my works to universal esteem. It was expected, indeed, that when I declared in my first paper against meddling with religion, I would avow myself an atheist in the second; but this is a discovery that I have not hitherto thought proper to make: nor have I, by any strokes of personal abuse, lewdness, or nastiness, endeavoured to introduce my papers into every family. And, to confess the truth, I have at present no designs on committing any capital offence; being as I said before, too old to ravish, and having too tender a disposition to commit a murder. I shall therefore content myself with going on in the old way and leave my writings to shift for themselves, without deputing the Ordinary of Newgate to publish an account of his birth, parentage, and education, trial, confession, condemnation, and execution, of the author, together with catalogue of the works he has left behind him.

CLXXIV. THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1756.

following letter has so gentle and natural an air, that I felt of it's coming from a corner, who has experienced every thing he has described: I shall say it before my readers with-
out the addition of a single word.

MR. FITZ-ADAM.

Of the variety of subjects with which you have entertained and interested the public, I do not remember any where touched upon the benefit of those who are with their present situations, to illustrate by giving the history of their own life.

I am the son of a younger brother of a family, who at his decease left a fortune of a hundred pounds was put early to Eton school, learnt Latin and Greek; from thence went to the university, where he did not totally to forget them.

My fortune while I was at the university having no inclination to a profession, I removed myself and lived for some time as most gentlemen do, by spending four hundred pounds a year. But it was my happiness it was too late, to fall in with a merry very amiable young man whose fortune was just sufficient to repair the breach made in my family by this agreeable companion to the country, and endeavouring as I was able to square my expenses to my circumstances. In our country I succeeded so well, that we private bankers after a while I possessed, and now I sigh when a coach-and-six is to drive by me in my walks, and my happy man.

I can truly assure you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that though our family economy is not much to be boasted of, and the necessity of it, we were frequently in great distress, and difficult to bear, but more real satisfaction in my situation, than I have ever before in more enviable circumstances. We were sometimes, indeed, a

little in debt; but when money came in, the pleasure of discharging what we owed was more than an equivalent for the pain it put us to: and though the narrowness of our circumstances subjected us to many cares and anxieties, it served to keep the body in action as well as the mind: for as our garden was somewhat large, and required more hands to keep it in order than we could afford to hire, we laboured daily in it ourselves, and drew health from our necessities.

I had a little boy, who was the delight of my heart, and who probably might have been spoiled by nursing, if the attention of his parents had not been otherwise employed. His mother was naturally of a sickly constitution; but the affairs of her family, as they engrossed all her thoughts, gave her no time for complaint. The ordinary troubles of life, which to those who have nothing else to think of are almost insupportable, were less terrible to us than to persons in easier circumstances: for it is a certain truth, however your readers may please to receive it, that where the mind is divided between many cares, the anxiety is lighter than where there is only one to contend with. Or even in the happiest situation, in the midst of ease, health, and affluence, the mind is generally ingenious at tormenting itself; losing the immediate enjoyment of those invaluable blessings, by the painful suggestion that they are too great for continuance.

These are the reflections that I have made since: for I do not attempt to deny that I sighed frequently for an addition to my fortune. The death of a distant relation, which happened five years after our marriage, gave me this addition, and made me for a time the happiest man living. My income was now increased to six hundred a year; and I hoped, with a little economy, to be able to make a figure with it. But the ill health of my wife, which in less easy circumstances had not touched me so nearly, was now constantly in my thoughts, and soured all my enjoyments. The consciousness too of having such an estate to leave my boy, made me so

anxious

anxious to preserve him, that, instead of suffering him to run at pleasure where he pleased, and to grow hardy by exercise, I almost destroyed him by confinement. We now did nothing in our garden, because we were in circumstances to have it kept by others: but as air and exercise were necessary for our healths, we resolved to abridge ourselves in some unnecessary articles, and to set up an equipage. This in time brought with it a train of expences, which we had neither prudence to foresee, nor courage to prevent: for as it enabled us to extend the circuit of our visits, it greatly increased our acquaintance, and subjected us to the necessity of making continual entertainments at home, in return for all those which we were invited to abroad. The charges that attended this new manner of living were much too great for the income we possessed; inasmuch, that we found ourselves in a short space of time more necessitous than ever. Pride would not suffer us to lay down our equipage; and to live in a manner unsuitable to it, was what we could not bear to think of. To pay the debts I had contracted, I was soon forced to mortgage, and at last to sell, the best part of my estate; and as it was utterly impossible to keep up the parade any longer, we thought it advisable to remove of a sudden, to sell our coach in town, and to look out for a new situation at a great distance from our acquaintance.

But, unfortunately for my peace, I carried the habit of expence along with me, and was very near being reduced to absolute want, when, by the unexpected death of an uncle and his two sons, who died within a few weeks of each other, I succeeded to an estate of seven thousand pounds a year.

And now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, both you and your readers will undoubtedly call me a very happy man: and so indeed I was. I set about the regulation of my family with the most pleasing satisfaction. The splendor of my equipages, the magnificence of my plate, the crowd of servants that attended me, the elegance of my house and furniture, the grandeur of my park and gardens, the luxury of my table, and the court that was every where paid me, gave me inexpressible delight, so long as they were novelties: but no sooner were they become habitual to me,

than I lost all manner of relish for them, and I discovered in a very little time, that by having nothing to wish for, I had nothing to enjoy. My appetite grew pallid by satiety, a perpetual crowd of visitors robbed me of all domestic enjoyment, my servants plagued me, and my steward cheated me.

But the curse of greatness did not end here. Daily experience convinced me, that I was compelled to live more for others than for myself. My uncle had been a great party man, and a zealous opposer of all ministerial measures; and, as his estate was the largest of any gentleman's in the country, he supported an interest in it beyond any of his competitors. My father had been greatly obliged by the court party, which determined me in gratitude to declare myself on that side: but the difficulties I had to encounter were too many and too great for me; inasmuch that I have been baffled and defeated in almost every thing I have undertaken. To desert the cause I have embarked in, would disgrace me; and to go greater lengths in it, would undo me. I am engaged in a perpetual state of warfare with the principal gentry of the county, and am cursed by my tenants and dependants for compelling them at every election to vote (as they are pleased to tell me) contrary to their conscience.

My wife and I had once pleased ourselves with the thought of being useful to the neighbourhood, by dealing out our charity to the poor and industrious; but the perpetual hurry in which we live, renders us incapable of looking out for objects ourselves; and the agents we entrust are either pocketing our bounty, or bestowing it on the undeserving. At night, when we retire to rest, we are venting our complaints on the miseries of the day, and praying heartily for the return of that peace which was only the companion of our humblest situation.

This, Sir, is my history; and if you give it a place in your paper, it may serve to inculcate this important truth, that where pain, sickness, and absolute want, are out of the question, no external change of circumstances can make a man more lastingly happy than he was before. It is to an ignorance of this truth, that the universal dissatisfaction of mankind is principally to be ascribed. Care is the lot of life; and he that
suffers

to greatness, in hopes to get rid is like one who throws himself in-urnace, to avoid the shivering of us.

e only satisfaction I can enjoy in

my present situation is, that it has not pleased Heaven in it's wrath to make me a king. I am, Sir, your constant reader, and most humble servant,

A. B.

Nº CLXXV. THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

YOU must have frequently observed upon the face of that useful piece chinery, a clock, the minute and hands, in their revolutions through velve divisions of the day, to be ily shifting continually from one to another, but to stand at times uite opposite direction to their for-earings, and to each other, Now, ceive this to be pretty much the ith that complicated piece of Me- in, a modern female, or young n of fashion: for as such I was ac- sed to consider that part of the y, as having no power to deter- their own motions and appear- but as acted upon by the mode, s to any point, which the party ook the lead, or (to speak more ly) it's Regulator, pleased. But so happened in the circumrota- of modes and fashions, that the t set are not only moving on con- y from one pretty fancy and ton- another, but have departed quite from their former principles; di- from each other in a circumstance n they were always accustomed te, and uniting where there was ont to be a distinction or dif- e.

I not know whether I make myself ntly understood; but you will em- prehend my drift, when I tell at the prevailing mode, in respect is, is at present to have no mode

There is now no such thing as form among the ladies, no dutiful mity to the pattern, or standard, refore: but the mode is laid open, ere appears the same spirit a'ainst u'rove fashion, as against an exclu- ade. The pride now is to get as ay as possible, not only from the , but from one another, and that well in the first principles of dress, it's subordinate decorations: so 's fluctuating humour is perpetu-

ally shewing itself in some new and particular sort of cap, flounce, knot, or tippet; and every woman that you meet, affects independency, and to set up for herself.

Now, as I profess myself to be a stick-ler for liberty, and against all invidious limitations, as well as a lover of variety, and an encourager of invention, I am therefore not displeased with these fair independents for this notable attempt of theirs to vindicate the honour and free- dom of their own fancies and judgments upon this occasion. But as they have wandered away from each other in the several articles of dress, so have they united altogether as happily in a point which cannot fail of recommending it- self to such as have a critical ear, and are apt to be offended with any disagree- ment of sounds, namely, in Voice and Elocution, in which they maintain a sur- prizing uniformity. A friend of mine, whose ear (as you will perceive from what I am going to relate of him) is not turned for our modern oratory, was in- troducing the other day some uncourtly obervations upon this head, which I shall take the freedom to set down at full length.

'The beauty and power of speech,' says he, 'was wont to be the result of clearness and perspicuity; of a distinct and harmonious elocution; of a just and proper cadence; together with a natural and easy diversity of manner and phrase, growing out of the subject, and congenial with it. Conversation is never so pleasing, as when it is composed of a well-ordered variety of persons and characters, tempering and recommending each other; where the forward and importunate are qualified and restrained by the diffident and the modest; the bold and peremptory, by the more supple and complaisant; where the spirited with the meek, the lively with the sedate, make a happy mixture, and all together go into the composition of an agreeable society.'

Whence

‘Whereas the conversation of the female world,’ continues my friend, ‘is at present all out of the same piece: all distinctions are taken away, and the several ranks and orders among them laid into one. There is one line of sentiment, air, manner, tone, and phrase, running through the whole; and no discerning, for a few seconds, a young woman with six or eight hundred pounds to her fortune, from a dutchess, especially if she happens to have been allowed to keep company with her betters. I know several of these humble companions, who, with no less impropriety than impudence, are ever straining themselves and their throats in company, to get upon a level with their quality-friends; and at all other times you shall see them affecting to speak (as the Latins well express it) *ore rotundo*, full and sonorous, round and peremptory, with a very decisive emphasis, as if there could be no appeal from their sentence; taking a larger scope for utterance, by opening their mouths to a disproportionate width; inasmuch that I have looked upon myself, while in their company, as sitting in the midst of half a score harpboys, a sort of music that, when attempted by unskillful hands, has something in it mightily overbearing; though they tell me, when exercised by such as are qualified for it, and mixed with other instruments, it will answer very well. Such is the pomp of utterance of our present women of fashion; which, though it may tend to spoil many a pretty mouth, can never recommend an indifferent one. And hence it is that there is so great a scarcity of originals, and that the ear is such a daily sufferer from an identity of phrase; whether it be *travily*, *horridly*, *abominably*, *immensely*, or *excessively*; which, with three or four more calculated for the same Swiss-like service, make up the whole scale or gamut of modern female conversation.

‘There are many causes assigned,’ continues he, ‘why so many of the males live single; and it has been principally ascribed to the cheap and easy opportunities of gratification which fall in their way. Now this may in a great measure be true; but our fine ladies forget, that while they are daily making some new reve-

lation of their persons, and are so tedious to furnish out a variety of entertainment to the eye, they have neglected to make a suitable provision for the ear; and that, should love chance to straggle in at the former, he may yet find his way out at the latter. And I have frequently remarked, that when a female of this turn, with her jabs and streamers out, has begun to *doze*, in hopes of a prize, the object of the chase has frequently shrank off, and left her to complain of her ill success to those much sadder companions, the winds and waves.

‘Now, the members of this class are the most comfortable in point of numbers; but when, upon my reading from some of these, and seeking myself to a distant and more peaceable quarter of the room, I have fallen in with others, whose conversation has been of a more moderate cast, and more under the wind, yet I have still observed the same monotony to prevail, the same conformity of manner and phrase, and that their pipes were all tuned to the same quality note. For, as in the former instance, the generality of those in high life are ever raising their voices to a proportionable elevation above the ordinary level, and distinguishing themselves by a round and sonorous enunciation; so there are others of the same class, who, seeing nature has not furnished them with an adequate strength of lungs, or with organs suited for a more bold and robust utterance, have therefore a good deal of what Tully calls, the *canisimus ac minutum*, a laconic, mincing kind of speech, extremely quick and peremptory, equally emphatical and decisive, and generally enforced with a short dictatorial bridle and nod of the head, as an incontestable ratification of what they are pleased to affirm or deny. And these, as well as the abovementioned, have multitudes of inferior admirers and copyists in their train, pressing close behind, and treading upon their heels.

‘It is true, I am an enemy, for the most part, to that reigning practice of making the person, who laid left the company, a subject for general canvas by those that remain; yet, whenever any of these non-originals (whom we cannot so properly pronounce to be full of themselves, as full of other people)

'*ple*) shall have taken her leave, and got the door upon her back, the company, in my opinion, should have free scope and licence to go into an immediate enquiry, who she is, what fortune she has, what her education has been, whether handsome, tolerable, or, &c. and so on through the usual course of particulars. In short——'

My friend was going on in the same strain, when I interposed, and began to expostulate with him upon some of the above particulars. 'Nay, nay,' says he, 'do not think me partial neither; I may perhaps give them their revenge upon our sex at some future opportunity;' and so left me.

Upon the whole, I very much suspect (as I said before) that my friend's ear is none of the best; but at the same time I must do him the justice to observe, that I myself am at times somewhat deaf, and that he is generally allowed to be a very sensible, well-judging man.

I am, Mr. Fitz-Adam, &c.

My honest correspondent appears to be in some pain, lest the freedom and simplicity of his friend's argument may not happen to square with that delicacy and complaisance which have been hitherto maintained by the World towards

the beautiful part of our species: but however that be, I must confess that I have fallen of late myself into somewhat of the same train of thinking.

It is certain, there is a distinction and subordination of *style*, as well as of *rank*, and a gradation to be preserved in point of *phrasesology*, as well as of *precedency*. Any encroachment in the one case being altogether as unseemly as in the other. An affectation of *talking* above our level, is as bad as *dressing* above it; and that which is current within the precinct of St. James's, will hardly pass any where else. Here the originals are to be found; all the rest are counterfeits, and are easily discovered. Nay, though people of quality have the unquestionable privilege of breaking the peace, and violating the laws of grace and harmony, there ought nevertheless to be a due proportion observed even among themselves. Thus a dutchess may be twice as loud and overhearing as a countess; a countess as a simple baroness, and so downward: but such a pompousness of elocution, phrase, and manner, (as my correspondent's acquaintance seems to point at) such *great swelling words*, must, one would think, sit as ill upon one of a moderate face, rank, or fortune, as a great swelling hoop is found to do upon another not five feet high.

Nº CLXXVI. THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1756.

GOING to visit an old friend at his country-seat last week, I found him at back-gammon with the vicar of the parish. My friend received me with the heartiest welcome, and introduced the doctor to my acquaintance. This gentleman, who seemed to be about fifty, and of a florid and healthy constitution, surveyed me all over with great attention, and after a slight nod of the head, sat himself down without opening his mouth. I was a little hurt at the supercilious behaviour of this divine; which my friend observing, told me very pleasantly, that I was rather too old to be entitled to the doctor's complaisance; for that he seldom bestowed it but upon the young and vigorous: 'But,' says he, 'you will know him better soon, and may probably think it worth your while to *book* him in the World; for you will find him altogether as odd a character as he is a worthy one.' The doctor made

no reply to this railery, but continued some time with his eyes fixed upon me; and at last, shaking his head, and turning to my friend, asked if he would play out the other bit? My friend excused himself from engaging any more that evening, and ordered a bottle of wine, with pipes and tobacco, to be set on the table. The vicar filled his pipe, and drank very cordially to my friend, still eyeing me with a seeming dislike, and neither drinking my health, nor speaking a single word to me. As I have long accustomed myself to drink nothing but water, I called for a bottle of it, and drank glass for glass with them; which upon the doctor's observing, he shook his head at my friend, and in a whisper, loud enough for me to hear, said—'Poor man! it is all over with him, I see.' My friend smiled, and answered in the same audible whisper—'No, no, doctor, Mr. Fitz-Adam intends to live as long as either

he had left his bed and home sooner than usual, to have the pleasure of taking a walk with me. 'Your friend,' says he, 'is but lately recovered from an attack of the gout, and will hardly be stirring till we have gone over his improvements.' I accepted of the proposal; and we walked through a very elegant garden into the most beautiful fields that can be imagined; which as I stopped to admire, the doctor began thus—'These are indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, very delightful grounds; and I wish with all my heart that the owner of them was less troubled with the gout, that I might hold him in more respect.'—'Respect, doctor!' said I, interrupting him, 'does a painful distemper, acquired by no act of intemperance, lessen your respect?'—'It does, indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam; and I wish, in this instance, I could help it, for I am under many obligations to your friend. There is another very worthy gentleman in the neighbourhood, who presented me to this vicarage; but he has the misfortune to labour under an inveterate scurvy, which by subjecting him to continual headaches, must of course shorten his days; and so I never go near him.'

I was going to interrupt the doctor again, when a coach-and-six drove by us along the road, and in it a gentleman,

not man

I made of the vicar are an old I believe your joint took for wanting otherwise conversat be a very resolved t perance; and, as I of your a are an old ferier; bu perate, at much you In this m came to a la men were companion most compl Ay, says are men w their riches any of you Adam, t I know no myself, bi nckly and health wot to them.

only by way of exercise, and takes a leap where there is the anger. But as for the rest, they ing over every hedge and gate in ray, and if they escape broken in the morning, they are deg themselves more effectually emperance in the evening. No, fr. Fitz-Adam, these are no uions for me; I hope, with the g of Heaven, to outlive a score n.'

agne soon after to a little neat on the road, where the doctor lived a very agreeable widow whom he had formerly paid his — 'She had at that time,' says large a fortune of health as any in the country; but she has mortgaged it to the apothecary ps, and I have taken my leave

She was determined to be a , and so married an officer, who head knocked off' at Fonte- 'Those are a sort of men that I to acquaintance with; they hold ves on too precarious a tenure.' they are useful members of so- said I, 'and command our .—' That may be, Sir,' re- he doctor; 'and so are miners coal-pits, who are every hour ger of being buried alive. But is a subordination of degree, itz-Adam, which ought strict- e observed; and a man in ill , or of a dangerous profession, not think himself on a level eople of sound constitutions 's hazardous employments.'

determined to interrupt the o more; and he went on thus

Fitz-Adam, you may possibly ne an odd kind of a man; but to enemy to people of bad con- ns, nor ever withhold my bou- n them, when their necessities d it; but though I am doing ll the services in my power, I consent to lower myself so far ke them my companions. It e in the power of the physician fer rank than the king; for the if fortune are nothing; health only riches that a man ought to alue on; and, without it, all e poor, let their estates be what ill. If I differ from the com- pion in this particular, I do

'also in another. The tradesman or 'mechanic, who has acquired an estate 'by his industry, is seldom reckoned a 'gentleman; but it was always my sen- timent, that a man who makes his 'own constitution, has more merit in 'him than he that was born with it; 'the one is the work of chance, the 'other of design: and it is for this rea- son that I am seen so often with your 'friend; for though the gout is gene- rally an impoverishing distemper, yet 'temperance and regularity may in time 'subdue it: whereas the gentleman 'who drove by us with six horses, has 'an incurable asthma, which renders 'him, with his large estate, as poor as 'the beggar who is dying under a 'hedge. The more you think of these 'things, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the more 'you will be of my opinion. A poor 'man in health, is a companion for a 'king; but a lord without it, is a poor 'man indeed; and why should he ex- pect the homage of other people, when 'the very meanest of his domestics 'would refuse to change places with 'him?'

My companion was stopped short in his harangue by our arrival at my friend's house. We found him in good health and spirits, which greatly height- ened the vicar's complaisance; and as I took care to conceal from him the com- plaints and infirmities of old age, I pat- tered a very agreeable week, and was so much in his good graces, that at my departure he presented me with some Turlington's balsam, and a paper of Dr. James's powder—'There,' says he, 'they may rob you of your money, 'if they please; but for bruises and 'fevers, you may set them at defiance.'

On my return home, I made many serious reflections on this whimsical character; and, in the end, could not help wishing, that, under certain limi- tations, the sentiments of the vicar were a little more in fashion. Health is cer- tainly the riches of life; and if men were to derive their rank from that alone, it would in all probability make them more careful to preserve it. Society might be benefited by it in another re- spect, as it would tend to keep com- plaining people at home, who are the perpetual disturbers of all companies abroad.

...with each other. It is for this reason that I have taken the very first opportunity of publishing the letters of their parents.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS you have undertaken the office of redressing grievances, I shall lay one before you, which I am sure must have often occurred to you, though I do not remember that you have hitherto animadverted upon it. The grievance I am speaking of has so fatal a tendency, that wit, parts, learning, education, knowledge, reading, and travel, are rendered utterly useless by it; and by which the most illiterate dunce, who has never been at school, nor opened a book besides the Fairy Tales, provided his outside be properly ornamented, is exactly upon a level with the most accomplished gentleman. This grievance, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is no other than the pernicious custom of card-playing, which has of late so universally prevailed in all private families as well as public assemblies.

I am not considering this custom in its necessary consequences of destroying fortunes and constitutions, ruffling tempers, promoting quarrels, and occasioning almost infinite distresses and dissatisfactions; for if taken notice of in

But, see him and to him a son, I tention to were total cost and education than to me and a few have no c

If this were as w universities and a knowledge prohibited seminaries and proper our children Cribbage, were of a and the other demy of M our children make a figure parents save a useless ed

I wish, give us your letter, which the serious

sement, calculated to informal conversations and jabs of large companies, : a man something to do, othing to say. If I had adviser, Mr. Fitz-Adam, ould have stood thus—' I

Cards as a senseless and amusement, calculated to ie improving conversations ing sallies of all companies, l men of genius and under- ith fools and coxcombs.' y the truth of the matter: nsider it as you ought, you , retract your opinion as ou have given it.

Your's, &c.

letter is from a mother, of the untoward disposition aughter.

ow of five-and-thirty, with ie jointure; and have refused offers for the sake of an only I have endeavoured to bring t fashionable manner I was will have twelve thousand r fortune when she comes I have supported her at my ;, that the interest of her be added to the principal. Sir, that I am not like other ny youth and complexion, er to appear younger than re, confine their grown-up home, for fear of being rim in public assemblies. I n, I have no need of such often as I go abroad with taken for her sister; and I asure of observing, that I vil things said to me by the y daughter can ever hope at the girl is either ugly or ie is as tall too as her mo- been of a marriageable age wo, being compleat fifteen aft March; but, as a colonel s was pleased to tell me a ago at Ranslagh, I have a nd manner, that my daugh- te despair of imitating. i these trifles, Sir, to con- at I have not the motive of s for locking up my daugh- I go abroad; on the con- : carried her, at times, to

all the polite assemblies in town; but alas, Sir! I cannot make her company for people of fashion. She will neither play at cards with them, nor enter into the spirit of their conversation. She even pretends to blush at (what she calls) the liberties I allow the men to take with me. She would not toast a sentiment for the world; and for those delicate double entendres, that to enliven all private companies, I cannot for the life of me teach her to understand them. To be sure the girl has not so white a skin as her mother, nor can she value herself upon that beautiful fall of shoulders, and elegance of neck, for which (I may say it without vanity) I was always admired. But then, Mr. Fitz-Adam, those parts of her person are not absolutely odious; though by pinning her handkerchief constantly under her chin, she would make every body believe so.

I have taken immense pains in her education to fit her for the world; but it is my misfortune to see, that from an unaccountable perverseness of mind, she had rather shut herself up in her closet, poring upon the Spectators, (which to my knowledge she has read twenty times over) than sit down to a card-table with the first company in England. And yet the girl does not want understanding neither; nay, her uncle in the country, who is a clergyman and an archdeacon, will have it that she is the most accomplished young lady this day in England. But what can a country parson know of accomplishments? We who live in the polite circle, are certainly the best judges of those matters. She plays well upon the music indeed, and has an immense pretty voice; but the misfortune is, that when she should be dressing for a rout, she is either practising a lesson, or singing a song; so that I must be forced to go without her, or stay till the card-tables are all full. A fig for her accomplishments! I am sure they have almost broken my heart; and I verily believe I shall be tempted to marry again, that I may have other children of more towardsly dispositions. It was but last Sunday, after spending the evening at cards, at the politest assembly in town, (where I would gladly have taken her) that at my return home, I found her in her dressing-room, reading a sermon to her maid. I am by no means against sermons, Mr. Fitz-Adam; they do well enough

goes into company like a mere ghost; but of what sex, if it were not for her petticoats, would be hard to determine, for she is absolutely covered from head to foot. She had the sauciness to tell me the other day, that I wanted her to dress and look like a woman of the town. 'I would have you dress and look like a woman of the world, Miss,' says I; 'but, to your shame be it spoken, there are women of the town who are capable of improving you. One may look like a woman of the town, though one would scorn to act like one.'

In this manner, Mr. Fitz-Adam, she talks and behaves. I have threatened

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N° CLXXVIII. THURSDAY

NOT long since, I met at St. James's Coffee-house an old acquaintance of mine, Sir Harry Pegg; who having been long rusticated, and much altered, I should never have recollected, had it not been for the information of a fine old coat, in which I remembered him to have made a figure about town many years ago. After the usual civilities had passed between us, amongst many other questions, he asked me when I had seen our old school-fellow.

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nor solitude has been yet able to conquer. Having in two or three years acquired the usual advantages of a liberal education, such as the arts of writing, book-keeping, billiards, and coaching; he came to London, entered the gay world, and had addresses and connections sufficient to introduce him to what he still calls the best society; that is, the company of finicks, jockeys, and gamesters. Nor deficient in point of gallantry;

soon commenced an intrigue with one of one of these his friends. Her intentions were at first honest, but are not perfectly clear; but he is obliged to declare them so, acquainted that a lady of her rank was not to be trifled with, and that either fight or marry; the latter which he courageously chose, as being the most daring action of the two. Lady had more gentility than beauty, more beauty than understanding, more understanding than fortune, and was about equal to her reputation. As tall and well-shaped, carried her head very high, and being the daughter of the younger son of an Irish baron, looked herself as a woman of quality. In time Sir Harry heartily hated her, repelling him to marry, and she despised him for being compelled; finding little happiness at home, she was obliged to seek it abroad at routs, operas and gaming, at no small expence. This could not continue long; so that before one was at an end, they discovered the town air would not agree with her, and so retired to their country-house about forty miles from London; and I shall now conduct my reader. The morning appointed, I attended at their lodgings in town, where I found the post-chariot at the door, and standing by it, with a long staff in his hand, ready to mount the lady at the same time, that coachman in such insolent and expensive manner, there was no keeping them, and therefore he always chose to be his own driver.

In the parlour sat my lady, and a Macnean, a gentleman who had been very intimate with Sir Harry, and not less so with her ladyship; the passage stood her French, in a sack and long ruffles, with as full of band-boxes and bun-

dles; which were no sooner disposed of in various parts of the chariot, than my lady and myself, with her woman on a low stool at our feet, were thrust into the little room that was left. Sir Harry mounted the box, his valet de chambre rode by, and a suivering footboy climbed up behind. Thus the whole family, with their baggage, and myself into the bargain, were conveyed without the expence of either a stage-coach or a wagon.

Nothing passed during our journey worth relating. Her ladyship spoke little, and that little was only complaints of her bad nerves, and ill state of health; to which, having no expectation of a cure, I paid little attention. They both declared that nobody but a carrier could dine at an inn, therefore they never stopped on the road; so with the assistance of a fresh pair of horses, that had come twenty miles that morning without a bait, about sunset we arrived at our journey's end. The colonel got there before us, having rode post: for Sir Harry frequently declared to us both, that though his friends were welcome, he never entertained their horses; that it was not the fashion of that country; neither my Lord **, nor the Duke of ***, nor himself, did it.

It was not long before the dinner made its appearance; which was so very genteel, that had it not been rendered unpalatable by a bad affectation of French cookery, it would not have been half sufficient, after so many miles travelling, and so long fasting. At the conclusion we had mead, which passed for Tokay; and elder wine, which Sir Harry swore was the best Burgundy in England, and that he himself had imported it, in conjunction with a noble lord in the neighbourhood. Over a glass of this, the cloth being removed, he informed us, that when the smoke of London, and the bad hours incident to keeping good company, would no longer agree with his own or his wife's constitution, he had determined to seek health and quiet in an elegant retirement. He had been offered indeed a seat in parliament, and a considerable employment; but his crazy constitution would not permit him to accept of the one, nor his sound principles of the other. Retirement was their object; therefore all they dreaded was the horrible irruptions of a country neighbourhood; but this they had happily

pily prevented. That indeed, on their first coming, every family within ten miles round tormented them with their impertinent visits; but they returned none, affronted them all, and so got rid of them. 'Don't you think we did right, my dear?' turning to his wife. 'I think,' answered she, in a fairly and dejected voice, 'that it is better to forget the use of one's tongue, than to converse with Squires wives and parsons daughters.—' 'You are right, Madam,' added the colonel, with an oath and a loud laugh; 'for what can one learn in such damned company?' 'To-morrow,' says my friend, addressing himself to me, 'you shall see that we want no company, and that we can sufficiently amuse ourselves with building and planting, with improvements and alterations, which I dare say will be honoured with your approbation.'

Accordingly, the next morning, as soon as breakfast was finished, my lady and the colonel retired into her dressing-room to cribbage, and Sir Harry and myself to reconnoitre the place. The house stands at the end of a dirty village, and close by it are a few tame deer, impounded in an orchard, to which he gives the pompous title of a park. Behind is a fen, which he calls a piece of water; and before it a goose common, on which he bestows the name of a lawn. It was built in that deplorable æra of English architecture, which introduced high doors, long windows, small rooms, and corner chimneys; and of gardening, which projected gravel-walks, clipped yews, and straight-lined avenues, with a profusion of brick walls, iron palliades, and leaden images. But all these defects, and many others, he has now corrected by a judicious application of modern taste. His doors are so reduced, you cannot enter with your hat on; and his windows so contrived, that you have scarce light enough to find it, if you pull it off. In the midst of the front, one large bow-window is stuck on, resembling a piece of vital-brown paper plastered on a broken nose; and a great room is added behind to dine in, which, was it ever inhabited, would make all the little ones appear still less: but having never yet been finished, for want both of cash and credit, it remains at present only a repository of broken china, a pair of back-gammon tables, and the childrens play-things. His brick walls are con-

verted into chimnies and ovens; and his yew-trees supply them with faggots: his iron work is sold to the blacksmiths; and his heathen gods to the plumber, for the pious use of covering the parish-church: his gravel-walks are sown with grass; and he frequently repeats that fragel, yet gentled maxim, That they are the best gardeners. His horse-pond being made serpentine, is become useless, but it should be tied up; and his fences, being all Chinese, are no fences at all, the horses leaping over, and the dogs walking under them, at their pleasure. The transplanted avenue is expiring in Kaffee's platoons; the kitchen-garden, for conveniency, is removed two furlongs from the house; and the kitchen itself unjustly turned out of doors, for smelling of victuals; a crime of which it has ever been acquitted by the voice of the whole country.

When our survey was finished, our amusements were all at an end; for within doors the pleasures both of idleness and solitude were equally wanting. Of our conversation I have given a specimen; and books there were none, except a small one containing tunes for the French-horn, belonging to Sir Harry, and the third volume of Peregrine Pickle, and a Methodist prayer-book, the property of her ladyship. I began now to wish for a little of my friend Sir John's hospitality, of which there was not here the least appearance. We heard not of a human creature, except by their injuries and insults, not altogether indeed unprovoked; for the pantry and the cellar, though usually empty, were always locked. Strong-beer there was none; and the small, though nobody at home could drink it, was not suffered to be given away. The servants were always out of humour, and frequently changing; and the tradesmen who brought their bills, were paid only by a wrangle, or a draught on some tenant who owed no rent. There was not a neighbour very near, except the parson of the parish, and Alderman Grub, a rich citizen, who had purchased a considerable part of it from Sir Harry. With these they lived in a state of perpetual hostilities: they quarrelled with the alderman for presuming to buy an estate which they wanted to sell; and the parson quarrelling with Them, because he was in possession of the only living in the gift of Sir Harry, and the alderman

had

much better to dispose of. By the ragement of these good neighbours, their own ill-conduct, consisting of nge mixture of insolence and avage of meanness and magnificence, were despised, persecuted, and afraid, by all around them. Their were worried, their poultry murdered, their dogs poisoned, their game ried, their hedges broke, and their tacks set on fire. They were hissed hooted at; and now-and-then a pair of horns were fixed on their ; an insult at which they were y enraged; but the meaning of

which neither Sir Harry, nor my lady, not even with the assistance of the colonels could ever guess at.

I soon grew weary of this land of contention and uncalinefs; and having recourse to the old excuse of urgent business, I took my leave, and went post to town; reflecting all the way with surprise on the ingenuity of mankind, to render themselves at once miserable and ridiculous; and lamenting that the happiness and innocence of rural life are now scarce any where to be found but in pastorals and romances.

Nº CLXXIX. THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1756.

am never better pleased than when I can oblige a group of correspondents at once. This I am enabled to my paper of to-day.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

THE expediency of people's setting up bills at their doors, who have s or lodgings to let, is so very apt, that, as often as I walk the of this metropolis, I wonder that same practice has not prevailed in instances, and that we do not see it in at every door, as often as there asion, Wanted a coachman, butler, chambermaid, &c. By such a d the expence of public advertisements would be saved, and every-body imodated in the most expeditious

er. I would by no means confine these to lodgers and servants; there are wants which are at least equally ng, and which it might be proper nify in the same manner. Thus, stance, at the door of an attorney, ictor, it would not be amiss if we to read in large letters, 'Wanted nefty.' At the door of a new bed parson, 'Wanted Humility.' At urret-window of a poet or author, uted a Dinner.' At the door of a of quality, 'Wanted Credit.' At or of a patriot, 'Wanted a Place.' e door of a bishop, 'Wanted a use at Lambeth.' And at the doors great men, 'Wanted Sincerity.' this method, the wants of all

mankind would be known, and in all probability be relieved more expeditiously than by any other means.

If you give this proposal a place in your paper, you will oblige the public in general, and in particular, Sir, your most humble servant,

C. L.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

THE following advertisement has lately fallen into my hands; and, I believe, with a few of your observations upon it, it might furnish some entertainment for the public; as you have already made some very just remarks upon servants, in your paper of the first of January last. I am, Sir, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE grooms of the chambers, butlers, and other servants, of persons of quality, concerned in card-money, are desired to meet at the society's quarterly meeting-place, St. James's, on Friday the 12th of this instant March, at nine in the morning, to take under consideration the further duty said to be intended to be laid on cards.

Note, It is desired, that no gentleman, &c. belonging to noblemen or others, will enter into any agreement with their ladies, as to card-money, &c. till after this meeting. The servants of citizens and tradesmen, whose mistresses keep routs, may attend, if they think proper.

The best of teas, French rolls and butter, will be provided on the occasion.

Now, you must know, Sir, that my husband is very much offended at this; and is telling me, twenty times a day, that his customers are neglected, and the business of the shop standing still, from my fooleries, as he calls them. I do not deny, Sir, that these assemblies on a week-day are a little inconvenient to us; and therefore I have some thoughts of changing them to Sunday. To be sure, a Sunday's assembly would be perfectly agreeable on many accounts. In the first place, it would interfere with no sort of business. Secondly, it would be much genteeler. Thirdly, I should see a great deal more company. And, fourthly, my husband and the prentice would then be at leisure to attend the tea-table. But I have one doubt about the matter; which is, that there are envious people in the world, who might possibly give out that I am setting up for a person of fashion; for it is a notion they have got, that none but people of fashion should have routs on a Sunday. At present I am undetermined in this affair, and am resolved to continue so, till I have Your opinion; which I beg you would give me as soon as possible; and I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

MARY TAPE.

In answer to Mrs. Tape. I feel

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g children, being thus pounded or
ed, and spread in small quantities
their bread and butter.

hall conclude this paper with a very
ious little piece, which is just now
unicated to me by my good friend
Doddsey, and which shews what an
able and elegant use a man of taste
memory may make of his reading.
s thrown together by a member of
ty of gentlemen, who meet once a
to celebrate the birth-day of
Shakespeare, and is as follows—

ON THE
BIRTH-DAY
OF
SHAKESPEARE,
A CENTO.

TAKEN FROM HIS WORKS.

*Ad ipsa valere, et mentis viribus excitari,
nisi quodam divino spiritu affari.*

CICERO.

—Peace to this meeting,
id fair time, health and good wishes.
worthy friends, the cause why we are
met,
celebration of the day that gave

Immortal SHAKESPEARE to this favour'd
isle;

The most replenish'd sweet work of nature,
Which from the prime creation e'er she
fram'd.

O thou divinest Nature! how thyself thou
blazon'st

In this thy son! form'd in thy prodigality,
To hold thy mirror up, and give the time
It's very form and pressure! When he speaks,
Each aged ear plays truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravish'd;
So voluble is his discourse—Gentle

As zephyr blowing underneath the violet,
Not wagging it's sweet head—Yet as rough,
(His noble blood enchain'd) as the rude wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to th' vale—'Tis won-
derful

That an invisible instinct should frame him
To loyalty, unlearn'd; honour, untaught;
Civility, not seen in another; knowledge,
That wildly grows in him, but yields a crop
As if it had been sown. What a piece of
work!

How noble in faculty! Infinite in reason!
A combination and a form indeed,
Where ev'ry god did seem to set his seal.
Heav'n has him now—Yet let our idolatrous
fancy

Still sanctify his relics; and this day
Stand aye distinguish'd in the kalendar
To the last syllable of recorded time:
For if we take him but for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

N^o CLXXX. THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

YOU have reading and experience
enough to know, that some of the
st ornaments and conveniences of
ve their rise to inconsiderable be-
ings; and, on the contrary, that
abuscs and mistakes, by continual
ions and aggravations, have grown
alamities, which have severely ex-
l, as well the wisdom, as the pa-
of mankind. In this light it is
the following petition will be con-
l. It was not drawn up barely to
your readers for five or six mi-
but with a view to very important
quences that may possibly be de-
from it. Your labours sufficiently
te that you consider your species
great family, of which you are a
er, and consequently under an ob-

ligation to countenance every thing that
has a tendency to it's advancement. It
is for that reason application is made to
you. I am, Sir, your constant reader
and humble servant.

THE
HUMBLE PETITION
OF ALL THE
LETTERS IN THE ALPHABET,
EXCEPT E AND O.

SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioners cannot, with-
out great violence to their modesty,
insist upon any thing that may reflect
honour upon themselves; but the ne-
cessity of the case will plead their excuse,
and therefore they beg leave most hum-
bly

greatest use.

The body which your petitioners almost entirely compose, is known to consist of but few individuals; and the business they are employed in is infinite: yet no transaction has ever suffered from any defect in them. Under proper direction, they never fail to execute what is intended; though, in the course of their service, circumstances frequently occur of the nicest and most delicate nature. By their intervention contending princes dispute their claims of empire. Upon them depend divines, statesmen, lawyers, and physicians; all professions, and trades; and with their assistance the beggar asks his alms. An influence more extensive, more universal, is hardly to be imagined: so many and so great are the purposes answered by your petitioners; a society that does more honour to the species than all others put together.

But the utility and importance of your petitioners have, for their foundation, a perfect harmony and good understanding among themselves; inasmuch, as the least dissention may prove of fatal consequences: for should any one of them withdraw his assistance from the rest, their activity, which qualifies them for all employments, would in a moment cease, and they must become, in the strictest sense of the words, dead letters.

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C and D are to preside; and
ner a regular rotation is to

The use of this contrivance
vious to every body; as a
ings might be taught in this
it would be hopeless to at-
y other whatsoever.
ationers, submitting the pre-

mises to your consideration, humbly
pray such relief, as to your great wisdom
shall seem meet.

A. B. C. D.
F. G. H. I.
K. L. M. N.
P. Q. R. S.
T. U. W. X.
Y. Z.

CLXXXI. THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1756.

een remarked by certain wise
ers, that men are strangely
n their notions of good and
and vice. They tell us, that
adequate idea of those words,
stinually mistaking and con-
hem; calling good evil, and
virtue vice, and vice virtue.
e philosophers has very lately
that the contentions, misfor-
tunies, of mankind, are
ing to government and laws;
state of anarchy and confu-
sion; the weak are at the mercy of
the strong, and the simple of the cunning;
the only state of concord, secu-
rity, and happiness.

of these philosophers, who
er inclined to new-model go-
vernment, than totally to subvert them,
to the satisfaction of multi-
tudes of fraud, luxury, corruption,
and catalogue of vices, (as men
only pleased to call them) are
means to make a community
riching, and happy; and, on
the contrary, that frugality, temperance,
and the like, which are vul-
garly called virtues, tend finally to it's
ruin.

own part, I was not philoso-
phical in my youth to investigate
truths; and now I am old, I
am so bigotted to former opi-
nions, that I cannot easily perceive that rapes,
and adulteries, are beneficial to
the state; that a state of nature is better

for the preservation of pro-
perty, ease, peace, and happiness
than government and laws.
I should be said of me, that
prejudice and obstinacy
shut my eyes against the
truth; I freely confess that I am
now a convert to some other
which I formerly held in equal

dis-esteem. I had long accustomed my-
self to look on Gaming as a vice; and as
such I have frequently treated it in the
course of these papers: but I am now
fully convinced of my error, and that I
ought to have considered it as a national
virtue, and productive of more advan-
tages to society than any other whatso-
ever. That my readers may entertain
the same opinion, I shall here present
them with a letter which I have lately
received from a very ingenious cor-
respondent, whose reasons upon this sub-
ject is too conclusive to be opposed.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Hope you will not think it incon-
sistent with the manner in which you
have proposed to conduct your paper,
to lay before the public the complaints
of your correspondents, relating to that
part of the world you more immedi-
ately preside over; especially as you have
declared your design to interpose when-
ever the critical emergencies of your
country shall require your assistance.

You, who are acquainted with pub-
lic proceedings, must have taken notice
of the additional taxes that have been
laid upon cards and dice; by which it
is justly apprehended, that the profits
arising from the honourable occupations
dependent thereon will be greatly im-
peded. Whatever satisfaction gloomy
and splenetic minds (always disposed to
anticipate the ruin of the kingdom) may
express, I assure you I cannot help con-
sidering this affair with the most painful
concern; and I doubt not my reasons
will be equally convincing to you.

At a time when the perfidious ene-
mies of our country have rendered all
foreign trade precarious and uncertain,
to what happier resources can we fly
than the commerce of game? By what
means

means is the circulation of money, the life and spirit of trade, more speedily promoted? What other business can boast of such large returns? and (with honour be it mentioned) what losses in any other kind of commerce are more punctually discharged? How strongly do the various fluctuations of fortune inculcate fortitude, courage, resignation, and a noble contempt of death! virtues for which the profession in this science have been greatly renowned. What better method could be found out for humbling the grandeur, and diminishing the over-grown revenues of our nobility and gentry, than by blending their manors and fortunes with the lowest of their fellow-creatures? Nor is it the least praise of this profession, that the fair sex are qualified to make a figure in it, and to exert those striking talents which we learn so solicitous to exclude from many of the arts of life. By a constant application to gaming, they gradually wear off the killing brightness of those eyes, and the overpowering splendor of those charms, which would otherwise be destructive to many thousands of mankind. Hence they are taught kindness and condescension, and rendered graciously accessible to the company and caresses of every strolling swain. I might observe farther, that while the merchant and tradesman are contracting a narrow avaricious turn of mind, a haughty contempt, and a supercilious air, the gallant spirits who have espoused this genteel commerce, acquire an engaging freedom of conversation, a boundless generosity of nature, and an inimitable politeness of manners.

If the political advantages of gaming are demanded of me, I answer, that it secures our money in the kingdom, and keeps it in perpetual circulation. Can there be a more convincing demonstration of the dangerous consequences of foreign trade, than that the riches of the kingdom are exhausted by it, and the national current wealth, according to the opinion of some wise calculators, reduced from forty millions to twelve?

not to mention the importation of the various follies, fashions, and poisons, which expose, infatuate, and destroy, so many of our deluded countrymen. Can any other argument be necessary to procure an unlimited indulgence to a commerce, from whence so many advantages spring, and which is so evidently conducive to the public good?

If it should be objected, that many portions of plentiful incomes are reduced to poverty by gaming, I should be glad to know what employments in life are totally exempted from misfortune; and how many bankrupts are recorded in our public chronicles, who despairing to rise in the world by the vulgar method of trade, have had recourse to this genteel profession, and quickly retrieved their fortunes.

It would be easy to mention many more circumstances in praise of so noble a commerce, if it was in the least necessary: I doubt not of the concurrence of all men of genius and spirit in these my sentiments; I hope the legislature will henceforward look with favour on an art, in which the politeness, the morals, the constitution, and the riches, of this kingdom are so greatly concerned; and instead of discouraging it with severe taxes, and heavy burthens, will contribute every thing to it's advancement. To this end I cannot present you with a better proposal, than That all those who can bring sufficient proof of their having lost from one thousand to one hundred thousand pounds, shall be maintained at the public expence, and rewarded for their patriotism, in sacrificing their fortune so disinterestedly for the good of their country.

If you shall please to communicate these thoughts to the public, and recommend them by some arguments of your own, I shall think you that friend of the world you pretend to be, and may possibly give you some future advices which may not be unworthy your notice. I am Sir, your sincere friend, and hearty admirer,

JACK LOVEBOX.

Nº CLXXXII. THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1756.

A Very facetious friend of mine was observing the other day, that he could always discover with great cer-

tainty the shape, height, and complexion, of any man's wife in company, by calling for his waist. If he gives you a lean woman—

Each had his separate votaries; one was to interfere in the death of another. Mars was patron of the soldiery of all nations; Neptune was lord high admiral, as presided over ships and fish; Mercury over trade, Apollo over physic, Minerva over learning, and the Graces over beauty, Ju-

no over marriage, Diana over chastity,
and so on.

‘ In the first ages of the world the affairs of men seemed to be in a very flourishing condition; but the face of things began gradually to change, till at last a general depravity prevailed over the face of the whole earth. The gods, finding themselves unequal to the task imposed upon them, and angry with mankind, petitioned Jupiter to take the government of them into his own hands; but he frowned at their request, commanding them to proceed as they had begun, and leave the consequences to himself. The deities, perplexed at their repulse, convened a council among themselves, in which it was agreed that they should draw up a second petition to Jupiter, that for the better understanding the nature of mankind, they should have leave to pay a visit to the world, and to take upon them for a time the several natures of their votaries. Jupiter laughed, and consented to their petition; but with this particular limitation, that they should be entirely divested of supernatural powers; and that, as they were to personate mortals, they should be subject to their frailties.

The duties consented to the will of Jupiter; and having deliberated on the several parts they were to act, made their descent upon the earth. Mars bought himself a pair of colours in the guards; and being, a gay, handsome young fellow, and a great favourite of the ladies, was quickly advanced to the command of a company. His equipage was the most splendid that could be imagined; he dressed, danced, gambled, and swore, to the utmost perfection; he knocked down watchmen and constables, drew his sword upon clergymen and waiters, laughed at the passions, bilked whores and hackney coachmen, carried toylers and licentious, stormed towns at every tavern, and saluted at the head of his company with inimitable grace. But having unfortunately seduced the wife of his friend, and being called out on the occasion, he chieftly declined fighting, and was broke for cowardice.

* Neptune was a hardy tough tar, and got only the command of a sixty-gun ship. He attacked the rife of the enemy with great intrepidity, and took prizes of immense value. His prudence

daughters of tenants and neighbours; till being reduced by his extravagance, and driven to various shifts, he at last drew beer in a night-cellar to hackney-coachmen and street-walkers.

‘Mercury was a linen-draper in the city, and acquired a plentiful fortune by being three times a bankrupt; but happening to be discovered in a fourth attempt, he was stripped of all his wealth, and very narrowly escaped hanging. He was afterwards captain of a gang of thieves, and at last recalled to heaven from the condemned hold in Newgate.

‘Apollo commenced mortal in the character of a physician, and to peopled the shades of Pluto with souls, that the boat of Charon became crazy by their weight. Jupiter grew incensed at his murders, and commanded him to begin the world again in a more innocent calling. Apollo obeyed, and became a wit. He composed love sonnets and plays; he libelled the good, flattered the bad, blasphemed the gods, and was patronized by the great: but unhappily standing in need of their assistance, they withdrew their favours, and left him to starve in a garret on the bounty of booksellers.

‘Minerva was a lady of fine parts and learning, but a great flatterer. She never stuck a pin in her clothes, nor changed them till they were out. Her

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telling them that they were now to make allowances for the frail-imperfections of human nature,

having experienced in their own persons, that he had peopled the world with *Men*, and not Gods.

CLXXXIII. THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1756.

I with great satisfaction that I ded to the declaration of war France, having for above a month past been sensibly hurt in private property by the people of on. Yet, injured as I was, I did my resentment while there was expectation of peace, that it

it be said of me, I had contriv'd any complaints of my own, involving my country in a hazardous expensive war.

Nobody knows, that till within years, or thereabouts, it was a fashion for the ladies to wear their heads; and I had piqued at a little on the thoughts that papers had been of considerable towards curling the said hair. I had long ago discovered, that ladies of condition could spare attention enough from the vacations of dress, visiting, assemblies, plays, operas, Ranelagh, and so, to read over a paper that consists than six pages in folio; a demand for the *World* was considerable, I contented myself knowing that I was every week their heads, though I could not omit to improve their understanding; and it was a particular pleasure, in all public assemblies, to see the finest faces there were in the goodness of my paper for them off. So long as the fashion continued, (and, to say truth, I much as dreamed that it was so long) I depended on the custom as fair and polite; but by the insidious French hair-cutters, whom the of their monarch have sent to opolis in pure spite to me, they have prevailed on to cut their hair to their temples, to the great ruin of the sale of these papers.

formerly a very agreeable it to me to look in at Mr. on a Thursday morning, and the great demand for these my papers; but though the same de-

mand continues among the men, I have frequently the mortification of hearing a smart footman delivering a message in the shop, That his lady desires Mr. Doddsley will send her in no more *Worlds*, for that she has cut off her hair, and shall have no occasion for them any longer.

Nobody will, I believe, make the least doubt that my principal view in this work was to amend the morals and improve the understandings of my fellow-subjects; but I will honestly confess, that ever since the commencement of it, I have entertained some distant hopes of laying up a fortune sufficient to support me in my old age: and as money is at so low an interest, I intended making a small purchase in some retired and pleasant part of England, that I might have devoted my labours to the cultivation of land, after having weeded men's minds of whatever choaked the growth of virtue and good manners. This I do not yet despair of effecting, as I am not without hopes, that while we are at open war with France, the ladies will conceive such a dislike to the fashions of their enemies, as to let their hair grow again. If this cannot speedily be brought about, I must be forced to apply to the ministers for some lucrative employment, in return for that indulgence and complaisance which I have at all times shewn them. It is impossible for me to conceive that my merits have been overlooked, though they have been hitherto unrewarded; and I make no kind of doubt that I need only present myself at their levees, to be asked what post I would chuse. They do not want to be assured that I am as willing as able to assist them in all emergencies; or, which is still better, to vindicate their conduct against all opposers, to stifle clamours in their birth to convert fears to hopes, complaints to approbation, and faction to concord.

But as I do not at present recollect any particular post of honour and profit that would better suit me than another, and knowing

knowing that the abusers of an administration are first to be provided for, I am willing to accept of a handsome sum of money, till something else may be done; or if a seat in parliament, with a proper qualification, be thought necessary for me, I entirely acquiesce, as my eloquence in the house must be of signal service in all critical conjunctures. It would also be perfectly agreeable to me if the government were to take off weekly twenty or thirty thousand of my papers, and circulate them among their friends; or if they object to such an expense, and should discover no inclination to oblige me in any of the particulars above mentioned, I humbly intreat, that in lieu of the depredations made upon me by the French hair-cutters, and in consideration of my firm attachment to his Majesty's family and government, orders be immediately issued from the Lord Steward's office, the Board of Green cloth, or elsewhere, that henceforward all the tarts, pyes, paltry, and confectionary of all kinds whatsoever, appertaining to his Majesty's household, be constantly baked upon these papers. This would be making me sufficient amends, and greatly encourage me to continue this useful work, till a perfect library might be made of it, which otherwise must have an end before an hundred volumes can be completed.

That the ministry may entertain just notions of the efficacy of my good work, I shall here present them with some few of those offers which are almost daily made me by private persons.

A lady, who has lately opened a new bagnio in Covent Garden, assures me in a letter, that if I will do her the favour to recommend her in the *World*, I shall not only have the run of her house, but every one of her young ladies shall be obliged to take in my paper as long as it lasts. A grocer in the Strand has sent me a pound of his best tea, and promises to wrap up every ounce he sells, as also all his sugars and spices, in these papers, if I will honour him so far as to make mention of him in any one of them. He adds in a postscript, that his wife and five daughters, who do a great deal of work, make all their thread-papers of *Worlds*.

But a more material offer still, and which I have therefore reserved for the *Last*, is contained in the following letter.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

ESTEEMED FRIEND,

THIS is to acquaint thee, that we are makers of pins on the bridge called London Bridge, and that we have each of us given a considerable portion of money for the good-will of the habitations wherein we make our abode: but by an act of the legislature lately passed, the said habitations are speedily to be pulled down, and their dwellers to be forced to remove to other abodes. If thou art in the least acquainted with traffic, thou canst not be ignorant of the benefits that accrue from an old established shop, in a street where the principal dealers in any particular commodity are known to dwell; inasmuch as when thou wantest a silken garment for thy wife, thou wouldst repair to the habitations of Round Court or Ludgate Hill; or, if thy linen was rent, thou wouldst doubtless resort to Cheap-side or Cornhill; in like manner, if thy help-mate or thy maidens wanted pins, thou wouldst not fail, if thou wert wise, to take thy walk to London Bridge. But by the act above-named, thy friends are exiled from their dwellings, and compelled to sojourn in a strange street, where even their names are unknown. We therefore request it of thee, if the rulers of the land behold thee with regard, that thou wilt apply thyself speedily to obtain a repeal of this act; wherein if thou succeedest, we will buy up thy weekly labours in reams, and stick all our pins therein, so that thy name shall be known far and wide, and thy days prosperous in the land.

If thou art a well-wisher to thyself, thou wilt use thy best endeavours for the service of thy friends,

EPHRAIM MINIKIN,
MALACHY SHORTWITE,
ORADIAH MIDLING,
HEZEKIAH LONGPIN, &c. &c.

After duly deliberating upon this proposal, I am inclined to trouble the government no farther at present, than to request the repeal of this act; which if they are so kind as to grant me, my papers will again find their way to the dressing-rooms of the ladies, in spite of the intrigues of France, and but small service the hair-cutters.

1° CLXXXIV. THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1756.

is always particularly pleased with that scene in the first part of the Fourth, where the humourous an Falstaff, after upbraiding the with being the corrupter of his , and resolving on amendment, a very reasonable wish 'to know e a commodity of good names be bought.' It happens indeed unfortunately, that he immediately lapses into his old courses, and into a scheme for a robbery that which he endeavours to justify, ling it his Trade: 'Why, Hal,' ; 'tis my Vocation, Hal: 'tis in for a man to Labour in his tion.'

often as this passage has occurred

I could not help thinking, that were to look narrowly into the it of mankind, we should find the ght's excuse to have a more geneuence than is commonly imagin- t should seem as if there were cer- grees of dishonesty, which were ble; and that most occupations cknowledgeed latitude in one or particulars, where men may be with impunity, and almost with- me.

will be no difficult task to illustrate th of this observation, by scruti- into the conduct of men of all orders, and professions. This e the subject of to-day's paper: shall begin, where it is always ranners to begin, with my betters riors.

tyrant, who, to gratify his ambi- teopulates whole nations, and es the lives of millions of his s to his insatiable desire of con- s a Glorious prince. Destruction Trade, and he is only Labouring location.

statesman, who spreads corrup- ver a country, and enslaves the to enrich himself, or aggrandise ster, is an Able minister; Op- is his Calling, and it is no sin to Labour in his Vocation.

patriot, who opposes the mea- f the statesman; who rails at cor- in the house, and bawls till g for his poor bleeding country,

may, if admitted to a post, adopt the principles he abhorred, and pursue the measures he condemned; such a one is a Trader in Power, and only Labouring in his Vocation.

The condescending patron, who, fond of followers and dependents, deals out his smiles to all about him, and buys flattery with promises; who shakes the needy wit by the hand, and assures him of his protection one hour, and forgets that he has ever seen him the next, is a Great Man: Deceit is his Vocation.

The man in office, whose perquisites are wrung from the poor pittance of the miserable, and who enriches himself by pillaging the widow and the orphan, receives no more than his Accustomed Dues; and is only Labouring in his Vocation.

The divine, who subscribes to articles that he does not believe; who neglects practice for profession, and God for his Grace; who bribes a mistress, or sacrifices a sister for preferment; who preaches faith without works, and damns all who differ from him, may be an orthodox divine, and only Labouring in his Vocation.

The lawyer, who makes truth falsehood, and falsehood truth; who pleads the cause of the oppressor against the innocent, and brings ruin upon the wretched; is a man of eminence in the world, and the companion of honest men. Lying is his Trade; and he is only Labouring in his Vocation.

The physician, who visits you three times a day in a case that he knows to be incurable; who denies his assistance to the poor, and writes more for the apothecary than the patient; is an Honest physician, and only Labouring in his Vocation.

The fine lady of fashion, who piques herself upon her virtue, perhaps, a little too much; who attends the sermon every Sunday, and prays every week day; and who, if she slanders her best friend, does it only to reform them; may innocently indulge herself in a little Cheating at Cards; she has made it her Vocation.

The tradesman, who assures you up- on his honest word that he will deal justly

his works, throws out his slander against the good, and poisons the young and virtuous by tales of wantonness and indecency; is a Writer of Spirit, and only Labouring in his Vocation.

To take characters in the gross: the gamester, who cheats you at play; the man of pleasure, who corrupts the chastity of your wife; the friend, who tricks you in a horse; the steward, who defrauds you in his accounts; the butler, who robs you of your wine; the footman, who steals your linen; the housekeeper, who overcharges you in her bills; the gardener, who sends your fruit to market; the groom, who starves your horses to put their allowance in his pocket; in short, the whole train of servants, who impose upon you in the several articles entrusted to their care, are only receiving their Lawful Perquisites, and Labouring in their Vocations.

I know but one set of men, who ought commonly to be excepted in this general charge; and those are the projectors. The schemes of all such men are usually too romantic to impose upon the credulity of the world; and not being able to plunder their employers, they are Labouring in their Vocations to cheat only themselves.

I would not be misunderstood upon this occasion, as if I meant to advise all

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I shall say nothing to them of re- only that the Reality of it might ul to them in afflictions; or, if ey should take it into their heads ey must one day die, it might alleviate the bitterness of so un-

common a thought. To do as they would be done by, would in all proba- bility render them happier in themselves, and lead them to the enjoyment of new pleasures in the happiness of others.

° CLXXXV. THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

Y case is a little singular, and therefore I hope you will let in your paper. I should scarce- attempted to make such a re- ad not I very strictly looked over works of your predecessors, the Spectators, and Guardians, a possibility of finding a paral- ly unhappy situation.

not *benpecked*; I am not *grimal*. I have no Mrs. *Freeman*, with *fan airs*; but I have a wife more ome than all three, by a certain us and unnecessary devotion that to her father, amounting almost try. When I first married her, hat specious kind of weakness meets with encouragement and e, only because it is called ature, I permitted her to do r she pleased: but when I it requisite to pull in the rein, that her having the bit in her ended the strength of my curb anner of use to me. Whenever etel to draw her in a little, she up her head, snorted, pranced, e herself such airs, that, unless carry me where she pleased, my if not my life, were in danger. e of power is inherent in the dif- of womankind: and I do not , that her vapours, hysterics, its, or whatever else the learned sed to call them, are not equalled sands of married women in these oly kingdoms; but the Father, ier, is the point which distin- me from the rest of my bre-

old fellow is of a most capri- nequal temper; and, like the fa- sable, blows hot and cold in : breath. Sometimes he is very me and my friends; and at other : will not suffer us to look at *whatever mood* the old gentle-

man thinks fit to appear, in the same mood. Madam, his daughter, dis- pines her pouts and frowns, or her smiles and good-humour. Whatever shape old Pro- teus puts on, Calbera, his daughter, puts on the same. I call him Proteus, because, though I have known him many years, I have never known him a week together in the same form. He is vapourish; so is his daughter: he is a quack; so is his daughter: one day he is an economist, even to the greatest de- gree of avarice; the daughter also has her days of frugality and improper thrift. Sometimes he is profuse, and a violent squanderer; after these fits, my purse is sure to suffer most cruelly. Sometimes he is proud, sometimes he is humble; his daughter follows him closely in each of the two extremes. In short, Sir, both father and daughter practise more changes than Harlequin in the Emperor of the Moon. Judge, then, what figure a husband must make, who is indis- pensably obliged to conform with all these metamorphoses!

Last summer, though a cold one, Pro- teus took it into his head to dine in the cellar; and, as we arrived at my coun- try-house, our cellar also was immedi- ately announced to be our eating par- lour. My neighbours tried the experi- ment once, in hopes, perhaps, of being made fuddled, contrary to my usual custom; but that not being the case, they never offered to return again; no, not even the curate of the parish, who de- clared he would drink bumpers in my cellar as long as I pleased, but he could not eat there and sip thimble-fulls, though he were sure to dine every day on a pasty, or a haunch of venison. So that my wife and I, for three months together, dined like King Pharaoh, amidst frogs and darkness: nor had we any other companions than the reptiles that crawled out of the walls, as imagining their territories invaded. But my wife endured every inconvenience with amaz- ing

friends, that they were not off the ex-
ecutive department of running, and
their country to hunt the deer, or
cr lakes. I have a fountain of mineral
than my wife does not go every day, my
except the kitchen chimney, in my
house; and in January (though we were
permitted to have little earthen stoves in
our chambers) the cold was so intense,
that my little boy Tommy died of the
whooping-cough; and I myself caught
an ague, which lasted four months, and
brought upon me an apothecary's bill,
amounting to ninety pounds, for drugs,
which were indeed much fuller of Taste
than I desired.

The furniture of my house, and the
shape of my gardens, have been changed
at least ten times over; yet, if you were
to judge, Mr. Fitz-Adam, from the
constant conversation of my wife and
her father, you would pronounce them
the best economists in Europe; and so
they are, in small beer, oil, and vi-
negar.

Though I always avoid excess of
drinking when at home, (my father be-
lieves, since my marriage, having been
remarkably sober) yet it is my mis-
fortune, and I confess it as civilly, to go
row-and-then to the tavern; and there
to exceed the Rules of Moderation. It
is impossible, among jovial company,

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s, that the jade has discovered that I am a greater coward than . At all events, Mr. Fitz-Adam,

let me have your advice, because I am your constant reader, and admirer,
THOMAS TAMEDEIR.

° CLXXXVI. THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

I the same clergyman who troubled you with an account of his mis-
ses in your paper, Number XXXI.
I indebted to your kind publica-
that letter for the ease and hap-
which, with only one single in-
sion, I have enjoyed ever since.
common, and I hope I may say,
ited distresses, recommended me
notice of a noble lord, who called
me at my lodgings, brought me
to his lordship's own house, and
ed me so far as to make me his
ic chaplain. His lordship's re-
or me was so truly sincere, that
ried me soon after to my lady's
, a young person of admirable
and virtue, and a great favourite
lord, because, as his lordship
told me, she was a clergyman's
er; and, for what reason he knew
tremely hated by his lady. But
od fortune did not end here: his
p, whose nature is never to be
uth doing good, was so very ob-
as to take us a little house, ready-
ed, in a retired and pleasant part
town, paying the rent of it him-
ad making us considerable pre-
som time to time. He was also so
ndescending as to spend two or
venings in a week with us, and
tly to take my wife with him into
rior, for an afternoon's riding,
had the misfortune, soon after
riage, of labouring under an ill
health, which, as we all feared,
terminate in a dropsey.
lordship was still kinder to me in
ffairs, inasmuch that in less than
onths after our marriage, he sent
the west, with thirty guineas in
ket, to supply the place of a wor-
gyman, whom my lord had sent
town upon particular business;
cause the ill health of my wife
d a little country air, his lord-
oposed taking lodgings for her
ghtbridge during my absence,

where she was daily to be attended by
his own physician.

At the end of six weeks, his lordship
was pleased to recall me to town, where
I had the inexpressible satisfaction of
finding my wife returned to her house,
perfectly cured of her disorder, with
only a little paleness remaining from
the violent remedies prescribed to her
by her physician. I had the additional
happiness of finding his lordship with
my wife, waiting my return; and to be
honoured with his thanks for the faith-
ful discharge of my trust, together with
a promise of the very first living that
should fall within his gift.

I mention these things, Sir, to the
honour of my noble benefactor, who
ever since my marriage, which is now
three years ago, has been lavishing his
favour upon me; who has been so very
condescending as to stand godfather in
person to my two children, and to take
every opportunity of making me happy
by his visits. But I am not entering
into a particular detail of the pleasures
I enjoy: I have another motive for trou-
bling you with this letter.

His lordship, the beginning of this
month, was pleased, amongst the many
instances of his goodness, to procure
for me a chaplainship in one of the re-
giments now in Scotland; and as my
attendance was immediately necessary,
and my wife too far gone with child to
think of going with me; as soon as I
had prepared every thing for my jour-
ney, I sent an advertisement to the Daily
Advertiser in the following words.

WANTED, an agreeable companion
in a post-chaise to Edinburgh. Enquire
for the Reverend W. B. at the Green
Park Coffee-house, Piccadilly. Note,
The utmost expedition will be necessary.

The next morning, as I was reading
a news-paper in the coffee-room, I heard
a young gentleman, of a very modest and
decent appearance, enquiring at the bar
for the Reverend Mr. W. B. I told him
that I was the person; and calling for a
couple

never so happy as when engaged in serious conversation with a worthy divine. He was pleased to add, that he saw something in my appearance which entitled me to that character, and that he did not doubt of being greatly edified during to long a journey. Many civilities passed on my side in return; and in the end it was agreed that we should set out that very evening at six o'clock. He was punctual to his appointment, with a servant on horseback, leading a handsome gelding for his master, who with two young gentlemen, his friends, were waiting for me at the inn. I could not help observing, while the chaise was getting ready, that these young gentlemen were taking a good deal of pains to stifle a laugh, which, on our stepping into the carriage, they were no longer able to contain: but I made no remarks upon their behaviour, and we set out upon our journey.

We reached Ware that night, without any thing happening worthy of remark, except that we were stopt upon the road by two young gentlemen on horseback, and interrupted in a very serious conversation, by their saluting my companion with 'Z——ds, Jack! what, playing the saint, and travelling to heaven with a parson!' My fellow-traveller gave them a look of contempt;

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over to his side with a whole of silver, I was thrust into the and compelled to go on.

and scarce travelled a mile before took a couple of gypsies upon

one an old woman, the other They were all over rags and

and so intoxicated with liquor, that led at every step. My compa-

lled to the position to stop; and reftioning these wretches about they were going, got out of the

and told me that he could not ty fit tolling at his ease, while he tender sex were walking bare-

the road; and that, if I had no objections, he would make the

an offer of his seat, and Miss, was pleased to call her, might

reat conveniency fit upon my It was in vain for me to ex-

ce, or to attempt leaping after is servant held me fast by the

hile the master with great gra- ceremony handed the creatures

chaife; and then mounting his side close by it's side, talking

y to the wretches, and instruct- n to behave to me in a manner

endured nor described. is manner we passed through the

, and entered Royston; the being ordered to walk his

gently to the inn, that we might wed by a mob, whom my com-

called to at every turning to be parion and his doxies.

from the chaife amidst the hal-

of the rabble, and ran into a

ne door of which I locked. Here

nined to remain, or to fly to the

ite for protection, had not my

or made his appearance at the

, telling me that as the joke was

an end, and as he believed I had

ugh of an agreeable companion,

tered his intention of visiting

l, and should return to town

ning. I thanked him for the

but kept close to my room, till

m with his servant side out of

and take the road to London.

ordered some refreshment to be

brought me, and a post-chaife to be in readiness; but how great was my astonishment, when feeling for my purse, which contained forty guineas at my setting out, I found that my pockets had been rifled, and that I had not so much as a brass farthing left me!

As it was no doubt with me that the gypsies had robbed me, I made immediate enquiry after them, but learnt that they had disappeared on our arrival at the inn; and though the most diligent search was made for them, they were no where to be found.

It was now impossible for me to proceed; I therefore determined to remain where I was, till I could receive a fresh supply from my wife, to whom I dispatched a messenger with a letter, setting forth at large all the cruelties I had met with.

When the messenger was gone, it occurred to me, that however ill my companion had used me, he could not be base enough to concert this robbery with the gypsies, and therefore might be inclined to make up my loss upon knowing that I had sustained it. For this reason I determined once more to transmit my complaints to the World; that if the young gentleman has any one principle of honour remaining, he may send to Mr. Dorsley's the sum I have been defrauded of. My demand upon him is for seven-and-thirty guineas, which unless he pays within six days after the publication of this letter, I will forthwith print his name in the news-papers, and proclaim to the public the injuries he has done me.

I have another reason for giving you this trouble; which is, to caution all gentlemen for the future against advertising in the papers for an Agreeable Companion in a post-chaife; as it consoles me not a little, that I am enabled to make other people wise, even by my own misfortunes. I am, Sir, your obliged, and most faithful servant,

W. B.

GEORGE INN AT
ROYSTON,
JULY 16, 1756.

N^o CLXXXVII. THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG all the grievances that your correspondents have from time to time laid before you, I have met with no one situation that bears any likeness to my own, or that deserves your compassion and advice half so much. I am the brother of four sisters, am the eldest of my family, a freeman of the city of London, and by trade a shoemaker. My father enjoyed a small place at court, which I believe, one year with another, brought him in about a hundred and fifty pounds. My mother was descended from the third or fourth cousin of an attainted Scotch peer, was a lady's woman when my father married her, and brought with her a very large portion of pride, virtue, and fine breeding. My father, who before his marriage had held up his head very high as a courtier, was now of greater consequence than ever, in the thought that by this happy match he had allied himself to nobility. My mother indeed had one great mortification to surmount; which was, that she had not only contaminated her blood by marrying a plebeian, who was formerly a broken tallow-chandler in the city, but had changed her illustrious maiden name for the coarse and vulgar appellation of Mrs. Laycock. She comforted herself, however, on the first appearance of her pregnancy, that so odious a surname should be qualified in her children with the genteelst and most elegant Christian names that history or romance could possibly supply. My father approved the thought; and no sooner was I a fortnight old, than I was christened, with great pomp and grandeur, by the name of Ptolemy. My eldest sister, who came into the world a year after, was called Wilhelmina Charlotta, the second Penthesilea, the third Telethusa, and the fourth Honoria. There was also a second son, who died within the month, christened Agamemnon.

We were all of us trained up to regard these names as marks of superiority over other children, and such as

would one time or other most certainly make our fortunes. If Master Ptolemy was naughty, he was not chid as a vulgar child, but admonished with all the gentleness and forbearance due to so illustrious a name. If Miss Wilhelmina Charlotta, or her sisters Miss Penthesilea, Miss Telethusa, or Miss Honoria, forgot to hold up their heads, or were caught at romps with the boys, they were put in mind of their names, and instructed to act up to them. Our dresses were, if possible, as fantastic as our names; and the formality of our behaviour was of a piece with both. And though we were the plainest children in the world, and had not the least probable chance of receiving a single shilling to our portions, we were trained up to pride and idleness, and to turn up our noses at all the Dicks, Toms, and Harrys, the Dukeys and Pollys, that were our superiors in the neighbourhood.

The necessary expences to support all this pride and folly, were more than could be spared from the narrow income of my father: and Master Ptolemy, who was now eleven years old, must have been as totally uneducated as the miss his sisters, if my father's brother, who was a reputable shoemaker in the city, had not taken me into his care, and sent me to St. Paul's school at his own expence. To this accident of my life I owe my escape from ruin. I was called King Ptolemy by all the boys, and so laughed at for my importance, that I soon grew ashamed of my name; and at the end of three years, when my mother thought it high time for me to return to court, I chose to accept of an offer my uncle had made me of becoming his apprentice, and entering into partnership with him when my time was expired. My father's consent was pretty easily obtained, as he found himself in an ill state of health, and unable to provide for me: but my mother was inexorable. She considered that my great name would but ill suit with so low a calling; and when she saw me determined, she told me in a flood of tears at parting, I was the first Ptolemy that ever made shoes.

For my own part, I had been so humbled at school about my name, that I

afterwards wrote more than the
ter of it; and as P. very luckily
more like Philip than Ptolemy,
escaped the ridicule that would
life have been thrown upon me.

he end of my apprenticeship, my
ave me his only daughter in mar-
and dying soon after, I succeed-
s trade and effects; and to a for-
good debts and money, to the
of four thousand pounds.

nother, who had never thorough-
vered the shock of her son Ptole-
isgrace, died a few months after
le; and my father followed her
nmer, leaving to my sisters no
rtune than their names, which
great sorrow has not been quite
ent in the world as to enable them
upon it. To be as short as I
ey were all thrown upon my
and are like to continue with
ong as I live. But the misfor-

that to keep my sisters from
g, I must become a beggar my-
or the expences they bring, and
ving they do, will not suffer me
n. By their dresses, their names,
airs of quality they give them-

I am rendered ridiculous among
acquaintance. My wife, who is
plain good woman, and whose
Amey, has been new-christen-
l is called Amelia; and my little
er, a child of a year old, is no
Polly, but Maria. They are
ally quarrelling with one ano-
out the superiority of their names;
cause the eldest sister has two,
e others but one, they have en-
to a combination to rob her of
nd almost to break her heart, by
her Miss Laycock.

ve shewn them the impossibility
maintaining them much longer,
tenderly as I was able, propos-
going into service; but they told
th the utmost indignation, that
er a shoemaker in the city might
to the contrary, the names of
mina, Charlotta, Penthesilea,
isa, and Honoria, were by no
servants names; and unless I
myself inclined to make a better
n for them, they should conti-
ere they were. Nay, my young-
s, Miss Honoria, who thinks her-
ndsome, had the impudence to
that if ever she condescended to
ber person for hire, it should be
r uses than those of a servant; to

which Miss Telethusa was pleased to
add, that indeed she was entirely of
Miss Honoria's opinion; for that the sin
of being a mistress was not half so
shocking to her as the shame of being a
servant.

You will judge, Sir, how desirous I
am to rid the house of them, when I tell
you that I have even offered to take a
shop for them at the court end of the
town, and to give each of them a hun-
dred pounds to set up with in any way
they should chuse: but their great
names, forsooth, are not to be prostit-
uted upon shop-bills, whatever their
brother Ptolemy, the shoemaker, in his
great zeal to serve them, may please
humbly to conceive. Yet with these
truly great names, that are not to be
contaminated by trade or service, they
have condescended to rob my till two or
three times; and no longer ago than last
week, when I caught my eldest sister in
the fact, she told me with great dignity,
that it became her brother Ptolemy to
blush at laying her under the necessity
of doing an action that was so much
beneath her.

I have laid the whole affair before the
minister of the parish, who has taken
a great deal of pains to reason them into
their senses, but to no purpose: and un-
less you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who are a
travelled man, can direct them to any
part of the globe, where great names,
great pride, great indolence, and great
poverty, are the only qualifications that
men look for in a wife, I must shut up
shop in a few days, and leave Miss Wil-
helmina Charlotta, and the other Misses
her sisters, with their illustrious names,
to go begging about the streets. If you
know of any such place, and will do me
the favour to mention it in your next
Thursday's paper, you will save a whole
family from ruin, and infinitely oblige,
Sir, your most sorrowful humble ser-
vant,

P. LAYCOCK.

The case of my correspondent is, I
confess, a very hard one; and I wish
with all my heart that I had discovered
in my travels such a country as he hints
at. All the advice I can give him is, to
send for the minister of the parish once
more, and get his sisters re-baptized:
for till they can be prevailed upon to
have new names, it will be altogether
impossible to give them new natures.

N^o CLXXXVIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1756.

THOUGH the first of the following letters bears a little hand upon the ladies, for whom I have always professed a regard even to veneration, yet I am induced to give it a place in my paper, from the consideration, that if the complaint contained in it should happen to have the least foundation in truth, they may have an opportunity of adding another proof to the multitudes they are daily giving, that they want only to be told of their errors to amend them. Of the second letter I shall say nothing more, than that the expedient proposed in it to remove the evil complained of has my entire approbation.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

WITH as much devotion for the fair as any man, and as high a sense of the happiness they are capable of imparting, I have resolved to die an old bachelor; yet not in the least determined by the strongest arguments against matrimony, or the most fashionable motives to a single life. It is my misfortune to esteem *delicacy*, *creancy*, *modesty*, and some of the qualifications conveyed under the idea of *modesty*, as the most engaging ornaments of a well-bred woman. How unhappy then am I, that none of these should be of repute in the present age!

I had once formed a design of transporting myself to Spain or China, for a lady of the *domestic* kind; but giving the preference to those of my own country, I delayed my intention, till I should see the influence your weekly admonitions were attended with. I am now sorry to find, that notwithstanding your censorious dignity, they have openly dared to persist in those fashions you have so long opposed. An unaccountable propensity to visit public places, a general nakedness of shoulders, a remarkable bluntness of face, a loud voice, and a masculine air, have lately gained much ground in the country; and I am apt to think I shall shortly see the necks and bosoms of my fair countrywomen painted with devices of birds and beasts, in imitation of the ancient Britons, though

they are now contented with plain white and red.

I have observed, that as we are gradually retreating from the courage and greatness of our sex, the ladies are advancing with hasty strides upon us; and whether we shall long maintain the pre-eminence, is a point much liable to dispute.

I cannot but suspect them of entertaining designs of invading the province of man; and though I acknowledge their boundless power, I never was formed to obey, and cannot think of submission. But admitting that the present generation of beauties are totally unfit for wives, except to those gentle minds who would think themselves honoured by having their thousands spent in the gentlest manner, yet in another capacity they might be made of the greatest service to their country. When I see their hair tied in a knot behind, or either hanging down in a ramellie, or folded up in ribbands, I cannot but look on them as the fair defenders of Britain, on whose gallantry I should rather chuse to rely, than on all the boasted prowess of our military beaux. On this footing I can excuse them for sacrificing the thousand nameless powers of pleasing which nature has invested them with, for the powers of destroying, and consent to their changing the darts of Cupid for the armour of Mars. Whatever magazines of lightning are laid up in their bright eyes, I hope they will blaze out on this occasion.

If it should be objected that we ought to have proofs of their valour, and that a big look may be consistent with a faint heart; I answer, that there can be no great reason to doubt the bravery of those, who have made it one of their first maxims 'never to be afraid of a man;' and besides, that natural love of conquest which possesses every individual of the female world, would animate them forward to the boldest enterprises. I would rather propose, that the more gay and airy of them should be distributed into a body of flying light-horse; the Gadabouts would make an excellent company of foragers; the more

of them would serve to carry the
s, and the sight of them would in-
he soldiers with unequalled reso-
and courage. Thus they might

disposed in ranks and stations
e to their respective merits, dis-
ns, and qualifications, from the
dy of quality to the lowest belle
country village. I should also
that a sufficient number of fer-
ransports should be sent to the re-
our garrisons abroad, if it was
om my apprehensions that they
not be able to sustain a long siege,
ight perhaps be captivated by the
se fineness of an embroidered
: of the order of St. Louis. I
only one circumstance more to
m to excite their zeal; which is,
hey must be obliged to content
lves with their own invented fa-
till the successes of their arms
blige the French to accept of our
for those that are à la mode de

his proposal be agreeable to your
ent, I hope you will second it by
rmost encouragements. May we
ult in the prospect of that glorious
of success which must attend an
of heroines, bred to a contempt
ger, and trained up from infancy
to the most intimate acquaintance
alls, drums, rants, hurricanes, and
e? I am, Sir, your humble ser-

A. SINGLETON.

FITZ-ADAM,

re a complaint to lay before you,
ich, to the best of my memory,
ave not hitherto touched upon.
ground of my complaint, Sir, is
News, you know, never was more
uting than at this moment. What
told at breakfast is contradicted
on, and that again is old by din-
be dinner-table scarcely lasts till
and all is found to be false be-
ght. And yet, Sir, there are a
wife men, who are always satis-
ith the last tale, and constantly
you they were all along of that
n. 'Lord, Sir, I knew it must
; how could it be otherwise? I
ys said so' and though accounts

vary to-morrow, it does not at all af-
fect them; for to-morrow they will have
been all along perfectly well acquainted
with just the contrary to what they knew
so well to-day. This everlasting know-
ledge and secret intelligence is really,
Sir, a most provoking insult on us poor
things, who are not so knowing. If I
am wrong to-day, my friend is wrong
to-morrow, and that puts us on an
equality; but these people, who are al-
ways sure to be of the right opinion,
because they have no opinion at all, are
not to be endured.

But it is one thing to complain, and
another to redress; and unless I thought
I had some method to remedy the evil, I
would not complain of it. The remedy
I would propose is simply this: that the
term *I* be for ever excluded all conver-
sations. There is not, perhaps, one
single impertinence or soppery in dis-
course, that is not imputable to that
same little letter *I*. The old man, go-
ing to repeat the lye he has talked him-
self into a belief of, cries—'I remem-
' her when *I* was young.' The maiden
of fifty blisses her stars, and says—'I
' was not such a flirt.' The bold col-
onel tells you—'I led on the men, I
' entered the breach.' The rake—'I
' debauched such a girl, I drank down
' such a fellow.' Now, Sir, fond as
people are of being foolish, they would
even consent to be wise, if it was not
confining their follies to their own dear
persons. The old man's dull story is
only to let you see what *he* was himself.
The maiden gentlewoman only means to
exemplify her own modesty, and does
not care a pin for all the frailties of her
neighbours, but that she has thereby an
opportunity of telling you how virtuous
she herself is. The soldier never tells
you of a campaign, but the one he was
himself in. The rake never tells you
of any follies but his own; and the wife
man I complained of in the beginning
of my letter, never tells you Mr. Such-
a-one always thought so, or Mr. Some-
body always said so, but *I* always
thought so, *I* always said so. Let me
therefore intreat you, Mr. Fitz-Adam,
to forbid the use of this monosyllable,
and you will much oblige, Sir, your
friend, &c.

W.

N° CLXXIX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1756.

WE are accused by the French, and perhaps but too justly, of having no word in our language which answers to their word *police*; which, therefore, we have been obliged to adopt, not having, as they say, the thing.

It does not occur to me, that we have any one word in our language (I hope not from the same reason) to express the ideas which they comprehend under the words *les mœurs*. Manners are too little, morals too much. I should define it thus: *A general exterior decency, fitness, and propriety of conduct, in the common intercourse of life.*

Cicero, in his Offices, makes use of the word *decorum* in this sense, to express what he tells us the Greeks signified by their word, (I will not shock the eyes of my polite readers with Greek types) *To Prepon*.

The thing, however, is unquestionably of importance, by whatever word it may be dignified or degraded, distinguished or mistaken: it shall therefore be the subject of this paper to explain and recommend it; and, upon this occasion, I shall adopt the word *decorum*.

But, as I have some private reasons for desiring not to lessen the sale of these my lucubrations, I must premise that, notwithstanding this serious introduction, I am not going to preach either religious or moral duties. On the contrary, it is a scheme of interest which I mean to communicate; and which, if the supposed characteristic of the present age be true, must, I should apprehend, be highly acceptable to the generality of my readers.

I take it for granted, that the most sensible and informed part of mankind, I mean people of fashion, pursue singly their own interests and pleasures; that they desire, as far as possible, to enjoy them exclusively; and to avail themselves of the simplicity, the ignorance, and the prejudices of the vulgar, who have neither the same strength of mind, nor the same advantages of education. Now it is certain, that nothing would more contribute to that desirable end, than a strict observance of this *decorum*; which, as I have already hinted, does not extend to religious or moral duties; does not pro-

hibit the solid enjoyments of vice, but only throws a veil of decency between it and the vulgar, conceals part of it's native deformity, and prevents scandal and bad example. It is a sort of pepper-corn quit-rent paid to virtue, as an acknowledgment of it's superiority; but, according to our present constitution, is the easy price of freedom, not the tribute of vassalage.

Those who would be respected by others, must first respect themselves. A certain exterior purity and dignity of character, commands respect, procures credit, and invites confidence; but the public exercise and ostentation of vice has all the contrary effects.

The middle class of people in this country, though generally straining to imitate their betters, have not yet shaken off the prejudices of their education; very many of them still believe in a Supreme Being, in a future state of rewards and punishments, and retain some coarse, homespun notions, of moral good and evil. The rational system of materialism has not yet reached them; and, in my opinion, it may be full as well it never should; for as I am not of levelling principles, I am for preserving a due subordination from inferiors to superiors, which an equality of profligacy must totally destroy.

A fair character is a more lucrative thing than people are generally aware of; and I am informed, that an eminent money-scrivener has lately calculated with great accuracy the advantage of it, and that it has turned out a clear profit of thirteen and a half per cent. in the general transactions of life; which advantage, frequently repeated, as it must be in the course of the year, amounts to a very considerable object.

To proceed to a few instances. If the courtier would but wear the appearance of truth, promise less, and perform more, he would acquire such a degree of trust and confidence, as would enable him to strike on a sudden, and with success, some splendid stroke of perfidy, to the infinite advantage of himself and his party.

A patriot, of all people, should be a strict observer of this *decorum*, if he

would (as it is to be presumed he would) bear a good price at the court-market. The love of his dear country, well acted and little felt, will certainly get him into good keeping, and perhaps procure him a handsome settlement for life; but if his prostitution be flagrant, he is only made use of in cases of the utmost necessity, and even then only by cullies. I must observe, by the bye, that of late the market has been a little glutted with patriots, and consequently they do not sell quite so well.

Few masters of families are, I should presume, deirous to be robbed indiscriminately by all their servants; and as servants in general are more afraid of the devil, and less of the gallows, than of their masters, it seems to be as imprudent as indecent to remove that wholesome fear, either by their examples, or their philosophical dissertations, exploding in their presence, though ever so justly, all the idle notions of future punishments, or of moral good and evil. At present, honest faithful servants rob their masters conscientiously only, in their respective stations; but take away those checks and restraints, which the prejudices of their education have laid them under, they will soon rob indiscriminately, and out of their several departments; which would probably create some little confusion in families, especially in numerous ones.

I cannot omit observing, that this *decorum* extends to the little trifling offices of common life; such as seeming to take a tender and affectionate part in the health or fortune of your acquaintance, and a readiness and alacrity to serve them, in things of little consequence to them, and of none at all to you. These attentions bring in good interest; the weak and the ignorant mistake them for the real sentiments of your heart, and give you their esteem and friendship in return. The wise, indeed, pay you in your own coin, or by a truck of commodities of equal value; upon which, however, there is no loss; so that, upon the whole, this commerce, skilfully carried on, is a very lucrative one.

In all my schemes for the general good of mankind, I have always a particular attention to the utility that may arise from them to my fair fellow-subjects, for whom I have the tenderest and most unfeigned concern; and I lay hold of this opportunity, most earnestly to re-

commend to them the strictest observance of this *decorum*. I will admit, that a fine woman of a certain rank cannot have too many real vices; but, at the same time, I do insist upon it, that it is essentially her interest not to have the appearance of any one. This *decorum*, I confess, will conceal her conquests, and prevent her triumphs; but, on the other hand, if she will be pleased to reflect that those conquests are known, sooner or later, always to end in her total defeat, she will not, upon an average, find herself a loser. There are, indeed, some husbands of such humane and hospitable dispositions, that they seem determined to share all their happiness with their friends and acquaintance; so that, with regard to such husbands singly, this *decorum* were useless; but the far greater number are of a churlish and uncommunicative disposition, troublesome upon bare suspicions, and brutal upon proofs. These are capable of inflicting upon the fair delinquent the pains and penalties of exile and imprisonment at the dreadful mansion-seat, notwithstanding the most solemn protestations and oaths, hacked with the most moving tears, that nothing really criminal has passed. But it must be owned, that of all negatives, that is much the hardest to be proved.

Though deep play be a very innocent and even commendable amusement in itself, it is, however, as things are yet constituted, a great breach, nay, perhaps the highest violation possible of the *decorum* in the fair sex. If generally fortunate, it induces some suspicion of dexterity; if unfortunate, of debt; and, in this latter case, the ways and means for raising the supplies necessary for the current year, are sometimes supposed to be unwarrantable. But what is still much more important, is, that the agonies of an ill run will disfigure the finest face in the world, and cause most ungraceful emotions. I have known a bad game, suddenly produced upon a good game, for a deep stake at Bragg or Commerce, almost make the vermilion turn pale, and elicit from lips, where the sweets of Hybla dwelt, and where the loves and graces played, some murmured oaths, which, though minced and mitigated a little in their terminations, seemed to me, upon the whole, to be rather unbecoming.

Another singular advantage which

will arise to my fair countrywomen of distinction from the observance of this *decorum*, is, that they will never want some credit-ble led certain to attend them at a minute's warning to operas, plays, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall; whereas I have known some women of extreme condition, who by neglecting the *decorum*, had flattered away their characters to such a degree, as to be obliged upon those emergencies to take up with mere toad-eaters of very equivocal rank and character, who by no means graced their entry into public places.

To the young unmarried ladies I beg leave to represent, that this *decorum* will make a difference of at least five-and-twenty, if not fifty per cent. in their fortunes. The pretty men, who have commonly the honour of attending them, are not in general the marrying kind of men; they love them too much, or too little, know them too well, or not well enough, to think of marrying them. The husband-like men are a set of awkward fellows with good estates, and who, not

having got the better of vulgar prejudices, lay some stress upon the characters of their wives, and the legitimacy of the heirs to their estates and titles. These are to be caught only by *les mœurs*; the hook must be baited with the *decorum*; the naked one will not do.

I must own that it seems too severe to deny young ladies the innocent amusements of the present times; but I beg of them to recollect, that I mean only with regard to outward appearances; and I should presume that *tête à tête* with the pretty men might be contrived and brought about in places less public than Kensington-gardens, the two parks, the high roads, or the streets of London.

Having thus combined, as I flatter myself that I have, the solid enjoyments of vice, with the useful appearance of virtue, I think myself entitled to the thanks of my country in general, and to that just praise which Horace gives to the author, *qui miscuit utile dulci*, or in English, who joins the useful with the agreeable.

N° CXC. THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1756.

I Can remember, when I was a young man at the university, being so much affected with that very pathetic speech, which Ovid has put into the mouth of Pythagoras, against eating the flesh of animals, that it was some time before I could bring myself to our college mutton again, without some inward doubt whether I was not making myself an accomplice to a murder. My scruples remained unreconciled to the committing to horrid a meal, till upon serious reflection I became convinced of its legality, from the general order of Nature, who has instituted the universal preying upon the weaker as one of her first principles; though to me it has ever appeared an incomprehensible mystery, that she who could not be restrained by any want of materials from furnishing supplies for the support of her various offspring, should lay them under the necessity of devouring one another.

But though this reflection had force enough to dispythagorize me, before my companions had time to make observations upon my behaviour, which could by no means have turned to my advantage in the world, I for a great while re-

tained so tender a regard for all my fellow-creatures, that I have several times brought myself into imminent peril, by my attempts to rescue persecuted cats from the hands and teeth of their war-ryers; by endeavouring to prevent the engagement of dogs, who had manifestly no quarrel of their own; and by putting butchers boys in mind, that as their sheep were going to die, they walked still as fast as could be reasonably expected, without the cruel blows they were so liberal in bestowing upon them. As I commonly came off by the worst in these disputes, and as I could not but observe that I often aggravated, never diminished, the ill treatment of these innocent sufferers, I soon found it necessary to consult my own ease, as well as security, by turning down another street, whenever I met with an adversary of this kind, rather than be compelled to be a spectator of what would shock me, or be provoked to run myself into danger, without the least advantage to those whom I would assist.

I have kept strictly ever since to this method of flying from the sight of cruelty, whenever I could find ground to

for it: and I make no manner of doubt, that I have more than once escaped the horns of a mad ox, as all of that species are called, that do not *chuse* to be tormented as well as killed. But on the other hand, these escapes of mine have very frequently run me into great inconveniences: I have sometimes been led into such a series of blind alleys, that it has been matter of great difficulty to me to find my way out of them. I have been betrayed by my hurry into the middle of a market, the proper residence of inhumanity. I have paid many a six-and-eight-pence for non-appearance at the hour my lawyer had appointed for business; and, what would hurt some people worse than all the rest, I have frequently arrived too late for the dinners I have been invited to at the houses of my friends.

All these difficulties and distresses, I began to flatter myself, were going to be removed, and that I should be left at liberty to pursue my walks through the straitest and broadest streets, when Mr. Hogarth first published his prints upon the subject of cruelty; but whatever success so much ingenuity, founded upon so much humanity, might deserve, all the hopes I had built of seeing a reformation proved vain and fruitless. I am sorry to say it, but there still remain in the streets of this metropolis more scenes of barbarity than perhaps are to be met with in all Europe besides. Asia is too well known for compassion to brutes; and nobody who has read *Bulbequius*, will wonder at me for most heartily wishing that our common people were no crueller than Turks.

I should have apprehensions of being laughed at, were I to complain of want of compassion in our law, the very word seeming contradictory to any idea of it; but I will venture to own, that to me it appears strange, that the man against whom I should be enabled to bring an action for laying a little dirt at my door, may with impunity drive by it half a dozen calves, with their tails lopped close to their bodies, and their hinder parts covered with blood. He must have a passion for neatness not to be envied, who does not think this a greater nuisance than the sight of a few cinders.

I know not whether it is from the clergy's having looked upon this subject as too trivial for their notice, that we find them more silent upon it than could be wished: for as slaughter is at present

no branch of the priesthood, it is to be presumed they have as much compassion as other men. The Spectator has exclaimed against the cruelty of roasting lobsters alive, and of whipping pigs to death: but the misfortune is, the writings of an Addison are seldom read by cooks and butchers. As to the thinking part of mankind, it has always been convinced, I believe, that however conformable to the general rule of nature our devouring animals may be, (for I would not be understood to impeach, what is our only visible prerogative as lords of the creation, an unbounded licence of teeth) we are nevertheless under indelible obligations to prevent their suffering any degree of pain, more than is absolutely unavoidable. But this conviction lies in such hands, that I fear not one poor creature in a million has ever fared the better for it, and I believe never will; since people of condition, the only source from whence this pity is to flow, are so far from inculcating it to those beneath them, that a very few winters ago, they suffered themselves to be entertained at a public theatre by the performances of an unhappy company of animals, who could only have been made actors by the utmost energy of whip-cord and starving.

I acknowledge my tenderness to be particularly affected in favour of so faithful and useful a creature as a dog; an animal so approaching to us in sense, so dependent upon us for support, and so peculiarly the friend of man, that he deserves the kindest and most gentle usage. For no less than the whole race of these animals I have been under the greatest alarms, ever since the tax upon dogs was first reported to be in agitation. I thought it a little hard, indeed, that a man should be taxed for having one creature in his house in which he might confide; but when I heard that officers were to be appointed, to knock out the brains of all these honest domestics, who should presume to make their appearance in the streets without the passport of their master's name about their necks, I became seriously concerned for them.

This enmity against dogs is pretended to be founded upon the apprehension of their going mad: but an easier remedy might be applied, by abstaining the custom (with many others equally ingenious) of tying bottles and stones to their

tails; by which means (and in this one particular I must give up my clients) the unfortunate sufferer becomes subject to the persecutions of his own species, too apt to join the ran against a brother in distress. But great allowance should be made for an animal, who in an intimacy of near six thousand years with man, has learnt but one of his bad qualities.

To conclude this subject: as I cannot but join in opinion with Mr. Hogarth, that the frequency of murders among us is greatly owing to those scenes of cruelty, which the lower ranks of

people are so much accustomed to, instead of multiplying such scenes, I should rather hope that some proper method might be fixed upon, either for preventing them, or removing them out of sight; so that our infants might not grow up into the world in a familiarity with blood. If we may believe the naturalists, that a lion is a gentle animal till his tongue has been dipped in blood, what precaution ought we to use to prevent Man from being inured to it, who has such superiority of power to do mischief!

Nº CXCI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1755.

DIFFICILE EST SATIRAM NON SCRIBERE.

JUV.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IT has always appeared to me that there is something extremely absurd in a general satire; for as it will always instruct vanity how to shun, and enable impudence to reject it's application, I cannot discover that it is likely to answer any better purpose, than that of giving encouragement to rogues, and administering comfort to fools.

This species of writing is by no means of modern invention, and consequently can have no essential connection with the reigning manners of the present times. If we examine the satirists of any other age, we shall find that they have all unanimously followed the example of their father Simonides, and represented the human species in a very unnatural light; nor do I think it possible for any one to display his talents this way, without having recourse to the same expedient. From hence I would infer, that the description of a monstrous character, in those early days of simplicity and innocence, was considered only as an ingenious piece of invention, and that their false notion of wit was the sole occasion of their giving into such a ridiculous custom. And this, as I take it, will be sufficient to account for it's being so fashionable with us at this time, though there be manifestly no other reason for our admitting it, than because we are pleased to fancy the judgment of the ancients, and love to copy indiscriminately from

all their models with a servile veneration. But supposing this to be a true representation of the case before us, and that men of wit never satirize with any offensive design, but purely for the sake of displaying their abilities; yet what shall we say for those churlish malecontents, who pretend to write satire, with no other earthly talent for it than rank malevolence? Why truly, it is to be feared, they have no less exasperating a reason for reviling all mankind, than because they are deservedly despised by every body that knows them. For as it is absurd to suppose that a man who has always been very civilly treated by the world, should have any inclination to fall out with it in good earnest, so every worthless fellow, who has been justly mortified by it's contempt or aversion, will naturally be provoked to expose himself to it's utmost derision, by a silly attempt to retaliate the insult. And hence it is, if a few splenetic conceited wretches are not carried up to the extravagant expectation of their own imaginary deserts, they shall immediately vent their resentment in all those alarming exclamations, which have, with equal propriety, been echoed through every century of the world. Then, forsooth, that utter neglect of merit, which has been the constant reproach of every other age, shall once more be the peculiar infamy of this; then we shall be sent again into the very dregs of time, and shall at length be most effectually

t astonishing measure of iniquity, has been just on the very brink of complicated, ever since the first justification of an universal deluge.

very remarkable that this whimsical encreasy has always been most prevalent in the most refined and enlightened and that it has constantly increased in proportion with the progress of natural sciences. Every considerate man, therefore, upon such a discovery, would be inclined to consider all vices against the corruption of the times, as so many convincing evidences of our real improvement. I Mr. Fitz-Adam, it is your opinion that the experience of our ancestors has been entirely thrown away upon a world that the world is likely to grow wiser the longer it lasts. I own I am entirely of your way of thinking; and should be very ready to be, was I not afraid of offending modesty, how much benefit it is to receive from your weekly instructions.

those who are sequestered from the crowded scenes of life, and must find themselves forestalled almost every subject, but such as the fund of their own imaginations furnish them with; to those, I say, it seems very surprising that you are able to procure so many fresh materials for the gratification of their fancy. But the fancy of the polite world is inexhaustibly fertile; and who are conversant with it at this time will be so far from imagining that we distressed for want of novelty, we will rather think it impossible to imblest pen to keep pace with novations. The only thing that we are them any surprize is, that you

still be catching at every recent hat comes in your way, when they supply you with such a plentiful fund of new and unheard-of virtues. I am sure that new virtues will found a field to some precise formal creatures, have conceived a strange notion of the virtues must eternally and ably result from some certain unchangeable principles, which are called maxims and principles of things. But no man in his senses would ever to vary the fashion of his morals, taste of the times required it: for it would be absurd to the last degree, to think that it is not altogether as rea-

sonable to dress out our manners to the best advantage, as to wear any external ornament for the recommendation of our persons; and not only because the common practice of the world will justify our using as much art in managing the former as the latter, but because it is difficult to conceive that there should be any more essential harm in new-modelling a habit of the mind, than in altering the trim of a coat or waistcoat.

And really it is astonishing to think what an advantage our present improved state of morality has over all the ancient systems of virtue. It barely to avoid vice has been generally reckoned the beginning of virtue, to convert vice itself into virtue, must needs border very nearly on the very perfection of merit. And can any one pretend to deny but that many practices, which in times past were branded with infamy, have at length, by our ingenious contrivances, been transformed into the most reputable accomplishments? A great wit of the last age having asked, by way of a problem, why it was much more difficult to say any thing new in a panegyric than in a satire, endeavoured to account for it himself, by observing, that all the virtues of mankind were to be counted upon a few fingers, whereas their vices were innumerable, and time was hourly adding to the heap. But a late moralist has been so obliging as to make a great diminution in the number of our vices, and whilst so ingenious, as to insist the greatest part of them into the catalogue of virtues; so that at present a copious lampoon ought to be looked upon as a work of amazing invention, and a trite or barren dedication as the effect only of dulness. I will not pretend to prophesy to what an eminent degree of perfection this double advantage must in time advance us. It is certain that we have at present but few vices left for us to encounter with; and as I have reason to believe, that it is their names chiefly which make them formidable, I think it would be very prudent first of all to give their characters a little softening; for could we but once bring ourselves to look upon them with indifference, I make no doubt but we should soon be able either to extirpate them entirely, or, at least, to gain them over with the rest of their party to the side of virtue.

Some travellers, indeed, have endeavoured

voured to make us believe, that many of our modern virtues have been long since practised in some other parts of the world: but let them talk of the Mengesians, Topinambos, and Hottentots, as much as they please, yet I am satisfied that we have made more refine-

ments, if not more discoveries, than any of them; and that we are still cultivating many curious tracts in the regions of virtue, which, in all likelihood, without our assistance, must have for ever remained in the terra incognita of moral. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Nº CXCH. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1756.

IN all my researches into the human heart, (the study of which has taken up my principal attention for these forty years past) I have never been so confounded and perplexed as at discovering, that while people are indulging themselves openly and without disguise in the commission of almost every vice that their natures incline them to, they should desire to conceal their virtues, as if they were really ashamed of them, and considered them as so many weaknesses in their constitutions. I know a man at this very hour, who is in his heart the most domestic creature living, and whose wife and children are the only delight of his life; yet who, for fear of being laughed at by his acquaintance, and to get a reputation in the world, is doing penance every evening at the tavern, and perpetually hinting to his companions, that he has a misdeed in private. I am acquainted with another, who being overheard upon a sick-bed to recommend himself to the care of Heaven in a short exclamation, was so ashamed of being told of it, that he pleaded light-headedness for his excuse, pretending that he could not possibly have been in his right senses, and guilty of such a weakness. I know also a third, who from a serious turn of mind, goes to church every Sunday in a part of the town where he is totally unknown, that he may recommend himself to his acquaintance, by laughing at public worship, and ridiculing the parsons.

There are men who are so fond of the reputation of an intrigue with a handsome married woman, that, without the least passion for the object of their pursuit, or perhaps the ability to gratify it if they had, are teasing her in all companies, pursuing her to every public place, and eternally buzzing in her ear, to convince the world that they are in possession of a happiness, which if offered to them, would only end in their dis-

appointment and disgrace. And what is still more unaccountable, the lady thus pursued, who possibly prefers her husband to all other men, should countenance by her behaviour the suspicions entertained of her; and contenting herself with the secret consciousness of her innocence, shall take pains to be thought infamous by the whole town.

That there are persons of a different stamp from these, I very readily allow; persons who determine to pay themselves by pleasure for the scandal they have occasioned. But it is really my opinion, that if the mask were taken off, we should find more virtues and fewer vices to exist among us, than are commonly imagined by those who judge only from appearances.

A very ingenious French writer, speaking of the force of custom and example, makes the following remarks upon his countrymen.

'A man,' says he, 'of good sense and good nature, speaks ill of the absent, because he would not be despised by those who are present. Another would be honest, humane, and without pride, if he was not afraid of being ridiculous; and a third becomes really ridiculous, through such qualities as would make him a model of perfection, if he dared to exert them, and assume his just merits. In a word,' continues he, 'our vices are artificial as well as our virtues, and the frivolousness of our characters permits us to be but imperfectly what we are. Like the playthings we give our children, we are only a faint resemblance of what we would appear. Accordingly we are esteemed by other nations only as the petty toys and trifles of society. The first law of our politeness regards the women. A man of the highest rank owes the utmost complaisance to a woman of the very lowest condition, and would blush for shame, and

himself ridiculous in the highest degree, if he offered her any personal title. And yet such a man may debase and betray a woman of merit, blacken her reputation, without least apprehension either of blame or punishment.

I have quoted these remarks that I do justice to the candour of the man who wrote them, and at the time vindicate my countrymen (countable as they are) from the imputation of being more ridiculous and absurd than the rest of man-

France, every married woman of position intrigues openly; and it is not the highest breach of French civility for the husband to interfere with her pleasures. A man may be led to an account for having seduced his friend's sister or daughter, but it may be presumed he has carried out by a promise of marriage; but a married woman the case is quite different, as her gallant can only have recourse to her inclinations, or gratified the wishes of a lady, whom it had been vain to have refused.

There is a story of a Frenchman, as I have only heard once, and the majority of my readers perhaps I shall beg leave to relate. A Frenchman at Paris, who had a very handsome wife, invited an English gentleman with whom he had some money transactions, to take a dinner with him at his country-house. Soon after dinner the Frenchman was called out upon business, and his friend left alone with the lady, who to his great surprise, being the easiest and gayest woman imaginable, scarcely condescended to answer to any of his questions; but at last starting from her chair, and reproaching him for some time with a look of indignation and contempt, she gave him a hearty box on the ear, and hurried out of the room. While the Frenchman was stroking his face, and vowing to penetrate into this mysterious behaviour, the husband returned; finding his friend alone, and entering into the reason, was told the story. 'What, Sir,' said he, 'do you strike me? How did you retain her?'—'With the common courtesies of the town,' answered the Englishman; 'nothing more I assure you.'—'And did you offer no such-

ness to her?' returned the other. 'No, upon my honour,' replied the friend. 'She has behaved as she ought, then,' said the Frenchman: 'for to be alone with a fine woman, and to make no attempt upon her virtue, is an affront upon her beauty; and she has repented the indignity as became a woman of spirit.'

I am prevented from returning to the subject of this paper, by a letter which I have just now received by the penny-post, and which I shall lay before my readers exactly as it was sent me.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

WALKING up St. James's Street the other day, I was stopped by a very smart young female, who begged my pardon for her boldness; and looking very innocently in my face, asked me if I did not know her. The manner of her accosting me, and the extreme prettiness of her figure, made me look at her with attention; and I soon recollected that she had been a servant-girl of my wife's, who had taken her from the country, and after keeping her three years in her service, had dismissed her about two months ago. 'What, Nanny,' said I, 'is it you? I never saw any body so fine in all my life.'—'O Sir!' says she, with the most innocent smile imaginable, bidding her head, and curt'ying down to the ground, 'I have been debauched since I lived with my mistress.'—'Have you so, Mrs. Nanny?' said I. 'And pray, child, who is it that has debauched you?'—'O, Sir!' says she, 'one of the wealthiest gentlemen in the world; and he has bought me a new negligée for every day in the week.' The girl pressed me earnestly to go and look at her lodgings, which she assured me were hard by in Bury Street, and as fine as a duchess's; but I declined her offer, knowing that any arguments of mine in favour of virtue and stuff-gowns, would avail but little against pleasure and silk negligées. I therefore contented myself with expressing my concern for the way of life she had entered into, and bade her farewell.

Being a man inclined to speculate a little, as often as I think of the finery of this girl, and the reason alledged for it, I cannot help fancying, whenever I fall in company with a pretty woman, dressed out beyond her visible circumstances,

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SEN,
A I have a singular favour to beg of you, I think it proper to preface my request with some account of myself.

I am at present one of the numerous *Community of Distressed Gentlemen*; a disconsolate being, daily contending between pride and poverty; a mournful relick of mis-spent youth; a walking dial, with two hands pointing to the last hours; and having been long ago *disgraced* with putting my fingers into empty pockets, am at last desirous of employing them in soliciting the assistance and recommendation of the World.

I was bred at a great public school, not far from this metropolis, where I acquired a knowledge of the classics and the town superior to my years. From this school I was transbitted to a renowned college in a celebrated university; from whence my dull and phlegmatic contemporaries have slid into the greatest preferments in church and state. They contented themselves indeed with going on a jog trot in the common road of application and patience, while I galloped with spirit through wave life con-

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without ignominy, and at my request, wisely told my commission. A great and decisive step in life it ill need untried. The temple of Hy-wich all its enchanting prospects, pen to my view, and allured my on. The groups of Cupids that I to flutter in the roof, together the gaiety and satisfaction that ap- in every face, tempted me to end amidst a crowd of beauties, a lady of a most ingenuous countenance and slender make, soon captiv- choice. She was void of pride, le, steady, enterprising, and every qualified for the station of life in fortune had placed her, which out of a maid of honour to a for- princefs. Her name was Made- le Neceffité, daughter of a younger h of the ancient family of that in Gascony. She lent a favour- ar to my distresses; and indeed a similitude of features and circum- seemed to have destined us for tother.

With the inexpressible joys of this, I became the father of two lovely sons, who were christened by very foreign names, signifying in Assurance and Invention. I spent the small remainder of my sub- on the education of these daugh- not doubting but that they were to me for the support of my de- g years. At the instigation of the

I commenced author, and made els groan with my productions in and verse. I sighed for the reviv- factions and parties, to have an tunity of signalizing my pen in the : of my country; and like the he- of old, who encompassed a large ry with a single hide, I entertain- pes, from a well-timed halfpenny l, to new-hang my garret with the elegant paper. But I soon found had nothing to eat but my own ;, and that is was in vain for me re, unless a scheme was found out mpel men to read; and, indeed, it not for the charity-schools, have in some measure multiplied erati in this country, the names hor and publisher would long since been obliterated.

It may easily perceive, Sir, that I ow in that class of life which I sly distinguish by the title of a Dis- Gentleman. But however un-

comfortable my situation may be, I am determined to give my existence fair play, and to see it out to the last act. You need therefore be under no appre- hensions of my dying Suddenly; and, to say the truth, I have to great a veneration for physicians and apothecaries, that I cannot think of taking the busi- ness out of their hands, by becoming my own executioner.

My youngest daughter, who is really a most ingenious girl, has frequently sol- licited me to try a scheme of her's; which, after long and mature deliberation, I am inclined to think may be of great service to my country, and of no small benefit to myself and family.

I have long remarked the number of Sudden Deaths that abound in this island, and have ever lamented the dis- graceful methods that persons of both sexes in this metropolis are almost daily taking to get rid of their being. The disfiguring pistol, the slow stupefaction of laudanum, the ignominious rope, the uncertain garter, the vulgarity of the New River, and the fetid impurity of Rosamond's Pond, must be extremely shocking to the delicacy of all genteel persons, who are willing to die decently as well as suddenly. At once, therefore, to remedy these inconveniences, I have contracted for a piece of ground near the Foundling Hospital, and procured credit with a builder to erect convenient apartments for the reception of all such of the nobility, gentry, and others, as are tired of life. I have contrived a most effectual machine, for the easy decapi- tation of such as chuse that noble and honourable exit; which no doubt must give great satisfaction to all persons of quality, and those who would imitate them. I have a commodious bath for disappointed ladies, paved with marble, and fed by the clearest springs, where the patient may drown with the utmost privacy and elegance. I have pistols for gamesters, which (instead of bullets or flugs) are charged with loaded dice, so that they may have the pleasure of put- ting an end to their existence by the very means which supported it. I have dis- pers and poison for dissipated actors and actresses, and swords fixed obliquely in the floor with their points upwards, for the gentlemen of the army. For attor- nies, tradesmen, and mechanics, who have no taste for the genteel exits, I have a long room, in which a number of

halters are fastened to a beam, with their nooses ready tied. I have also a handsome garden for the entombing of all my good customers; and shall submit their consideration of me to their own generosity, only claiming their heads as my constant fee, that by frequent dissections and examinations into the several brains, I may at last discover and remedy the cause of so unnatural a propensity. And that nothing may be wanting to make my scheme compleat, I propose agreeing with a coroner by the year, to bring in such verdicts as I shall think proper to direct.

This, Sir, is my scheme; and the favour I have to ask, is, that you will recommend it to the public, and make it known through your World, that I shall open my house on the first day of November next; and that, to prevent mistakes, there will be written in large capitals over the door,

THE
RECEPTACLE FOR SUICIDES.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

JOHN ANTHONY TRISTMAN.

Nº CXCIV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1756.

I have lately considered it as a very great misfortune, that in various papers of this work I have made no scruple of honestly confessing to my readers, that I look upon myself to be the wisest and most learned philosopher of this age and nation. But the word is gone forth, and I cannot retract it; nor indeed would it be fair in me to attempt it, as I find no manner of decay in my intellectual faculties; but, on the contrary, that I am treasuring up new knowledge day after day. I was aware indeed that such a confession, given modestly and voluntarily under my own hand, and confirmed almost every week by a most excellent essay, would gain universal belief, and bring upon me the envy of the weak and malicious; but with all my penetration, I was far from foreseeing the many inconveniencies to which it has subjected me.

My lodgings are crowded almost every morning with learned ladies of all ranks, who, like so many queens of Sheba, are come from afar to hear the wisdom of Solomon; but it happens a little unfortunately, that though my answers to their questions give equal satisfaction with those of that monarch, yet the gold, and the spices, and the precious stones, which were the reward of his wisdom, are never so much as offered me.

In the families which I visit abroad, a profound silence is observed as soon as I enter the room; so that instead of mixing in a free and easy conversation, I labour under all the disadvantages of a

king, by being so unfortunately circumstanced as to have no equal.

I have endeavoured by stratagems to remove these inconveniencies, and have frequently written a very dull paper, that my companions may imagine they have caught me tripping, and be induced to converse with me as with other men; but they found out my design, and are so far from applying to me, *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, that they regard me as a prodigy whenever I am seen. Mrs. Fitz-Adam, indeed, who is left in awe of me than perhaps I would sometimes chuse, and who is of a communicative disposition, never fails to inform me how the world goes up; she also encourages her maid Betty (who is a very knowing body in all family concerns) to bestow upon me, as she waits at table, her whole stock of intelligence; which if I had a mind to be personal, would contribute greatly to the entertainment of these papers. I ought not to conceal that I owe the freedom with which this girl treats me, to the small opinion she has conceived of my parts; having been often urged by her to turn the World into a news-paper, for that then there would be truth in it, and something worth reading.

At the coffee-houses I am still more perplexed than in private families: for as every man there is a politician, and as I have incautiously declared in print that I am a consummate master of that science, I am surrounded at my entrance by all the company in the room, and questioned by twenty voices at once on

te of public affairs. I am drawn
in an ambush with General Brad-
and kept in close confinement with
al Byng. Russia and Prussia,
our very good friends and al-
ave declared war upon my quiet,
e national Militia has beaten me
doors. To plead ignorance on these
ns, would be highly unbecoming
of truth, who has given it under
nd that he knows every thing; and
over all I know, might, as mat-
and at present, be a little impru-

I am therefore a silent hearer of
questions that are asked me, till
tired them with my taciturnity,
ffered to escape.

remedy this inconvenience, and as
a great walker, I now and-then
stroll to the coffee-houses about
ields and Cripplegate, where, if not
me, my person at least is unknown.
se places I have the good fortune
ng an uninterrupted hearer of all
lles; and I cannot sufficiently ex-
he pleasure I receive at seeing so
worthy tradesmen and mechanics
gether every evening for the good
r country, and each of them lay-
wn a system of politics, that would
our to the sagacity of the ablest
ifstration.

n tempted to take these walks ra-
stener than is agreeable to me, to
certain inconveniences at home,
my wonderful abilities are almost
ually subjecting me to. The po-
writers are at present a numerous
and as they cannot but take no-
at I am making no pecuniary ad-
ge of my great knowledge in pub-
urs, and are thoroughly sensible
very small part of it would make
figure in a twelve-penny pam-
they are continually teasing me
ding to the school-boy's phrase)
ittle sense: but whatever sense the
s of those pamphlets may chance
l in them, I can truly assure them
is none of mine. The consti-
of boroughs are also very impor-
with me for letters of instruction
r several members: but though I
y approve of this custom, and
it highly necessary that every gen-
in parliament should be instruct-
his constituents in the true interest
country, yet I beg to be excused
neddling with such matters, and
t myself with dismissing the said

constituents with one word of advice;
which is, that in all their remonstrances
to their members, they would touch as
slightly as possible upon the grievance of
corruption; it being, in my private opi-
nion, quarrelling with their bread and
butter.

To balance all this weight of incon-
veniences, I have nothing but a little
vanity to throw into the scale: for, to
confess a very serious truth, the happi-
ness I enjoy is more owing to my great
virtue than my great knowledge; and
were it not for my good-will to man-
kind, who will not suffer themselves to
be instructed by any other hand, I would
part with my wisdom at a very easy
price, and be as ignorant as the best of
them.

The value of every acquisition is only
to be estimated by it's use; and every
body knows, that in the commerce with
the world, an ounce of cunning is worth
a pound of sense. I am sorry to say it,
but the whistle, the top, the hobby-
horse, and the raree-show, have admin-
istered more delight to my boyish days,
(for I have been a boy as well as others)
than all the treasures of learning and
philosophy have done to my riper years.
Those pleasures, in time, gave way to
others of a higher nature; and the fa-
cetious Mr. Punch took his turn to en-
tertain me. The theatres at last attract-
ed all my attention. There, while my
imagination was cheated, and real kings
and queens, in all the magnificence of
royalty, seemed to be exhibiting them-
selves to my view, my delight was in-
expressible. But reason and knowledge
soon combining against me, shewed me
that all was deception; and in conjunc-
tion with a demon, called Taste, sug-
gested to me at one time the weakness
of the performance, and at another the
incapacity of the actors, till in the end
nothing but a Shakespeare and a Garrick
had power to entertain me.

Thus driven by too much refinement
from all the pleasures of youth, I had
recourse to those deep and profound stu-
dies, that have since made me the ob-
ject of my own wonder, and the asto-
nishment of mankind. But, alas! how
intellectual and unsatisfying are all hu-
man acquisitions! The abilities that will
for ever make my memory revered, are
robbing me of my enjoyment; and be-
sides the evils that I have already enu-
merated, I am regretting in the best
company

company that I cannot enjoy the solitude of my own thoughts, and am hardly to be persuaded that there is any thing worth reading, but what I write myself.

A little learning (as Mr. Pope observes) is a dangerous thing. Let me add from experience, that too much is a fatal one. And indeed it seems the peculiar happiness of the present age to chime in with this sentiment; inasmuch, that it is hoped and expected of the rising generation, that they will be

so trained up as to suffer no inconveniences from any learning at all. The pleasures of childhood will then be constantly secured to them; and, with ignorance for their guide, they may take their pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave, through a constant road of delight.

Samson was destroyed by his own strength; and the wisdom of Adam Fitz-Adam, like that of Solomon of old, is only vanity and vexation.

Nº CXCIV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1756.

—GENEROBUS

PERIRE QUÆRENS, NEC MULIERITER
EXPAVIT ENSEM.

HOR.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

TO a well-disposed mind, there can be no greater satisfaction than the knowledge that one's labours for the good of the public have been crowned with success. This, Sir, is remarkably the case of your paper of September the 9th, on Suicide: a fashionable rage, which I hope you will proceed to expose; and I do not doubt but you will be as famous for rooting out what I may be allowed to call *single combat*, or the humour of fighting with one's self, as your predecessor the Father was for exploding the ridiculous custom of duels. The pleasantry of your essay on the reigning modes of voluntary deaths, has preserved to a little neighbourhood a very hospitable gentleman, to the poor a good friend, to a very deserving son and daughter a tender parent, and has saved the person himself from a foolish exit. This character, Sir, which perhaps from a natural partiality I may have drawn a little too amiably, I take to be my own; and, not to trouble you with the history of a man who has nothing remarkable belonging to him, I will only let you into what is so far necessary, as that I am a gentleman of about fifty, have a moderate estate in very good condition, have seen a great deal of the world, and without being weary of it, live chiefly in the country with children whom I love. You will be curious to know what could drive my thoughts

to so desperate a resolution, when I tell you farther, that I hate gaming, have buried my wife, and have no one illness. But alas! Sir, I am extremely *well-born*: pedigree is my ditterper; and having observed how much the mode of self-murder prevails among people of rank, I grew to think that there was no *living* without *killing* one's self. I reflected how many of my great ancestors had fallen in battle, by the axe, or in duels, according as the turn of the several ages in which they lived disposed of the nobility; and I thought the descendant of so many heroes must contrive to perish by means as violent and illustrious. 'What a disgrace,' thought I, 'for the great grandson of Mowbrays, Veres, and Beauchamps, to die in a good old age of a fever!' I blushed whenever I cast my eyes on our genealogy in the little parlour. I determined to shoot myself. It is true, no man ever had more reluctance to leave the world; and when I went to clean my pistols, every drop of Mowbray blood in my veins ran as cold as ice. As my constitution is good and hearty, I thought it would be time enough to *die suddenly* twenty or thirty years hence; but happening about a month ago to be near choked by a fish-bone, I was alarmed for the honour of my family, and have been ever since *preparing for death*. The letter to be left on my table, (which indeed cost me some trouble to compose, as I had no reason to give for my *sudden resolution*) was written out fair,

hen I read your paper; and from minute I have changed my mind; though it should be ever so great a loss to my family, I am resolved to long and as happily as I can.

will no doubt, good Sir, be ended from this example, to pursue formation of this contagious crime. In the small district where I live, not the only instance of the propensity to such a catastrophe. The lord of the manor, whose fortune indeed is much less to mine, though there is no reason in the antiquity of our family has had the very same thought. He is now turned of sixty-seven, and is debilitated by the stone and gout. In a

all fit of the former, as his physician sitting by his bed-side, on a day when his lordship ceased roaring, and ended his relations and chaplain to him, with a composure unusual to him in his best health; and putting on the greatest appearance of philosophy, as if the chaplain had staid, would have been called resignation, he commanded the doctor to tell him if his case was really desperate. The physician, in slow profusion of latinized evasions, endeavoured to elude the question, and gave him some glimmerings of hope. That there might be a chance of recovery, if the extremity of pain would occasion a degree of fever, that might not be in itself, but which, if things did not turn out to a crisis soon, might help to bring his lordship off. 'I understand you, G—d!' says his lordship, with tranquillity and a few more oaths. 'I am determined to kill me if I cannot soon get you to want to kill me. I will give you some of your confounded distempers, but I'll tell you what, I only do it for you, because if I can't possibly get you to want to kill me, I am determined to kill myself; or at least if it shall ever be said that one of my quality died of a cursed fever, I shall be at death. There, tell Boman to give you your fee, and bid him bring me my pistols.' However, the fit

and the neighbourhood is still with great impatience to be furnished with an account of his lordship's death. He shot himself.

ever, Mr. Fitz-Adam, extensive service is which you may render to the community by abolishing this inhuman practice, I think, that it is to be treated with tenderness; it is safe, always to be tolerated. Nourishment is certainly not at high-

water mark. What if the notion of the dignity of self-murder should be indulged till the end of the war? A man who has resolution enough to kill himself, will certainly never dread being killed by any body else. It is the privilege of a *free-dying Englishman* to chuse his death: if any of our high-spirited notions are cramped, it may leave our whole fund of valour; and while we are likely to have occasion for all we can exert, I should humbly be of opinion, that you permitted self-murder till the peace, upon this condition, that it should be dishonourable for any man to kill himself, till he had found that no Frenchman was brave enough to perform that service for him.

Indeed, the very celebration of this mystery has been transacted hitherto in a manner somewhat mean, and unworthy people of fashion. No tradesman could hang himself more feloniously than our very nobles do. There is none of that open defiance of the laws of their country; none of that contempt for what the world may think of them, which they so properly wear on other occasions. They steal out of the world from their own closets, or before their servants are up in a morning. They leave a miserable apology behind them, instead of sitting up all night drinking, till the morning comes for dispatching themselves. Unlike their great originals, the Romans, who had reduced self-murder to a system of good-breeding, and used to *send cards* to their acquaintance, to notify their intention. Part of the duty of the week, in Rome, was to *leave one's name* at the doors of such as were starving themselves. Particular friends were *let in*; and, if very intimate, it was even expected that they should use some common-place phrases of dissuasion. I can conceive no foundation for our shabby way of bolting into the other world, but that obsolete law which inflicts a cross-road and a stake on self-executioners; a most absurd statute; nor can I imagine any penalty that would be effectual, unless one could condemn a man who had killed himself to be brought to life again. Somewhere, indeed, I have read of a successful law for restraining this crime. In some of the Grecian states, the women of fashion incurred the rage of Venus.—I quite forget upon what occasion; perhaps for little or none: goddesses in those days

were scarce less whimsical than their fair victims.—What ver the cause was, she inspired them with a fury of self-murder. The husband of the country, it seems, thought the resentment of the lady a little arbitrary; and, to put a stop to the practice, devised an expedient, which one might have thought would have been very inadequate to the evil. They ordered the beautiful bodies of the lovely delinquents to be hung up naked by one foot in the public square. How the fair offenders came to think this attitude unbecoming, or why they imagined any position that discovered all their charms, could be so, is not mentioned by historians; nor, at this distance of time, is it possible for us moderns to guess what it is, that the penalty put a stop to the barbarous custom.

But what said our lady to those country, who not only saw this crime, but encourage it, even in that part of the species whose softness demands all protection, and seems most abhorrent from every thing ungainly and fierce? We know there are nations, where the magnitude merely gives permission to the ladies to accompany their husbands into the other world, and where it is reckoned the greatest prodigality for a widow not to demand leave to burn herself alive. Were this fashion once to revive, I trouble to think what havoc it would occasion. Between the

natural propensity to suicide, and the violence of conjugal engagements, one should not see such a thing as a lez-age, or a widow. Adieu, jointures! Adieu, those soft resources of the brave and necessitous! What unfortunate relief but would prefer being buried alive to the odious embraces of a second passion? Indeed, Mr. Fitz Adam, you must keep a strict eye on our fair country women. I know one or two who already wear pocket pistols; which, considering the tenderness of their natures, can only be intended against their own persons. And this article leads me naturally to the only case, in which, as I hinted above, I think self murder always to be allowed. The most admired death in history, is that of the incomparable Lucretia, the pattern of her sex, and the eventual founder of Roman liberty. As there never has been a lady since that time, in her circumstances, but what has imitated her example, I think, Sir, I may pronounce the case immutably to be excepted: and when Mr. Fitz Adam, with that success and glory which always has and must attend his labours, has decried the savage practice in vogue, I am persuaded he will declare that he is not only excusable, but that it is impossible any woman should live after having been ravished. I am, Sir, your truly obliged, humble servant, and admirer,

H. M.

Nº CXCVI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1756.

IT is a vulgar notion, and worthy of the vulgar, for it is both false and absurd, that passionate people are the best natured people in the world. *They are earth beasts, it is true; a trifle will set them in a fury; and while they are in that fury, they neither know nor care what they say or do; but then, as soon as it is over, they are extremely sorry and penitent for any injury or mischief they cause.* This passage in these choleric professional people, when examined and analysed, amounts in plain common sense and English to this: That they are good-natured when they are not disturbed; and that, when in their fits of rage they have said or done things that have brought them to the gaol or

the gallows, they are extremely sorry for it. It is, indeed, highly probable that they are; but where is the reparation to those whose reputations, limbs, or lives, they have either wounded or destroyed? This concern comes too late, and is only for themselves. Self-love was the cause of the injury, and is the only motive of the repentance.

Had these furious people real good-nature, their first offence would be their last, and they would resolve at all events never to relapse. The moment they felt their choler rising, they would enjoin themselves an absolute silence and inaction, and by that sudden check rather expose themselves to a momentary ridicule (which, by the way, would be fol-

lowed

by universal applause) than run the risk of being irreparably mis-

now it is said in their behalf, that impulse to wrath is constitutionally deep and so strong, that they cannot resist, even in its birth: but experience tells us, that this allegation is notorious; for we daily observe, that stormy persons both can and do lose gulfs of passion, when awed by interest, restrained by interest, or induced by fear. The most outrageous does not give a louse to his in presence of his sovereign or mistress; nor the expectant heir in case of the peevish dotard from whom he has an inheritance. The solicitor, though perhaps under the strongest provocations, from unjust and broken promises, calmly meets his unavailing wrath, disarms it even under smiles, and gently waits for more favourable moments: does the criminal fly in a passion at the edge of his jury.

There is, then, but one solid excuse alleged in favour of these people; they will frankly urge it, I will readily admit it; because it points out the remedy. I mean, let them confess themselves mad, as they unquestionably are: for what plea have those that are frantic ten times a day, against shaving, bleeding, dark rooms, when so many much harmless madmen are confined in cells at Bedlam, for being mad once in a moon? Nay, I have been told by the late ingenious Doctor Ross, that such of his patients who really of a good-natured disposition and who, in their lucid intervals, allowed the liberty of walking in the hospital, would frequently, they found the previous symptoms of returning madness, voluntarily for confinement, conscious of the mischief which they might possibly do to their liberty. If those who pretend not to be mad, but who really are so, had the same fund of good-nature, they would have the same application to their friends, if they have any.

There is, in the *Menagiana*, a very curious story of one of these angry gentlemen, which sets their extravagancy in a very ridiculous light.

Two gentlemen were riding together; of whom, who was a choleric one,

happened to be mounted on a high-mettled horse. The horse grew a little troublesome, at which the rider grew very angry, and whipped and spurred him with great fury; to which the horse, almost as wrong-headed as his master, replied with kicking and plunging. The companion, concerned for the danger, and ashamed of the folly of his friend, said to him coolly—'Be quiet, be quiet, and shew yourself the wiser of the two.'

This sort of madness, for I will call it by no other name, flows from various causes, of which I shall now enumerate the most general.

Light unballasted heads are very apt to be overruled by every gust, or even breeze of passion; they appreciate things wrong, and think every thing of importance, but what really is so: hence those frequent and sudden transitions from silly joy to sillier anger, according as the present silly humour is gratified or thwarted. This is the never-failing characteristic of the uneducated vulgar, who often in the same half-hour fight with fury, and shake hands with affection. Such heads give themselves no time to reason; and if you attempt to reason with them, they think you rally them, and resent the affront. They are, in short, overgrown children, and continue so in the most advanced age. For be it from me to insinuate, what some ill-bred authors have bluntly asserted, that this is in general the case of the fairest part of our species, whose great vivacity does not always allow them time to reason consequentially, but hurries them into testiness upon the least opposition to their will. But, at the same time, with all the partiality which I have for them, and nobody can have more than I have, I must confess, that in all their debates, I have much more admired the copiousness of their rhetoric, than the conclusiveness of their logic.

People of strong animal spirits, warm constitutions, and a cold genius, (a most unfortunate and ridiculous, though common compound) are most irascible animals, and very dangerous in their wrath. They are active, puzzling, blundering, and petulantly enterprising and persevering. They are impatient of the least contradiction, having neither arguments nor words to reply with; and the animal part of their composition bursts out into furious explosions, which have often

mischiefous

by this time to have sunk infinitely below the brute and the vegetable species, are neither of them supposed to be vindled or degenerated considerably except in a very few instances: for

it is owned that our modern oaks are prior to those of Dodona, our breed is to that of the Centaurs, and our fowls to that of the Phoenixes. Is this really the case? Certainly it is only one of those many errors artfully scattered by the designers, and blindly adopted by the ignorant and folly of the many. The moralists of—*These sad times!* degenerate age! the affecting laments over declining virtue and rising vice, and the tender and final bidding every day to unrewarded courage, public spirit, arts and sciences, are the common-place topics of the idle, the envy, and the malignity of the human heart, that can more easily commend, antiquated notions, than bear coteremporary and personal merit. Men of these mean talents have always been the favourites of the court, and the panegyrists of the town. They give this tone, which like birds in the dark, catch by ear, and hiss all day long.

It has constantly been my endeavour to root out, if I could, or, if I could not, to expose the vices of the human mind; it shall be the object of this day's to examine this strange inverted scale of virtue and merit upwards, according to priority of birth, and seniority. I shall prove it to be forged, and utterly null and void to all intents and purposes whatsoever.

As I loved to jingle, I would say that nature has always been invariably the same, though always varying; that nature is the same in substance, but varying in accidents and modes; from many concurrent causes of which perhaps we know but little. Climate, education, accidents, &c. contribute to change those modes; all climates, and in all ages, we are through them the same passions, desires, and appetites, and the same of virtues and vices.

It being unquestionably the true state of the case, which it would be endearing instances to prove from the records of all times and of all nations, I, by way of warning to the incautious and of reproof to the designing, I to explain the reasons, which I

have but just hinted at above, why the human nature of the time being has always been reckoned the worst and most degenerate.

Authors, especially poets, though great men, are, alas! but men; and, like other men, subject to the weaknesses of human nature, though perhaps in a less degree; but it is, however, certain that their breasts are not absolutely strangers to the passions of jealousy, pride, and envy. Hence it is that they are very apt to measure merit by the century, to love dead authors better than living ones, and to love them the better, the longer they have been dead. The Augustan age is therefore their favourite æra, being at least seventeen hundred years distant from the present. That emperor was not only a judge of wit, but, for an emperor, a tolerable performer too; and Mæcenas, his first minister, was both a patron and a poet; he not only encouraged and protected, but fed and fattened men of wit at his own table, as appears from Horace: no small encouragement for panegyric. Those were times indeed for genius to display itself in! It was honoured, tasted, and rewarded. But now—*O tempora! O mores!* One must, however, do justice to the authors, who thus declaim against their own times, by acknowledging that they are seldom the aggressors; their own times have commonly begun with them. It is their resentment, not their judgment, (if they have any) that speaks this language. Anger and despair make them endeavour to lower that merit which, till brought very low indeed, they are conscious they cannot equal.

There is another and more numerous set of much greater men, who still more loudly complain of the ignorance, the corruption, and the degeneracy of the present age. These are the consummate volunteers, but unregarded and unrewarded politicians, who at a modest computation amount to at least three millions of souls in this political country, and who are all of them both able and willing to steer the great vessel of the state, and to take upon themselves the whole load of business and burthen of *employments*, for the service of their dear country. The administration for the time being is always the worst, the most incapable, the most corrupt, that ever was, and negligent of every thing but their own interest. Where are now your Cæciliæ and your Walsingham? Those who ask

nies, and the lamentable situation of our own. He traced with his finger upon the table, by the help of some coffee which he had spilt in the warmth of his exordium, the whole course of the Ohio, and the boundaries of the Russian, Prussian, Austrian, and Saxon dominions; foresaw a long and bloody war upon the Continent; calculated the supplies necessary for carrying it on; and pointed out the best methods of raising them, which, for that very reason, he intimated would not be pursued. He wound up his discourse with a most pathetic peroration, which he concluded with saying—
‘ Things were not carried on in this way
‘ in Queen Elizabeth’s days; the public
‘ was considered, and able men were
‘ consulted and employed. These were
‘ days!’—‘ Aye, Sir, and nights too, I
‘ presume,’ said a young fellow who stood near him; ‘ some longer and some
‘ shorter, according to the variation of
‘ the seasons; pretty much like ours.’
Mr. President was a little surprised at the suddenness and pertness of this interruption; but recomposing himself, answered with that cool contempt that becomes a great man—‘ I did not mean
‘ astronomical days, but political ones.’
The young fellow replied—‘ O then,
‘ Sir, I am your servant;’ and went off in a laugh.

these things in Queen Elizabeth's he would have *mastered* them with ease, so he would.

Indeed I could not help smiling at singular conformity of sentiments, most of expressions, of the master taylor, the master taylor, and the yemen taylor. I am convinced that the latter really and honestly believed they said; it not being in the least probable that their understandings

should be the dupes of their interests: but I will not so peremptorily answer for the interior conviction of the political orator; though, at the same time, I must do him the justice to say, he seemed full dull enough to be very much in earnest.

The several scenes of this day suggested to me, when I got home, various reflections, which perhaps I may communicate to my readers in some future paper.

• CXCVIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1756.

NEMO IN SESE TENTAT DESCENDERE, NEMO.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

g your advice and assistance to enable me to get rid of one of the most tinent companions that ever existed. I tried every art and contrivance y power to free myself from his s conversation; the creature will upon my retirement, and force dlf upon me in spite of my teeth; gh the *tête-à-tête* is always the most ling and unmannerly you can pof-conceive. The thing is always ling in my affairs in a manner to ite intolerable; always setting them h a light, as cannot fail to put me of humour; and teasing me with tions that make me weary of my

I am sure I could more easily bear iteful tongues of twenty witty s at a masquerade, than the imperce of this animal for a quarter of our; and with concern I find, that more pains I take to free myself

him, the more troublesome he s.

or do I complain only for my own but for the sakes of almost the e circle of my acquaintance, as female as male, who in general estered in a most unreasonable man-y this flaccy intruder, whom all are to admit, though so few care for company, and against whose pre-tension no rank or dignity, no quality of session, can defend them. He force himself into the closet, hover at the bed, and penetrate through thickest darkness into the deepest re-; will travel with us by sea and land, follow the wretch into banishment; ain does the statesman hug himself

with the success of his unjust schemes, or exult in the gratification of his ambition or revenge; unawed by his power, this haughty companion will check his career of transport, placing before his eyes the instability of his situation, and the consequences of his actions. In vain does the flirt or coxcomb, when alone, endeavour to recollect with pleasure the *badinage* of the day; the creature will disturb their most delightful reveries, and by the magic of his intervention, convert all the imaginary *agré-mens* into vanity, folly, and lost time. You cannot wonder then that so many avoid and fly him, and that the pain spread by him should extend itself far and wide; nor can you be much amazed when I assure you, that it is no uncommon thing to see men of sense and courage fly from him without reason, and take refuge in those polite resorts, where dissipation, riot, and luxury, secure them from his visits, which they only decline because it is unfashionable to converse with him. It is surprizing what pains are continually taken, what contrivances have been used to get rid of this universal phantom. Some flatter him, some bully him, and some endeavour to impose upon him; but he never fails to detect their frauds, and to resent them with severity.

The beaux and fine gentlemen seem to revere and adore him, pouring forth libations of sweet water, and offering him the incense of perfumes; clothing him in dresses, elegant and expensive as those of our Lady of Loretto, practising every art of heathen or popish idolatry, even torturing themselves for his sake; but all with no manner of success.

greater part try all possible means to avoid encountering him.

Our modern philosophers pretend by their systems to have silenced him, and by that means to have prevented his being troublesome to them or their acquaintance; but how fallacious these pretences are, is plain from their avoiding all opportunities of being alone with him, and the confusion they express whenever by unavoidable necessity they are forced to it. Others, as he is a known enemy to the modern elegant tables, have exerted all the arts of the kitchen against him, lengthening the feast till midnight to keep him off; but, like the reckoning, he appears when the banquet is over, reproaching the bounteous host with his profusion, and the pampered guest with his wanton satiety: nay, so galling are his reprehensions, and so troublesome his intrusion, that there have not been wanting instances, even in high life, of those, who not being able to keep him off otherways, have called in to their relief the halberd, dagger, and pistol, and fairly removed themselves into another world to get rid of him; though certain queer fellows pretend that they are bit, and that he has followed them even thither.

The fair sex, though generally favourable to the impertinent, are so rudely

is ghastly phantom that intrudes
ertinently upon all sorts of people,
ature that we so seldom know
to do with, and wish so heartily
to get rid of, is no other than One's
Self.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

TIMOTHY LOITER.

CXCIX: THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1756.

extravagant passion for collecting
lowers, and which obtained the
f *Tulipomania*, or Tulip madness,
to have become, not many years
je subject of a restrictive law in
the most frugal countries in

ed, few nations or ages are with-
ir madnesses; and as it is remark-
-physicians that every year has it's
r disease, so we may observe that
ountry, in the course of less than
entury, has it's peculiar *Mania*.
resent, the *Political Mania* is pretty
in these kingdoms; but I believe,
little attention, that we shall find
ted Mania to have a long while
d itself with the most general in-
among us.

mere word *Genteel* seems to have
singular an efficacy in the very
f it, as to have done more to the
ding all distinctions, and pro-
a levelling principle, than the
hic reflections of the most pro-
acher of republican maxims.

o the *genteel* thing, to wear the
thing, a *genteel* method of edu-
nd living, or a *genteel* way of
ig either a knave or a bankrupt,
ed as many once worthy fami-
a plague or a civil war, and
out of this country more real
than can be replanted in it for
nturies.

ise of duties in our several rela-
prodigiously *ungenteel*. It is
ogative of this age to do every
the *genteel*st manner. And
our ancestors were good honest
yet to be sure their notions were
genteel. Nothing now seems
han their apothegms, and their
g is as unfashionable as the cut
coats.

mitating every station above our
ms to be the first principle of the
' *Mania*, and operates with equal
upon the tenth cousin of a wo-
quality, and her acquaintance

who retails *Gentility* among her neigh-
bours in the Borough.

So deeply are all ranks of people im-
pressed with the *Genteel*, that Mrs. Betty
is of opinion that routs would be very
genteel in the kitchen; and it is no sur-
prising thing for a Monmouth Street
broker to assure a basket-woman that
the old gown he would sell to her is
perfectly *genteel*.

This *genteel disease* shews itself under
very different appearances. I have known
a healthy young girl scarce a fortnight
in town, but it has affected her voice,
distorted her countenance, and almost
taken away the use of her limbs, attended
with a constant giddiness of the head,
and a restlessness of being long in a
place; till at last, repeated colds caught
at Vauxhall, a violent fever at a ridotto,
something like a dropsy at a masquerade,
and the small-pox in succession, with a
general desertion of admirers, have re-
stored her to her senses, and her old aunts
in the country.

Florio made a good figure in the uni-
versity, as a sensible sober young fellow,
and an excellent scholar, till unluckily
for him, a scheme to town inspired him
with the notions of *Gentility*, usually
contracted at the Shakespeare, and a
Bagnio. Instead of his once rational
friendships at the seats of literature, his
passion now was to enjoy the vanity of
walking arm in arm with right honour-
ables in all public places; to his former
acquaintance (if it was sometimes im-
possible to avoid the meeting such dis-
agreeable people) he scarce condescended
to bow, and nothing under the heir ap-
parent of an earl could make him toler-
ably civil. In a short time he became
at the taverns of the first fashion the
principal judge of true relish, and the
umpire of debates in every party at
Whit. His equipage, house, and li-
veries, were the model of *Gentility*, to
men who had less genius for invention,
though more fortune than himself; till
having reduced the little patrimony left

end of the town. Her daughter soon caught the infection; and it was unanimously determined by the voice of the whole family, notwithstanding Mr. Ledger's opinion to the contrary, that it was right for a woman in *her* situation to make *some* appearance; that it was Mr. Ledger's duty, if he had any regard for her and his children, to invest her in *ra- zee*, and introduce his family properly into life; that it was very foolish in Mr. Ledger to think of making Tommy a shop-bowler, and that a lad of his parts should be brought up to some genteel profession. The result of the important deliberation was a coach and four horses, as many footmen, a fine seat in the country, and a town-house in Grosvenor Square for the residence of Mrs. Ledger.

Tommy, after taking holidays for one year in the politest school in Oxford, spending three five hundred pounds, and becoming a perfect adept in tennis, set out upon his travels, and in the care of a French valet de chambre, to learn the Norman accomplishments at Clermont; and at length, having left his modesty at Paris, his sobriety in Germany, his morality at Venice, and his religion at Rome, he returned, a little fit for a shop-bowler nor a gentleman, with too much pride for the former, and too little

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whose families are in trade will be admitted, but the *best* company only. The price of boarding is a hundred guineas a quarter, and every thing else in proportion. All personal accomplishments are taught in the same manner as abroad, and great care will be taken to inspire them with the *gentledest* sentiments upon all subjects, whether political, moral, or religious. As to the latter, the young gentlemen may be brought up in any way their friends think most convenient. Several phaetons and carriages

will be kept for their amusement; and as the conversation of ladies is so necessary to form the *douceur* of their manners, the *agrément* of such a society will not be wanting. A gentleman, who has studied under Mr. Hoyle, will teach them to play at cards gratis.

N. B. Judges, bishops, or any great officers that happen to be a little awkward in their address, may have an opportunity of learning to dance privately, or shall be waited upon at home, if they desire it.

Nº CC. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1756.

Διόν τι τὸ μηχανόν
Τίχτης ἰστίε ἰλπίδ' ἔχον.

SOPH.

STABANT ET PARII LAPIDES, SPIRANTIA SIGNA.

VING.

I Am indebted to a very ingenious correspondent at Cambridge for the following Ode; which in justice to it's merit, and for the entertainment of those of my readers who have a true taste for poetical composition, I have taken the first opportunity to make public.

A N
O D E
O N

SCULPTURE.

LED by the muse, my step pervades
The sacred haunts, the peaceful shades,
Where ART and SCULPTURE reign:
I see, I see, at their command,
The living stones in order stand,
And marble breathe through ev'ry vein!
TIME breaks his hostile scythe; he sighs
To find his pow'r malignant fled;
' And what avails my dart,' he cries,
' Since these can animate the dead?
' Since wak'd to mimic life, again in stone
' The patriot seems to speak, the hero frown?
There VIRTUE's silent train are seen,
Fast fix'd their looks, erect their mien.
Lo! while with more than stoic soul,
The * ATTIC SAGE exhorts the bowl,
A pale suffusion shades his eyes,

Till by degrees the marble dies!
See there the injur'd † PONT blood!
Ah! see he droops his languid head!
What starting nerves, what dying pain,
What horror freezes ev'ry vein!
These are thy works, O SCULPTURE!
thine to shew
In rugged rock a feeling sense of woe.

Yet not alone such themes demand
The PHYDIAN stroke, the DÆDAL hand;
I view with melting eyes
A softer scene of grief display'd,
While from her breast the duteous maid
Her INFANT SIRE with food supplies.
In pitying stone she weeps to see
His squalid hair, and galling chains;
And trembling, on her bended knee,
His hoary head her hand sustains;
While ev'ry look, and forrowing feature prove
How soft her breast, how great her filial love.

Lo! there the wild ‡ ASSYRIAN QUEEN.
With threat'ning brow, and frantic mien.
Revenge! revenge! the marble cries,
While fury sparkles in her eyes.
Thus was her awful form beheld,
When BABYLON's proud sons rebell'd;
She left the woman's vainer care,
And flew with loose dishevell'd hair;
She stretch'd her hand, imbrued in blood,
While pale Sedition trembling stood;
In sudden silence, the mad crowd obey'd
Her awful voice, and Stygian Discord fled!

* Socrates, who was condemned to die by poison.

† Seneca, born at Corduba, who, according to Pliny, was orator, poet, and philosopher. He bled to death in the bath.

‡ Semiramis, cum ei circa cultum capitis sui occupata nunciatum esset Babylonem desecasse; altera parte crinium adhuc soluta protinus ad eam expugnandam cucurrit nec prius decorem capillorum in ordinem quam tantam urbem in potestatem suam redegit: quæ circa statua ejus Babylonis posita est, &c. Val. Max. de Ira.

With loud Hosannas charms the ear,
 Behold (a prism within his hands)
 Absorb'd in thought, great * NEWTON
 stands!
 Such was his solemn, wonted state,
 His serious brow, and musing gait,
 When, taught on eagle wings to fly,
 He trac'd the wonders of the sky,
 The chambers of the sun explor'd,
 Where tints of thousand hues are stor'd;
 Whence ev'ry flow'r in painted robe is dress'd,
 And varying hues steal: her gaudy vest.
 Here, as DEVOTION, heav'nly queen,
 Conducts her best, her fav'rite train,

N° CCL. THURSDAY, NO

OF all the improvements in polite
 conversation, I know of nothing
 that is half so entertaining as the *double*
entendre. It is a figure in rhetoric,
 which owes it's birth, as well as it's
 name, to our inventive neighbours the
 French; and it is that happy art by
 which persons of fashion may commu-
 nicate the loosest ideas under the most
 innocent expressions. The ladies have
 adopted it for the best reason in the
 world; they have long since discovered,
 that the present fashionable display of
 their persons is by no means a suffi-
 cient hint to the men that they mean any

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d argue the highest degree of a foible which, in this age of freedom, the utmost malice could not lay to the charge of a condition: but it does not follow, that because she is proud enough to grant every one, she must refuse nothing. Possibly be objected, that there good-breeding nor generosity inviting a man to a feast when means to treat him with the best she is certainly mistress of entertainment, and has a right to those substantials under cover, has no mind he should help

A hungry glutton may (as is) eat her out of house and home if he will not be satisfied with bread and creams, he may carry off his business to more liberal tables. A lady of economy will admit no guests to her entertainments; a set of robust, unmannerly who are perpetually intruding upon the hospitable and the and tempting them to those pleasures that have in the end unhappy, and compelled them ever to depend on their super-

consideration, it were heartily wished that the ladies could be persuaded to give fewer invitations to their places, since the most frugal of them always answer for her own and it is well known that the opinion of one single entertainment compelled many a beautiful creature to hide herself from the world whole months after. As for lies, indeed, who have hitherto the burdens of such entertainments, and rich widows who can do nothing, something may be said; gluttons may be feasted at such tables, and while there are ordinaries in almost every part of the metropolis, a single lady may excuse.

return particularly to my subject: *double entendre* is at present the taste of all genteel company here is no possibility either of serious or entertaining without it. It is easily learnt is the happy advantage; for as it requires little of a mind well stored with the most ideas, every young lady of the age is thoroughly instructed in

the rudiments of it from her book of novels, or her waiting-maid. But to be as knowing as her mamma in all the refinements of the art, she must keep the very best company, and frequently receive lessons in private from a male instructor. She should also be careful to minute down in her pocket-book the most shining *sentiments* that are toasted at table; that when her own is called for, she may not be put to the blush from having nothing to say that would occasion a modest woman to blush for her. Of all the modern inventions to enliven conversation, and promote freedom between the sexes, I know of nothing that can compare with these *sentiments*; and I may venture to affirm, without the least flattery to the ladies, that they are by no means inferior to the men, in the happy talent of conveying the archest ideas imaginable in the most harmless words, and of enforcing those ideas by the most significant looks.

There is indeed one inconvenience attending the *double entendre*, which I do not remember to have heard taken notice of. This inconvenience is the untoward effect that it is apt to have upon certain discreet gentlewomen, who pass under the denomination of old maids. As these grave personages are generally remarked to have the quickest conceptions, and as they have once been shocked by what they call the indelicacy of this figure, they are ever afterwards carrying it in their minds, and converting every thing they hear into wantonness and indecency. To ask them what o'clock it is, may be an ensnaring question; to pull off your gloves in their presence, is beginning to undress; to make them a bow, may be stooping for an immodest purpose; and to talk of bed-time, is too gross to be endured. I have known one of these ladies to be so extremely upon her guard, that having dropt her gold watch-case in a public walk, and being questioned by a gentleman who took it up, whether it was hers or not, was so alarmed at the indecency of throwing aside her apron to examine, that she flew from him with precipitation, suffering him to put it into his pocket and go fairly off with it.

This *false modesty*, which most evidently owes its birth to the *double entendre*, is a degree of impudence that the other cannot match. The possessors of it have unfortunately discovered that the most

most immodest meanings may be couched under very innocent expressions; and having been once put into a loose train of thinking, they are perpetually revolving in their minds every gross idea that words can be made to imply. They would not pronounce the names of certain persons of their acquaintance for the whole world; and are almost shocked to death at the sight of a woman with child, as it suggests to their minds every idea of sensuality.

It would doubtless be very astonishing to the reader to be told, that even the purity of my own writings has not at all times exempted me from the censure of these maiden gentlewomen. The Nankin breeches of poor Patrick, the footman, in Number CXXX. of these papers, have given inconceivable offence. The word Breeches, it seems, is so outrage-

ously indecent, that a modest woman cannot bring herself to pronounce it even when alone. I must therefore, in all future impressions of this work, either dismiss the said Patrick from his service, or direct him to wait upon his ladies without any breeches at all. Other complaints of the like nature have also been brought against me, which, conscious as I am of the purity of my intentions, have piqued me not a little. It is from these complaints that I have entered at present upon the subject of this paper, which I cannot conclude without expressing some little dislike to the *double entendre*; since, with all the pleasantry and merriment it occasions, it has produced this *false modesty*, which, in my humble opinion, is *impudence* in itself.

N^o CCII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1756.

TH' ADORNING THEE WITH SO MUCH ART,
IS BUT A NEEDLESS SKILL. COWLEY.

IT is a general observation, that the character and disposition of every man may, in some degree, be guessed at from the formation and turn of his features; or, in other words, that the face is an index of the mind. This remark is certainly not without foundation; nevertheless, as men do not make themselves, but yet are masters of their wills and actions, frequent instances happen, in which this rule is found to fail, and appearances contradict reality.

I have often thought, that a surer way might be found of discovering the secret notions and bias of each person; and that if, instead of consulting the physiognomy, we were to have recourse to such things as are the immediate objects of choice and fancy, we should arrive at a truer knowledge of the person who adopts them. The best clue we can lay hold of for this purpose, is, in my opinion, the different modes of covering and adorning the body, or whatever is comprised under the idea of Dress. The Spanish proverb says—'Tell me what books a man reads, and what company he keeps, and I will tell you what manner of man he is.' It may be said with equal propriety—'Tell me how such a person dresses, and I will

tell you what he is.' In fact, Nature herself, by the appurtenances and ornaments which she bestows on different animals, seems to shadow and point out their latent qualities. Who can see the peacock strut and spread his gaudy train, without conceiving an idea of the pride and vanity of that fop among birds? The lion, wrapped up in the majesty of his mane, fills us with notions of the grandeur and nobleness of its nature. It is the same with men. What Nature gives to irrational animals, man, by the help of art, supplies to himself; and, in the choice and arrangement of his Dress, speaks his real notions and sentiments.

In a theatre, which is the glass of fashion, and the picture of the world, it is well known that a strict attention is always paid to what is called the *dressing* of the characters. The miser has his thread-bare coat; the fop, his grey powder, solitaire, and red heels; each character hanging out a sign, as it were, in his dress, which proclaims to the audience the nature of his part, even before he utters a word. The impression which this outward appearance makes upon the mind, is so strong, that states and governments have availed themselves of it for good and wise purposes.

tain, that the ignorant and vulgar part of mankind are most easily captivated by what strikes the sight. Love, it is said, enters in at the eyes: and I am apt to think, that most of the other passions enter into the mind through the same passage. Hence the necessity of applying to this sense; and hence the origin of Dress, and the pomp of kings, magistrates, and others, calculated (according to Milton) only to

Dazzle the crowd, and set them all agape.

Among the numberless instances that might be brought in proof of this assertion, I have, however, remarked one, in which the means do not seem to me to answer the end proposed, or, at least, that ought to be proposed by them. The instance I mean is, the regimentals now worn in the army. One would imagine, from contemplating the profession of a soldier, that whatever could most contribute towards giving an intrepid masculine air and look, whatever could impress on the spectator's mind an idea of courage, fortitude, and strength, would be deemed most proper to furnish out the appearance of those who devote themselves to all the toils, fatigues, and dangers, of war. And yet, who will say that our troops speak their profession in any degree by their dress? The red, indeed, in which they are clothed, as it conveys the idea of blood, and appears as if stained with the colours of their trade, is most certainly proper. But what shall we say for all the other articles of their dress? Who that sees any of them so elaborately and splendidly equipped in all their trappings, would not be more apt to think by their appearance, that they were going to grace some public festival, or to assist at some joyful ceremony, than that they were men set apart to combat with every hardship, and to stand in the rough front of war? When Cræsus, the Lydian king, displayed his heaps of treasure to Solon, the philosopher told him, that whoever had more *iron*, would soon be master of all his *gold*; intimating, that shew and pomp were of no account, compared to what was really useful; and that riches in themselves were of no value. To adapt this to our present purpose, would not a sort of dress, calculated to help and defend the wearer, or annoy the enemy, be more serviceable than all the pride andinsel that runs through the

army, from the general to the private man?

The ancient rude Britons seem to have had a better taste, or at least more meaning in their method of adorning themselves, than their polished descendants. As they were all soldiers, Cæsar tells us, they used to paint their bodies in such a manner as they conceived would make them appear terrible to their foes. Instead of powdering and curling their hair, they wore it loose, like the old Spartans, who always combed it down to its full extent; and, as the admirable author of *Leonidas* expresses it—'Cloathed their necks with terror.' For my own part, I cannot look on our troops, powdered and curled with so much exactness, without applying Falstaff's expression, and thinking indeed that they are 'food for powder.' Nor can I behold the laces, and all the waste of finery in their cloathing, but in the same light that I survey the silver plates and ornaments of a coffin: indeed, I am apt to impute their going to battle so trim and adorned, to the same reason that the fine lady painted her cheeks just before she expired, that she might not be frightful when she was dead. To ask a plain question—Where is the heed of all this finery? 'Will it,' as Falstaff says of honour, 'set a leg?—No. Or an arm?—No. Or heal the grief of a wound?—No. It has, then, no skill in surgery, and is a mere scutcheon.'

When I consider the brilliant, but defenceless state, in which our troops go to battle, I cannot help wondering at the extraordinary courage they have always shewn; and am pleased to find, that they unite in their persons the ancient and modern signification of the word *brave*; which implied formerly only finery or ornament; but, in its present acceptation, means courage and resolution. They are, indeed, both brave and fine; brave as it is possible for men to be, but finer than it is necessary for soldiers to be: so that what Cæsar said of his troops, may with great justice be applied to ours—'*Etiæm uirgines, et bene purpure fesse*. In spite of their finery and pertumors, they are brave fellows, and will fight.'

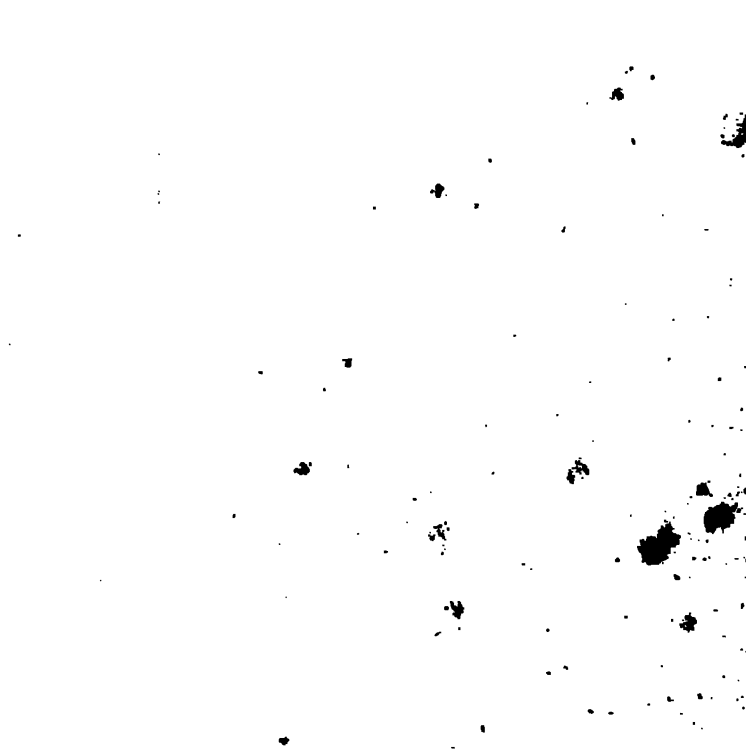
I have been led to consider this subject by a short copy of verses, lately sent me by a friend, presenting a picture of a modern warrior preparing for battle. Homer and Virgil described their heroes

The gay LOTARIO dresses for the fight.
 Studious in all the splendor to appear,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of Glorious
 war!
 His well-turn'd limbs the different garbs in-
 fold,
 Form'd with nice art, and glitt'ring all with
 gold.

Nº CCIII. THURSDAY,

WHILST the generality of *mo-
 ralists* maintain the utility of
 the passions, the generality of men com-
 plain of their inconveniency. For though
 speculation can easily confine them to
 proper objects, restrain them within
 proper bounds, and make them assistant
 and subservient to the greatest purposes,
 experience finds them impatient of the
 rein, and we are hurried by them into
 every kind of extravagance. In like
 manner batchelors lay down incompara-
 ble rules for the government of a wife,
 which the husband, whose province is
 Οὐ γνῶσις ἀλλὰ πράξις, not theory but
 practice, may find extremely defective
 in the day of trial. The truth is, that
 no schemes can be formed, no directions
 can be delivered, for the conduct of the
 passions, without a previous knowledge





duction of those mischiefs that y attend them. To instance in agedy of Fatal Conflancy; the suspecting the cruelty of his mis- or rather her obedience to her fa- falls with the greatest propriety ie passion of anger, which thus forth—

be the treach'rous sex! curs'd be the
hour,
be the world, and ev'ry thing—but
her!

such a provocation as this, it was tely impossible to have prevented afliction: the poet therefore gives it idulgence; and, to avert the fatal it might have upon the lady, as mediate cause, or upon the more : one her father, he supposes it yed in execrations against the sex eral, the hour, the world, and, in against every thing but his mistress. his artifice may, I think, be very tageously removed from the stage world, from fictitious to real per- as appears from the conduct of lers, who, in an ill run, with with eatest vehemence curse their for- r their cards; and having vented nger, will play on with the ut- omposure and resignation, and festly agreeable to their adver-

ancients make mention of one enus, a celebrated eater, who, in- of making his rivals at the table jects of his passion, envied cranes ier length of neck; the short on of pleasure being the only de- his enjoyment. Mr. Pope too otice of a reverend sire—

envy'd ev'ry sparrow that he saw.

duce these instances merely to ie possibility of an innocent ex- of the passions, which must be ed to prevent a stagnation in the and by these means may be in- without injury to others. Thus quires, who are pure followers re, to keep their dogs and them- n breath, trail herrings along the when the season will not admit of sinefs.

to remove all doubts concerning

the possibility of this method, and at the same time to shew it's utility, I must introduce St. Austin to my readers. It is well known that the prevailing passion of this saint was love, and that an habitual indulgence had rendered it too formidable for a regular attack. He therefore engaged by stratagem, where his utmost strength was ineffectual, and by forming a woman of snow for his embraces, secured his own character, and the honour of his fair disciples, from those devastations to which they must otherwise have been fatally exposed.

An example like this, is, I think, sufficient to confirm the principles, and recommend the practice of substituting objects for the exercise of the passions; but, lest difficulties should arise from the choice, I shall point out such as will best correspond with some particular passions, that we may from thence be enabled to judge what will best suit with the rest. To begin with what is most important, and most prevailing, Love. Should a young lady find herself unfortunately exposed to the unruliness of this passion, either by nature or education, by too close an attention to the study of romance, or too strong a confidence in the conversation of her friends, her condition must be very deplorable: for indulgence, the most obvious expedient, is prohibited by custom; opposition would always be found ridiculous, often impracticable, and sometimes fatal; and should she follow the example of poor Viola in Shakespeare,

— Who never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.

her case must be desperate indeed: for the destruction of her charms would infallibly destroy the very means of happiness, and make her fit only for the incurables of a convent, for which our Protestant country has not yet thought proper to provide. Now all these inconveniences will be removed by substituting some other object to engross her affection. Thus a lap-dog, a squirrel, or a parrot, may relieve her distress, by being admitted to her bosom, and receiving those *douceurs* and caresses which her passion prompts her to bestow upon her lover. It is certain that the cele-

her Antonia escaped the fatal effects of this passion, and preserved her character undisturbed amidst the flanders and courtships of the world of courts, by fixing her affections upon a lamprey. In vain did the heroes of Rome offer up their veins, her ardours were devoted to her favourite fish, on which she doated to that degree, that she fondly adorned it with her choicest earrings.

But if this method should not sufficiently answer the great purpose of giving exercise to the passion, I cannot forbear the mention of one more, and that is cruel. A *parti carre* at Cribbage or Whist will give full scope to the restlessness of it's nature, and enable the fair female to indulge it in all it's stages: for every deal will excite her affection or her anger; will inflame her jealousy, or restore her ease; will give her all the pangs of disappointment, or furnish the silent transports of success.

What has been hitherto proposed is designed for the unmarried ladies; the situation and circumstances of a wife, being in some respects different, may require a different treatment. If therefore what is here prescribed prove inef-

fectual, she may have recourse to St. Austin's remedy, which is always at hand; for by fixing her affections upon her husband, she may convert a lump of snow into a lover, and have the saint's exquisite pleasure of a mortifying indulgence.

I would now proceed to the other passions, and lay down rules for their regulations, did I not think it absolutely unnecessary: for several of them, such as *shame*, *fear*, &c. are become obsolete, and consequently unknown. Others may be constantly employed upon husbands, friends, and dependants: for these objects occur upon every occasion, and an ill choice can scarcely be made. Thus, if anger be the passion of the day, a lady need not be told that she may exert it with the greatest safety and satisfaction upon a husband or a servant. Or should the fair one be under the influence of pride, on whom can it be exercised with greater propriety than upon a female friend, especially if poverty has reduced her to a state of indigence and dependence? For Fortune has plainly marked such creatures for the use and amusement of her favourites.

Nº CCIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE season is now approaching when the wisdom of the nation provides the supplies necessary for the support of government. The two great questions commonly debated on such occasions, are the *Wherefore* and the *How*. The *Wherefore*, as the politician in the *Rehearsal* says, answers itself; but then as to the *quozodo*, or the *How*, here the invention of the ingenious lever of his country may, without offence, be exerted.

Certain unutilized pamphleteers have thought proper to observe, that scarcely a single tax can be devised which has not been already imposed, in order to stop this *lappety* nation (as they are pleased to call it) even of it's legs: for, if we credit these gentlemen, the nation does indeed hang in tatters, and we need expect very speedily to hear Britanni crying out with a most lamentable voice in the streets—'Pray, your ho-

'nour, do, good your honour, one sin-
'gle farthing to a poor distressed gentle-
'woman, with a great charge of help-
'lets children.'

A certain emperor is reported to have offered a reward to any one who should discover a new species of pleasure; and it is hoped that, in imitation of that emperor, the ministry will make *some promises* to any one who shall invent a new tax.

For my own part, I flatter myself that I have discovered some methods of raising money by taxes, which have hitherto escaped the researches of projectors and politicians: but, however various my *ways and means* may be, I shall content myself at present with communicating only one of my schemes; that, from the reception it meets with from those in power, I may be tempted either to conceal or make public the rest.

There is a certain species of conversation, which is commonly termed the *laying of Good Things*. In this commodity almost every body deals. The

Quozodo

self-monger's wife at a gossiping, and a haberdasher at the club, say Good Things, as well as their betters, during the short intervals from Whiff. This commodity has hitherto escaped the observation of the legislature; and no sufficient reason appears why a tax may not be imposed upon every Good Thing which shall be said, uttered, or spoken, from and after Lady-day next.

It will possibly be objected, that some difficulties may occur, as to the proper methods of levying this tax. The officers of the revenue, it may be said, cannot be supposed proper judges of what, and what is not, a Good Thing; and an appeal to the quarter-sessions, in all probability, would not much mend the matter. To this it may be answered, that, in the case before us, the user or consumer may be safely trusted on his own affirmation; an indulgence which should very unwillingly recommend it on any other occasion. The method I now propose is, that every person who says a Good Thing, shall receive a certificate thereof on stamp paper; for which certificate the sum of two shillings and sixpence *only* shall be exacted: provided always, that he who says a Very Good Thing, may, for such Very Good Thing, demand a certificate as aforesaid, on payment of five shillings, in manner aforesaid.

It may be further objected, as this tax is proposed to extend to the *writing*, as well as *saying* Good Things, that it will be of inexpressible detriment to many professed authors. Their interest and their vanity will incline them to contribute largely to the stamp-duty; but it cannot in reason be expected, that they should ever be able to raise a single half-crown for the purchase of a certificate. My intention, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is not to injure these gentlemen. I pity poor authors with all my heart. They who cannot *dig*, and who to *beg* are ashamed, *must write*: far be it from me, therefore, to deprive them of an ingenious livelihood. To quiet their minds,

I humbly propose, that they shall not be obliged to tax themselves, but that their readers shall tax them for every Good Thing which they may chance to publish. Thus will the tax become no insupportable grievance: indeed, it will be scarcely felt; unless false English, low wit, and licentious scurrility, be declared

Good Things by public authority. All that I entreat is, that as I leave them the liberty of *writing* what they please, they will also allow me the liberty of *reading* what I please. By this means we shall have little intercourse, and consequently little occasion for quarrel.

This tax will, indeed, fall somewhat heavy upon you, Mr. Fitz-Adam: but, in times of danger and difficulty, every man must contribute, according to his ability, to the necessities of his country. However, to make this matter easy, I am willing to yield you the whole honour of my invention; and I doubt not but you may obtain a saving clause, empowering you to write Good Things, without the expence of a certificate.

We are all of us apt to shew some degree of partiality to our own children; and this may perhaps induce me to be over-sensible of my present project. Yet the most impartial must acknowledge, that no tax can be more extensive, or be levied with greater ease to the public and the subject. It will therefore afford me the highest satisfaction to see this my darling scheme enforced by the wisdom of the legislature. I can already, in imagination, rejoice over some future resolution of the honourable House, conceived in words to the following effect—

‘Resolved, That the sum of one million sterling be raised by way of lottery on annuities payable out of the produce of the tax upon Good Things.’

It would be no less agreeable to me, to read a paragraph in the London Evening Post, or some other loyal paper, importing, that—‘This day, the worshipful company of Filthmongers dined together at their hall in Thames Street; where the tax upon Good Things, said after dinner, amounted to four hundred and ten pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence; being the largest sum which had ever been collected on that occasion.’

I make no doubt but that great sums might be expected, on this account, from the common halls of our two learned universities; not to say any thing of the laudable society of Antigallicans, the venerable order of Free Masons, and the numerous fraternities of Bucks, Bloods, and Choice Spirits.

It may possibly be insinuated, that France will endeavour to avail itself of our example, and impose likewise a tax upon

and upon this particular occasion, every man will be ambitious of contributing his quota, whether he can be legally taxed or not: nay, I am humbly of opi-

Nº CCV. THURSDAY, I

NUNC ADHIRE
PECTORE VERBA, PUER, NUNC TE ME

TENDITE AD
AURORAMQUE SEQUI.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG the many reasons that were urged against entering into the present war, and the various clamours that have been raised since the commencement of hostilities, I do not find any body has considered the importance of a peace with France, in regard to the education of our young nobility; and I cannot but think our ministers would have been less hasty in their measures, had they paid proper attention to an object of so great moment.

This oversight is the more surprizing, as the dangers attending, heirs apparent at home, and the necessity of travel from the age of seventeen to twenty-one, have

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modern system of education, took to consult me in regard to the of his eldest son, a youth about years of age, heir to a very large and at present at one of our uni-

My friend, I found, was very oft he should contract the rust of age, and most pathetically laments his ill-fortune, that the doors of should be so critically shut against him by nature for all the accomplishments which so eminently distinguish a polite nation.

Reflecting upon the good man's stiment, and admiring the fountains, bridges, and other edifices, the architecture, which surrounded him, was led to consider whether to send his sons to Peking, instead of Paris, or better answer all purposes of

And though you may start, as friend, at the first view of this, I doubt not, Mr. Fitz-Adam, in deliberation you will agree in many of the circumstances which must render such a progress less to the other, more entertaining to young gentlemen themselves, agreeable to the intentions of their and guardians, and more beneficial to their country.

Among the many considerations immediately occurred to me upon this subject, I shall beg leave principally to observe, that the manufactures of China, which have hitherto reached us, are the preference to most of our the same kinds, in spite of Euripides: and I am persuaded those arts, which are the great objects of emulation, are in a degree of excellence, worthy our notice, among the inhabitants of that country; though they have hitherto made their way to us and imperfectly, for want of travelling. The merchant and missionary (almost the only visitors to that region) attend merely to observations which regard the command religion of their nation and the views of the one are too confined, of the other generally too envious, to produce the good effects which will accrue from the enquiries of more enlarged ideas, and unprejudiced sentiments. The present juncture marked by the good genius of the Emperor for the most important discovery

How many young men of talents are picked out, whom no one

could suspect of prejudices either in favour of trade or religion! and surely a mettled fellow could not hesitate in his choice between this route and the old beaten one of France and Italy; where, from a Calais landlord, to a Neapolitan princess, there is a sameness of adventure that is become extremely irksome to a polite circle in the recital. A traveller will be greatly disappointed, who fancies the tour of Europe will entitle him to attention at Arthur's, or an assembly. Alas! after four years of expence, danger, and fatigue, if he expects auditors, he must have recourse to his tenants in the country, or seek them about four o'clock on a bench in St. James's Park. On the contrary, let us suppose a young nobleman just arrived, with a dress and equipage à la Chinoise; what a curiosity would be excited in the town! what entertainment, what admiration would it afford! What triumph would he feel, in entering a rout, to see at his approach the lover rise from beneath the hoop on the settee, the dowager quit her cards, and all—

With greedy ears, devour up his discourse!

It would be a severe blow to the French, Mr. Fitz-Adam, should the Chinese succeed to the empire of taste; and it is worthy remark, as I hinted above, and as others of your correspondents have done before, what advances they daily make toward it. Without doors, from the seats of our dukes, to the shops of our haberdashers, all is Chinese; and, in most places within, (at least where that sex which ought always to have the lead in elegance is concerned) Raphael and Titian give place to the more pleasing manners of Sarat and Japan. Should their dress and cookery become as fashionable as their architecture and painting, a lion the most flourishing commerce of France; and I see no reason why they should not, if introduced by proper persons. Novelty is the soul of both; and quickness of invention the surest recommendation to the cook, as well as the tailor. For my own part, I have commissioned my two nephews, who are actually preparing for their voyage next spring, to bring over one of the greatest men they can find in each of these capacities; and I flatter myself, that *their* dress and *my* table will give the taste to the whole town. I have likewise desired these young gentlemen

cannot afford: for instance, his cook, in
his toad-eater, his set at Whist, and, if ra
he pleases, his girl; for, by the way, it tu
would be cruel in a parent to deny a son, u
embarked on so useful a progress, any ce
of those amusements or resources so ge- w
nerally esteemed innocent in other tra- in
vels; and which, indeed, I have seldom ar
heard that the most scrupulous governor at
objected to in France or Italy. It is fr
possible that the article of sea-sickness ar
may alarm the tenderness of some mo- m
thers; but what is it more than the te
qualms of claret? and a youth who has in
shown any spirit at college, cannot have w
much to apprehend from that com- fa
plaint.

And here, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I can co
not forbear hinting to our patriots, of co
what service such a system of education bu
would prove to our marine, the great set
bulwark of the nation. I am persuaded by
it would turn out as good a nursery for T
sailors, as the herring-fishery: and what th
a resource would it be, in any certain fra
emergency, (like the present, for exam- di
ple) if the numerous retainers of the ph
gay and great were able to go to a top- wl
mast head! A set of fellows, who now fo
serve only to excite the contempt or in- ris
dignation of their industrious country- set
men, would become useful members, pa
and be regarded as a hidden strength of me





° CCVI. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1756.

AUDIRE EST OPERE PRETIUM, PROCEDERE RECTE
QUI MACHIS NON VULTIS, UT OMNI PARTE LABORENT,
UTQUE ILLIS MULTO CORRUPTA DOLORE VOLUPTAS. HOR.

FITZ-ADAM,

the history of my life may be of some service to many of your readers shall relate it with all the open and simplicity of truth. If they due attention to the errors and excesses of my conduct, they will pardon the loss of my style. I am no scholar, I had a private education under the care of my mother. Instead of conversing or playing with other boys, I was visiting with her; and while she and my tutor were at Cribbage, in which I passed a considerable part of the day, I read such books as I found lying in her room; the chief of which were *Calpurnius*, Ovid's *Art of Love*, *Novels*, miscellaneous poems, &c. From these studies I contracted an early taste for gallantry; and which pleased me so much as the studies of the last age, my thoughts were constantly engrossed with the situation of the heroes of those

Your *Dorimants* and your *Asiatics* struck my imagination beyond all other characters in Pope's *Houliad*; though I liked the gallantry of ten years for a woman, yet I thought the Greeks might have found a better way of making themselves amiable, by visiting their friends at home and taking revenge in kind. Such are the exploits to command my admiration, and such the examples which I held up to me: and having manifest signs of person, I entertained most arrogant conceits of my future triumphs. Yet, even in the height of those imaginations, I had no hope of obtaining every favour that I solicited; and I should I have been persuaded that uncommon success could be the result of any thing but consumption. The history of my life was quite the contrary; and I chose to live it, with a view of shewing what a life of trouble, distress, and misfortune was the very completion of

is precipitately sent to Oxford,

on being discovered in an intrigue with a young girl, whom my tutor had lately married, and who had a prior attachment to me. As my love for her was excessive, this separation was inexpressibly painful; and I learned from it that past joys were no consolation for present disappointment. I found the university life so little suited to my taste, that I soon prevailed upon my mother to let me come to London. Before I had been a week in town, I was introduced to a young woman, whom I took so great a fancy to, that the very violence of my passion made me despair of success. I was, however, so agreeably disappointed, that I could scarce conceal the transports of joy which possession gave me; but this joy was more than balanced, when, at the end of some months, I was told of the condition into which this kind creature was brought by her compliance with my desires. My anxiety upon this event was too great to be restrained; and honour, which alone had stopped the overflowings of my joy, prompted me to give a loose to my concern. I bewailed with remorse and tears the shame and misery of deluded innocence, and cursed myself as the author of so much ruin and infamy. I spared no expence to render her unhappy situation as comfortable as it could be made, and shut myself up with her till the expected time of her delivery. That fatal hour infinitely increased our mutual shame, by giving birth to a little negro, which, though it delivered me at once from the pangs of conscience, put me to an immoderate expence in bribes to the nurses, to keep the secret of my disgrace.

This unlucky adventure had almost spoiled me for a man of gallantry; but I soon lost all remembrance of ill usage in the innocent smiles and gentle sweetness of a young lady, who gave me every mark of tender love and constancy. Our mutual fondness made it impossible for us to bear that separation which discretion required. As she gave

up all her acquaintance for my sake, she soon found herself abandoned by them; so that our constant living together, which hitherto had been choice, was now become an absolute necessity. This confinement, though it did not abate, but, it possible, increase my tenderness, had so different an effect upon her temper, as to cause a total change of behaviour to me and all about her: she stormed day and night like a fury, and did every thing to drive me from her company; yet if ever I went from her upon the most urgent business, she would throw herself into fits, and upbraid me with the most bitter reproaches. On my being sent for to attend my mother in her last moments, she threatened, with horrid imprecations, that if I left her then, I should never see her more. I had scarce broke from her menaces, when she flew from her lodgings in an agony of passion, and has not been heard of since.

Soon after the death of my mother, a lady of quality who visited her, and who had cast an envious eye upon her diamonds, which were not contemptible, took occasion to make some advances towards me. Whenever we met, her discourse always turned upon the great merits of my mother, and the taste which she shewed in the choice and manner of wearing her jewels: and this conversation as constantly ended in an assignation at her house. Though I was at first a little proud to find my presents met with so ready an acceptance, I was not exceedingly flattered in the progress of this amour; especially when I came to perceive, that the strongest recommendation I had to her favour was growing weaker every day. I found also that a declaration which I had made of not loving cards, did not contribute to strengthen my interest in that family.

My next affair was with a lady who was really fond of me; and I thought myself then at the height of my wishes: for she managed so discreetly, that we had not the least interruption from her husband at home; but her conduct abroad was a perpetual scene of indiscretion and tyranny. She obliged me to attend her every night to the opera, and never to stir from her side. She would carry me to the most frequented plays, and keep me in a whisper during the most interesting scenes. Not satisfied with this, she made me walk with *her eternally in the Park, the Old Road,*

and Kensington Gardens; and, to compleat her triumph, she dragged me, a miserable object! about the streets of London, with the same pitiless ostentation as the inhuman conqueror trailed the lifeless carcase of Hector round the walls of Troy. To compleat my misfortunes, it happened that the *beau monde* established a new mode of gallantry; and all knights amorous were required to make love after the new fashion, and attend the fair on horieback. Unluckily for me, my mother not suspecting that horsemanship would ever become, here, a requisite in gallantry, had made it no part of my English education: therefore, being an absolute novice, I procured the quietest beast that was to be got, and hoped that I was properly mounted; but I soon found my mistake; for the dullness of the beast tended to bring a most disgraceful suspicion on the spirit of the rider; and I was obliged at all events to undertake a more mettlesome steed. The consequence was this: the moment I joined my mistress, she drew out her handkerchief, which, fluttering in the wind, so frightened my horse, that he carried me directly into the Serpentine River. While I was taken up with my own danger and disgrace, her horie, which had started at the same time, ran a different way; and as she was no otherwise qualified for a rider, but by the consciousness of being a woman of fashion, she was thrown against a tree, and killed on the spot. The remembrance of her fondness for me, though so troublesome while living, was the cause of great affliction to me after her death; and it was near a twelvemonth before I settled my affections on a new object. This was a young widow, who, though she did not give me the same occasion of complaint as the last, created me no less pain by turning the tables upon me. Instead of requiring my constant attendance, she would complain that I haunted and dogged her; and would frequently secretly herself, or run on purpose into suspicious company, purely to give me uneasiness. Though confessedly her favourite, I have frequently been denied admittance, when the most worthless pretenders have been let in; and when I have offered her tickets for a concert which she liked, she has refused them, and accepted a party to a dull play, with the most despicable of my rivals. When

ze been at the same table at cards, & made it remarked by the whole ly that her eyes and her discourse been industriously kept from me; ch has been her cruelty, that when I desired the honour of walking er the next morning, she has an- , with a significant sneer, she was rry she could not have my com- for she intended to *ride*. With all who could imagine that I was the man! and yet, as I spared no or cost in the enquiry, I can ven- pronounce that no other person er shared her favours with me.

the tortures that can be devised : punishment of poor lovers, there ne so excruciating as this inequa- behaviour.

to trouble you with a farther de- the plagues and disquietudes, the rries, expences, fines, and dan- which are incident to gallantry in I, I shall only tell you, that I at rceived there was no peace or rt for the votaries of Venus but the auspices of Hymen. To over- my inveterate prejudices against jugal state, so long despised, in-

sulted, and injured, by me, was the great difficulty: but as the thorough detection of the vanity and folly of every degree of gallantry had by no means extin- guished my unalterable love for the sex, I found, upon mature reflection, that mar- riage was my only resource, and that I should run no great risque in exchange- ing the *real* for the *imaginary* pains of love.

Having taken this resolution, I slept into the ridotto, fixed my eyes upon a very engaging figure, and immediately advertised for the young lady in blue and silver; requiring only a certificate of her good-humour. I went to the coffee-house, received a letter for A. B. and in the space of a few months, from being a restless, tyrannized, tormented wretch, I found myself a husband, a cuckold, and a happy man. I lived ten years in a state of perfect tranqui- lity; and I can truly say, that I once met with a woman, who, to the day of her death, behaved to me with constant attention and complacency.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

T. Z.

CCVII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1756.

IE exorbitant exactions of ser- vants in great houses, and the ty imposed upon you, after dining iend's table, of surrendering all mey in your pocket to the *gang* 7, who very dextrously intercept avenue to the street-door, have ie subject of a former paper. This , illiberal and preposterous as it ber the ridicule with which I have it, nor my more serious repre- , will, I fear, be able to abolish. orrespondents continue to com- that though the hospitable door ied wide for their admission, yet, at of Pluto in Virgil, it is hardly us at their retreat; nor can they e ninefold barrier without a co- shower of influencing silver. The ul dragons still expect, and will for ever, their quieting sop, from mour's bowing butler, with the ant napkin under his arm, to the Swifts who guards the vestible. passport is not now received by ollectors, as a free gift, but ga- as a turnpike toll, or, in other

words, as the just discharge of your tavern reckoning. Thus the style of invitation, which runs generally, That Lord Such-a-one desires you will do him the favour to dine with him, is ex- plained by dear-bought experience, to import, that you will obligingly con- tribute your quota to the payment of his servants wages.

Yet this abuse, grievous as it is to the guest, and disgraceful to the master, is by no means the greatest inconveni- ence arising from a want of attention to oeconomical regulations. The follow- ing letter, which I have only room to insert at present, but which, for the sake of my correspondent, I may possi- bly take under consideration at another opportunity, will sufficiently shew the necessity of such regulations.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I Am a plain country gentleman, pos- sessed of a plentiful fortune, and blest with most of the comforts of life; but am at present (not through any

3 M 2

frail

reasonable request, from a desire to make them happy; and I have been told by all of them, in their several turns, that I am, without exception, *the very best of masters*.

Yet, with all my care and kindness, I cannot establish a proper subordination amongst them; without which, I am sensible, no family-government can long subsist; and for want of which, (as they cannot find a decent and reasonable cause of complaint against me) they are perpetually quarrelling with one another. They do not, I believe, intend originally to hurt me: on the contrary, they pretend my advantage alone is the occasion of their disagreement. But, were this really true, my case is no less deplorable; for, notwithstanding the zeal they express for my service, and the respect and affection they profess to my person, my life is made miserable by their domestic squabbles; and my estate is mouldering away daily, whilst they are contending who should manage it for me. They are so obliging as to assure me, upon their honours, that their contests are only who can best serve so good a master, and deserve and claim the first place in his favour; but, alas! I begin to be a little apprehensive that their struggle is, and has been, who should get most Vails, and have most

and bid Thomas provide himself another Helper. But I leave you of my grief, as well as my fur-when Thomas answered me, with n his eyes, That he must entreat mission to retire from my service: and, he said, he had many ene-both within doors and without; nily was divided into various par-ome were favourable to the Help-d others had been wrought upon : late Postilion; he should be al-grateful for the goodness I had him; and his last breath should played in praying for my prosper-

It was with great reluctance that sented to his request; he had served onestly above thirty years, from on more than interest; had always d my wheels himself; and, upon one of my birth-days, had treated s brother whips at his own ex-: so that, far from being a gainer y service, he had spent above half at he had saved before he came into sou may imagine I would willing-re settled a comfortable annuity him; but you will wonder at his iour on this occasion; indeed, I never met with any thing like it e of his low station: he declared, e would rather live upon bread and ;, than put my honour to any ex-, when he could be no longer use-me.

us have I been reduced, contrary y inclination, to hire another man. The man I have now taken a very reputable character; but ppen to be so infirm, that he is

scarce yet able to get upon his box: and though he promises, and I believe intends, to take all possible care of my horses, I fear he has not been accustomed to drive a set so restive as mine are, especially in bad roads. I have also been persuaded to take my Postilion again, as he is a great favourite of my present Coachman. Between them they are new-modelling my family for me, and discharging those servants whom they happen to dislike. My experienced Bailiff, who used to hold my courts, has left me; and my game-keeper, who has been obliged to lie during this hard winter in a tent in the garden, is ordered back again into the north, though he has given no sort of offence; but, on the contrary, has been greatly instrumental in protecting me from the insults of my blustering neighbour; so unpardonable a crime is it to be born in Germany!

Good Mr. Fitz-Adam, advise me, as a friend, what course to take. We Masters, as we are improperly called, are become of late so subservient to our servants, that I should apprehend this universal want of subordination in them, must at last be detrimental to the state itself: for as a family is composed of many servants, cities and countries are made up of many houses and families, which together constitute a nation. Disobedience in the majority of individuals to their superiors, cannot fail of producing a general licentiousness, which must terminate at last in anarchy and confusion. I am, Sir, your constant reader and admirer,

GEORGE MEANWELL.

9 CCVIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1756.

S the first of the following letters is written by a female correspondent, he second intended for the service it sex, I have taken the first opportunity of giving them to the public.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

I, m a young woman, and live in the untry with an uncle and aunt, e characters, as they are somewhat cular, may perhaps contribute to s the entertainment of your readers. uncle is a man so full of himself, as approves of nothing but what is

done (to use his own words) *after his maxim*. About three years ago he caught a great cold; ever since which time he wears a great-coat, and calls every man a fool that goes without one, even in the dog-days. The other day, a relation coming to see him, was thrown off his horse, and broke his leg. When he was brought into the house, and my uncle came to be informed that the accident happened by his puffing through a bad lane, in order to call upon a particular friend in his way to us, he told him, with an air of great importance, that it was always a maxim with him, Never

He endeavoured to
 persuade his kinsman that his misfor-
 tune was entirely owing to a neglect of
 those excellent *maxims* which he had so
 often taught him. He concluded his
 harangue with a string of *proverbs*,
mottos, and *sentiments*, of which he is
 so ridiculously fond, that there is no
 single action of his life that is not en-
 tirely governed by one or other of them.
 I have seen him in the garden, in the
 midst of a most violent thunder-shower,
 walking a snail's pace towards the house,
 because his friend Lord Onslow's motto
 is *festina lente*; which words I have
 heard him repeat and explain so often,
 that I have them always in my head.

My aunt is truly one flesh with her
 husband. She approves of nothing but
 what is done after *her own example*;
 though she is unable to support her pre-
 judices even by a *proverb* or a *saying*.
 As I am so unfortunate as to differ from
 her in almost all my actions, we are ex-
 tremely liable to quarrel. *She* gets up
 at six, because she cannot *sleep*; and I
 lie in bed till nine, because I cannot
 easily *wake*. When we meet at break-
 fast, I am sure to be scolded for my
 drowsiness and indulgence, and ques-
 tioned at least a dozen times over, Why
 I cannot do as *she* does, get up with
 the sun? 'Aye,' says my uncle,
 "and so to bed with *she*."

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in different heaps, he found, that those of the Egyptians nick, they required a strong oak them; whereas those of us were so thin and tender, ly resisted the slightest stroke.

attributes the thinness and of the Persian skulls to their arm caps or turbans; and the ind hardness of the Egyptian going bareheaded, and posing their heads to heats and w, if this opinion of Herodote the foregoing remarks, be well what rueful effects may the hion of our ladies exposing s to all weathers, especially tent cold season, be attended stead of sensible, witty, and women, for which this counlong been famous, we may in ie have only a generation of

has happened to a neigh- tion, we have the more read the like misfortune among

And happy are those who ing by the misfortunes of ormerly, when the Dutch heads warm in furred caps, i wise and brave people, deli- selves from slavery, and esta- ealthy and formidable repub- ice they have left off this good , and taken to French tou- eby their heads are much ex- are become so thick-skulled, stupid and foolish, as to neg- every means of national be- relevation.

the ancient Greeks were wisest and most acute people ld, yet the Beotians were re- ignorant and dull. What rize this difference between their fellow Greeks to, but nt conformations of the feat lge? I wish our Society of s would endeavour to find out not proceed from the Beotians the Egyptian fashion above-

to suppose that the only mo- eminent physicians and great

lawyers for wearing such large periwigs as they generally do, is merely to *appear* wiser than other people? Have they not experienced that their warm coverings of the head greatly contribute to render them *really* so? One apparent proof of their being wiser than most others is, that the former very rarely take any physic, and the latter never go to law when they can avoid it. However, we must, for the sake of truth, acknowledge, that too many of these gentlemen, of both professions, seem to have carried the practice of keeping their heads warm to such an excess as to occasion a kind of madness, which shews itself in so voracious an appetite for fees as can hardly be satisfied. But as we frequently see good proceed from evil, may it not be hoped that these extravagancies of physicians and lawyers will put people upon making as little work as possible for either, by substituting temperance in the room of physic, and arbitrations instead of law-suits?

Whether your female readers will take warning by the examples here set before them, or much esteem your advice or mine, I know not: but, surely, such of them at least as go to church, and there say their prayers, will pay a proper regard to St. Paul, who tells them, that 'every woman who prayeth with her head uncovered, dishonoureth her head.'

In one of the islands in the Archipelago, (I think it is Naxos) there was formerly a law that no woman should appear abroad in embroidered cloaths, or with jewels, unless she were a professed courtesan; nor be attended, when she walked the streets, with more than one waiting-maid, except she was in liquor. Now, what I would propose is, that you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, should issue out an edict, that none of the fair sex in our island shall for the future be seen in public without a cap, but such as are known to be ladies of pleasure; unless you shall be pleased to except those who are apt to tittle a little too much, and therefore go in this manner to cool their heads.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

N^o CCIX. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 17

THE public will no doubt be a good deal astonished, that instead of the great name of Adam Fitz-Adam to this paper, they now see it written by a poor weak woman, it's publisher, and dated from the Globe in Paternoster Row. Alas! nothing but my regard and veneration for that dear good man could have got the better of my modesty, and tempted me to an undertaking that only himself was equal to.

Before these lines can reach the press, that truly great and amiable gentleman will, in all probability, be no more. An event so sudden and unexpected, and in which the public are so deeply interested, cannot fail to excite the curiosity of every reader; I shall therefore relate it in the concise manner I am able, not in the least doubting but my defects in style will be overlooked, and that grief and concern will prevent criticism.

The reader may remember, that in the first number of the *World*, and in several succeeding papers, the good old gentleman flattered himself that the profits of his labours would some time or other enable him to make a genteel figure in the world, and seat him at least in his *One Horse Chair*. The death of Mrs. Fitz-Adam, which happened a few months since, as it relieved him from the great expence of housekeeping, made him in a hurry to set up this Equipage; and as the sale of his paper was even beyond his expectations, I was one of the first of his friends that advised him to purchase it. The Equipage was accordingly bespoke, and sent home; and as he had all along promised that his first visit in it should be to me, I expected him last Tuesday at my country-house at Hoxton. The poor gentleman was punctual to his appointment; and it was with great delight that I saw him from my window driving up the road that leads to my house. Unfortunately for him, his eye caught mine; and hoping (as I suppose) to captivate me by his great skill in driving, he made two or three flourishes with his whip, which so frightened the horse, that he ran furiously away with the carriage, dashed it against a post, and threw the driver from his seat with a violence hardly to

be conceived. I screamed out aloud—'Lord blefs me!' says I, 'Fitz-Adam is killed!' and avran to the spot where he lay. At imagined that his head was off upon drawing nearer to him, I fi was his hat! He breathe'd, indeed, gave me hopes that he was no dead; but for other signs of life, positively none.

In this miserable condition, w help of some neighbours, we b him into the house, where a war was quickly got ready for him; together with bleeding and other brought him by degrees to life as son. He looked round about h some time; and at last, seer knowing me, enquired after his I told him it was safe, though : deal damaged. 'No matter, M: he replied; 'it has done my bu 'it has carried me a journey fro 'world to the next; I shall h: 'use for it again.' Here his failed him, and I thought him ing; but after a few minutes, rec as it were from a trance, he pre thus. 'Mrs. Cooper,' says he, 'behold in the miserable object n 'fore you, a speaking monumen 'folly and madness of ambition. 'fatal Chaise was the ultimate 'all my pursuits; the hope of 'mated my labours, and filled n 'ideas of felicity and grandeur. 'how has it humbled me! 'other great men take warning 'fall! The *World*, Mrs. Coc now at an end! I thought it c 'to a longer period; but the dec 'Fate are not to be resisted. It 'indeed have pleas'd me to hav 'ten the last paper myself; h 'talk, Madam, must be yours 'however painful it may be t 'modesty, I conjure you to un 'it.' He paused here for a mor two, as if waiting for my answe as well as I could speak for forri concern, I promised what he 'Your knowledge as a publisher 'dam,' proceeded he, 'and you 'fluency of words, will make, 'scarcely easy to you. Little mo

y than to set forth my suddenhappy end; to make mygments to the public forence it has shewn me; and, to testify my gratitude to the correspondents, to whosees this paper has been printed for it's uncommon intended (with permission) sed the work with a list of spondents; but death prevent raising this monument

fit of coughing, in which I poor gentleman would have bed him of his speech for if an hour: at last, however, n to himself; and, though than before, proceeded as I am thankful, Madam, ve, and that an opportunity e of confessing the frailties re to a faithful friend.' I san to withdraw; but she derstand me: her stay, how: prevent Mr. Fitz-Adam ne a full detail of the sins h, which, as they only e few gallantries among ith nothing more heinous or two at college, we bid nsort, and think no more . ' And now, Madam,'

have another concern to with. When I was a boy I always possessed my that whenever I died I uried in Westminster Abes freely to you, Madam, e been the constant ambi-riper years. The great my labours have done to ill, I hope, entitle my re-interment in that honour-nor will the public, I be-inclined to erect a suitable to my memory. The to the World, which was hought of my printer, I nost excellent design; and, at large in virgin marble, a admirable effect. I can of one alteration in it; at in the back ground I ; in relief, a one-horse act of overturning; that my death, as it contains e ambitious, may be re-my name. My epitaph, I might be so satisfied, I

' would have decent and concise. It
' would offend my modesty, if, after
' the name of Fitz-Adam, more were
' to be added than these words—

' He was the deepest PHILOSOPHER,
' The wittiest WRITER,
' And
' The greatest MAN,
' Of THIS AGE OR NATION.

' I say, Madam, of *this* age and nation,
' because other times and other coun-
' tries have produced very great men;
' insomuch, that there are names among
' the ancients still inferior to that of
' Adam Fitz-Adam.'

The good old gentleman would have proceeded, but his speech failed him again, and he lay as if expiring for two whole hours; during which interval, as I had no time to spare, and as all I had heard was then fresh in my memory, I sat myself down to fulfil the promise I had made. When I had written thus far, he again attempted to speak to me, but could not. I held up the paper to him, and asked if he would hear it read. He nodded his assent; and, after I had gone through it, his approbation. I desired him to signify by some motion of his hand, if there was any thing in it that he wished to have altered. He nodded his head again, and gave me a look of such complacency and regard, as convinced me I had pleased him. It is from a knowledge of this circumstance, that I shall now send what I have written to the press, with no other concern than for the accident which occasioned it: an accident which I shall never think of without tears; as it will probably deprive the public of a most able instructor, and me of a worthy friend and constant benefactor.

MARY COOPER;

Globe, Pater Noster Row,
Tuesday, Dec. 28, 1756.

P. S. *Wednesday night, ten o'clock—*
Mr. Fitz-Adam is still alive, though in a dangerous way. He came to his speech this morning, and directed me to inform the public, that, as the World is now closed, he has ordered a general Index to the folio volumes to be printed, and given Gratis, in a few days, at Mr. Doddsley's, in Pall Mall; and at M. Cooper's, at the Globe, in Pater Noster Row.

A WORLD EXTRAORDINARY.

THE FOLLOWING PAPER HAVING BEEN TRANSMITTED TO MR. FITZ-ADAM'S BOOKSELLER, ON THE VERY DAY OF THAT GENTLEMAN'S MISFORTUNE, HE TAKES THE LIBERTY TO OFFER IT TO THE PUBLIC JUST AS IT CAME TO HAND.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS the contagion of politics has been so prevalent of late, that it has even (I won't say infected, but at least) infected itself into the papers of the impartial Mr. Fitz-Adam; perhaps I may not make him an unacceptable present in the following piece, which will humour the bent of his disorder, (for I must consider political writings as a distemper) and at the same time will cool, not increase, any sharpness in his blood.

Though the author of this little essay is retired from the busier scenes of life, he has not buried himself in such indifference to his country, as to despise, or not to attend to, what is passing even in those scenes he has quitted; and having withdrawn from inclination, not from disgust, he preserves the same attachments that he formerly made, though contracted, even then, from esteem, not from interest. He feels, with a feeling concern, the distresses and distractions of his country; he foresees, with anxiety, the consequences of both. He laments the discord that divides those men of superior genius, whose union, with all their abilities, were perhaps inadequate to the crisis of our affairs. He does not presume to discuss the grounds of their dissensions, which he wishes themselves to overlook; and he would be one of the last men in England to foment division, where his interest as a Briton, and his private inclination; as a man, bid him hope for coalition. Yet he would not be a Man, he might be a Stoic, if even these inclinations were equally balanced: his admiration may be suspended, his heart will be partial. From these sensations, he has been naturally led to lament and condemn the late torrent of personalities: he sees with grief the greatest characters treated with the greatest licentiousness; his friendship has been touched at find-

ing one of the most respectable aspersed in the most injurious manner. He holds That person's fame as much superior to reproach, as he thinks himself inferior to That person's defence; and yet he cannot help giving his testimony to the reputation of a man, with whose friendship he has been long honoured. This ambition, Sir, has occasioned my troubling you with the following portrait, written eight years ago; designed then as private incense to an honoured name, and ever since preserved by the author only, and in the fair hands to which it was originally addressed. I will detain you no longer than to say, that if this little piece should be accused of flattery, let it be remembered, that it was written when the subject of it was no minister of state, and that it is published now (and should not else have been published) when he is no minister at all. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

H. M.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY C. F.

MADAM,

I Have been attempting to draw a picture of one of your friends, and think I have in some degree succeeded; but, as I fear natural partiality may make me flatter myself, I chuse to submit to your ladyship's judgment, whose prepossession for the person represented is likely to balance what fondness I may have for my own performances. As I believe you love the person in question, as much as ever other people love themselves, the medium between the faults you shall find, and the just resemblance that I see in the following portrait, is likely to be an exact image.

The gentleman I am drawing is about three-and-forty*. As you see all the fondness and delicacy and attention of a lover in him, perhaps your ladyship may take him to be but three-and-

* This was written in the year 1748.

but I, whose talent is not flattered who from his judgment, and age, and authority, should at first down for threescore, upon the enquiry, can only allow him to be the vigour of his age and under-
 3. His person decides rather on ; for though he has all the ease and pliancy of youth, yet your la-
 must allow, that it has a dignity, youth might aim at in vain, and that it will scarce ever be exchanged. Like common painters, I should in a ruddy healthful complexion, lift up his countenance with insinuations and unmeaning benignity: it would not be a faithful portraiture of his bloom would no more give of him, than his bended brow lets one into the vast humanity of per; or than an undistinguishing would supply the place of his manly and penetration. To paint that cheerful, open countenance, be a poor return of compliment flattery that his approbation be- which, by not being promised, satisfies one's self-love. The meanness is degrading to their friends; the man I mean makes his worth known you, by persuading you that others come in you.

was the true characteristic of a man, that he is superior to others in private, social, unbending hours. far from meaning by this superior that he exerts the force of his unnecessarily: on the contrary, they perceive his pre-eminence in moments by his being more agreeable-natured, and idle with more than other people. He seems in-
 e, as if his only business were to and is unreserved, as if he were inform; and is equally incapable of mystery in pretending to know what he does not, or in concealing what

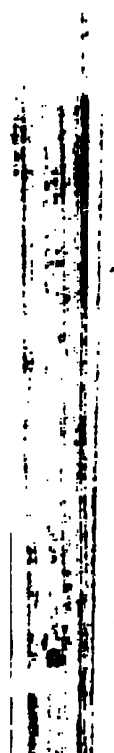
in the House of Commons he was for me an ungraceful and unpopular ; the abundance of his matter wing his elocution: but the force of reasoning has prevailed both over his defects and those of his audience. He speaks with a strength and unity of argument that commands

the admiration of an age apt to be more cheaply pleased. But his vanity cannot satisfy itself on the terms it could satisfy others; nor would he thank any man for his approbation, unless he were conscious of deserving it. But he carries this delicacy still farther, and has been at the idle labour of making himself fame and honours by pursuing a regular and steady plan, when art and eloquence would have carried him to an equal height, and made those fear him, who now only love him—if a party can love a man who they see is only connected with them by principles, not by prejudices.

In another light one may discover another littleness in his conduct: in the affairs of his office*, he is as minute and as full of application as if he were always to remain in the same post; and as exact and knowing as if he always had been in it. He is as attentive to the solicitation and interests of others in his province, as if he were making their fortune, not his own; and, to the great detriment of the ministry, had turned one of the best sinecures under the government into one of the most laborious employments; at the same time imagining that the ease with which he executes it will prevent a discovery of the innovation. He receives all officers who address to him with as little pride as if he were secure of innate nobility; yet this defect of illustrious birth is a blemish which some of the greatest men have wanted to make them completely great: Tully had it; had the happiness and glory of raising himself from a private condition; but boasting of it, might as well have been noble: he degraded himself by usurping that prerogative of nobility, pride of what one can neither cause nor prevent.

I say nothing of his integrity, because I know nothing of it, but that it has never been breathed upon even by suspicion: it will be time enough to vindicate it when it has been impeached. He is as well-bred as those who colour over timidity with gentleness of manners; and as bravely sincere as those who take, or would have brutality taken for honesty: but though his great freedom is polite, his greatest condescension is dig-

* Secretary at War.



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FINIS.

HARRISON'S EDITION.



D I A L O G U E S

OF THE

D E A D.

BY GEORGE LORD LYTTTELTON.



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M DCC LXXXVII.



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PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SCIPIO AFRICANU

DIALOGUE 2
PLATO—DIODE

P R E F A C E.

LUCIAN among the ancients, and among the moderns Fenelon Archbishop of Cambray, and Monsieur Fontenelle, have written *Dialogues of the Dead* with a general applause. The plan they have traced out is so extensive, that the matter which lies within the compass of it can scarcely be exhausted. It sets before us the history of all times and all nations, presents to the choice of a writer all characters of remarkable persons, which may best be opposed to or compared with each other; and is perhaps one of the most agreeable methods, that can be employed, of conveying to the mind any critical, moral, or political observations; because the *dramatic* spirit, which may be thrown into them, gives them more life than they could have in dissertations, however well written. And sometimes a *new dress* may render an old truth more pleasing to those whom the mere love of novelty betrays into error, as it frequently does not only the *wits*, but the *sages*, of these days. Indeed, one of the best services that could now be done to mankind by any good writer, would be the bringing them back to *common sense*; from which the desire of shining by extraordinary notions has seduced great numbers, to the no small detriment of morality, and of all real knowledge.

It may be proper to observe, that, in all works of this nature, the dead are often supposed, by a necessary fiction, to be thoroughly informed of many particulars which happened in times posterior to their own; and in all parts of the world, as well as in the countries to which they belonged. Thus, in Fenelon's Dialogue between Gelon and Dion, the former finds fault with the conduct of the latter; and in another between Solon and the Emperor Justinian, the Athenian censures the government of the Roman Legislator, and talks of the History of Procopius as if he had read it. I have also taken the liberty that others have used, to date the several dialogues, as best suited with the purposes to which they were written, supposing some of them to have passed immediately after the decease of one or more of the speakers, and others at a very great distance of time from that in which they lived. But I have not in this edition made any alteration in the dates of the former. Elysium, Minos, Mercury, Charon, and Styx, being necessary allegories in this way of writing, are occasionally used here, as they have been by Fontenelle and the Archbishop of Cambray: which (if it offended any critical or pious ears) I would justify by the declaration gravely annexed to the works of all Italian writers, wherein they used such expressions—'*Se havessi nominato Fato, Fortuna, Destino, Elysio, Stige, &c. sono scborzi di penna poetica, non sentimenti di animo Catolico* *.'

* If I have named Fate, Fortune, Destiny, Elysium, Styx, &c. they are only the sports of a poetical pen, not the sentiments of a Catholic mind.

different systems, to defend their own con-
ceptions, by free discourse with each other,
able to the turn of their minds, as they have
by the best authors.

To see this done in the compass of a f
induce our young gentry (for whose service
intended) to meditate on the subjects treated
they make a proper use of the lights given to
will derive some benefit from the book, with
more.



D I A L O G U E S

OF THE

D E A D.

DIALOGUE I.

LORD FALKLAND—MR. HAMPDEN.

LORD FALKLAND.

ARE not you surprized to see me in Elysium, Mr. Hampden?

MR. HAMPDEN.

I was going to put the same question to your lordship; for, doubtless, you thought me a rebel.

LORD FALKLAND.

And certainly you thought me an apostate from the commonwealth, and a supporter of tyranny.

MR. HAMPDEN.

I own I did; and I don't wonder at the severity of your thoughts about me. The heat of the times deprived us both of our natural candour. Yet I will confess to you here, that, before I died, I began to see in our party enough to justify your apprehensions, that the civil war, which we had entered into from generous motives, from a laudable desire to preserve our free constitution, would end very unhappily, and, perhaps, in the issue, destroy that constitution, even by the arms of those who pretended to be most zealous for it.

LORD FALKLAND.

And I will as frankly own to you, what I saw, in the court and camp of the king, so much to alarm me for the li-

berty of my country, if our arms were successful, that I dreaded a victory little less than I did a defeat; and had nothing in my mouth but the word *peace*, which I constantly repeated with passionate fondness, in every council at which I was called to assist.

MR. HAMPDEN.

I wished for peace too, as ardently as your lordship. But I saw no hopes of it. The insincerity of the king, and the influence of the queen, made it impossible to trust to his promises or declarations. Nay, what reliance could we reasonably have upon *laws* designed to limit and restrain the power of the crown, after he had violated *the bill of rights*, obtained with such difficulty, and containing so clear an assertion of the privileges which had been in dispute? If his conscience would allow him to break an act of parliament *made to determine the bounds of the royal prerogative*, because he thought *that the royal prerogative could have no bounds*, what legal ties could bind a conscience so prejudiced? or what effectual security could his people obtain against the obstinate malignity of such an opinion, but entirely taking from him *the power of the*

* See the Letter, in the Sidney Collection, from the Earl of Rochester to his lady.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

9

they would entirely cure me of
it of party, and make me think,
s in the church, so also in the

state, no evil is more to be feared than
a rancorous and enthusiastic zeal.

DIALOGUE II.

LOUIS LE GRAND—PETER THE GREAT.

LOUIS.

'HO, Sir, could have thought,
when you were learning the
f a shipwright in the dockyards
land and Holland, that you would
quire, as I had done, the surname
at?

PETER.

ch of us best deserved that title,
y will decide. But my greatness
d sufficiently in that very act
seemed to you a debasement.

LOUIS.

dignity of a king does not stoop
i mean employments. For my
rt, I was careful never to appear
eyes of my subjects or foreigners,
all the splendour and majesty of
ower.

PETER.

I remained on the throne of
as my ancestors did, environed
l the pomp of barbarous great-
should have been idolized by my
as much, at least, as you ever
y the French. My despotism
ore absolute, their servitude was
umble. But then I could not
formed their evil customs; have
their arts, civility, navigation,
r; have exalted them from brutes
an shapes into men. In this was
extraordinary force of my ge-
eyond any comparison with all
ings, that I thought it no degra-
or diminution of my greatness,
nd from my throne, and go and
i the dock-yards of a foreign re-
; to serve as a private sailor in
n fleets, and as a common sol-
my own army; till I had raised
by my merit in all the several
nd degrees of promotion, up to
hest command, and had thus in-
my nobility to submit to a regu-
ordination in the sea and land-
by a lesson hard to their pride,
ich they would not have learnt
ny other master, or by any other
of instruction.

LOUIS.

I am forced to acknowledge that it
was a great act. When I thought it a
mean one, my judgment was perverted
by the prejudices arising from my own
education, and the ridicule thrown upon
it by some of my courtiers, whose minds
were too narrow to be able to compre-
hend the greatness of yours in that situa-
tion.

PETER.

It was an act of more heroism than
any ever done by Alexander or Caesar.
Nor would I consent to exchange my
glory with theirs. They both did great
things: but they were at the head of
great nations, far superior in valour and
military skill to those with whom they
contended. I was the king of an igno-
rant, undisciplined, barbarous people.
My enemies were at first so superior to
my subjects, that ten thousand of them
could beat a hundred thousand Russians.
They had formidable navies: I had not
a ship. The king of Sweden was a
prince of the most intrepid courage,
assisted by generals of consummate know-
ledge in war, and served by soldiers so
disciplined, that they were become the
admiration and terror of Europe. Yet
I vanquished these soldiers; I drove that
prince to take refuge in Turkey; I won
battles at sea, as well as land; I *re-*
created my people; I gave them arts,
science, policy; I enabled them to keep
all the powers of the North in awe and
dependance, to give kings to Poland,
to check and intimidate the Ottoman
emperors, to mix with great weight in
the affairs of all Europe. What other-
man has ever done such wonders as
these? Read all the records of ancient
and modern times; and find, if you
can, one fit to be put in comparison
with me!

LOUIS.

Your glory would indeed have been
supreme and unequalled, if, in civilis-
ing your subjects, you had reformed the
brutality of your own manners, and

government was in the hearts of my barbarous subjects the only principle of obedience. To make them respect the royal authority, I was obliged to arm it with all the terrors of rage. You had a more pliant people to govern, a people whose minds could be ruled, like a fine managed horse, with an easy and gentle rein. The fear of shame did more with them than the fear of the *knout* could do with the Russians. The humanity of your character and the ferocity of mine were equally suitable to the nations over which we reigned. But what excuse can you find for the cruel violence you employed against your Protestant subjects? They desired nothing but to live under the protection of laws you yourself had confirmed; and they repaid that protection by the most hearty zeal for your service. Yet these did you force, by the most inhuman severities, either to quit the religion in which they were

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DIALOGUE

PLATO—FENELON

PLATO.

WELCOME to Elysium, O thou, the most pure, the most gentle, the most refined disciple of philosophy. that the world. in modern

fields,
both a
poet, th
And th
for man

, for a shadow. The goddess will affectionately meet your errand and mingle with your soul.

FENELON.

you retain the allegorical and style, of which you were so many of your writings. Mine sometimes into poetry; particularly Telemachus, which I meant a kind of epic composition. I do not rank myself among the poets, nor pretend to any equality with you, the most eloquent of poets, on whose lips the Attick filled all their honey.

PLATO.

French language is not so harsh as the Greek: yet you have sweetness to it, which equally the ear and heart. When one of our compositions, one thinks that Apollo's lyre, strung by the Graces, and tuned by the

The idea of a *perfect king*, you have exhibited in your Telemachus, far excels, in my own judgment, imaginary *republic*. Your *Telemachus* breathes the pure spirit of unaffected good sense, of justice, of fine taste. They are in general superior to your countrymen's, as reason is to false wit, to affectation. The greatest of them, I think, is, that some short.

FENELON.

It has been objected to them, and I am sensible of it myself, that most of them are too full of *common-place* mottoes. I wrote them for the instruction of a young prince: and one cannot help imprint on the minds of those who are born to empire the most truths; because, as they grow flattery of a court will try to disengage them from those truths, eradicate from their hearts the sense of their duty, if it has not taken very deep root.

PLATO.

indeed the peculiar misfortune of kings, that they are often instructed in the refinements of power, but not taught the first principles of obligations, or taught so fully, that the virtuous man is not in the corrupt politician. But of men of virtue you gave your royal son a more graceful grace by the charms of your style, that the oldest and wisest

men may attend to them with pleasure. All your writings are embellished with a sublime and agreeable imagination, which gives elegance to simplicity, and dignity to the most vulgar and obvious truths. I have heard, indeed, that your countrymen are less sensible of the beauty of your genius and style than any of their neighbours. What has so much devalued their taste?

FENELON.

That which devalued the taste of the Romans after the age of Augustus; an immoderate love of *wit*, of *paradox*, of *refinement*. The works of their writers, like the faces of their women, must be painted and adorned with artificial embellishments, to attract their regards; and thus the natural beauty of both is lost. But it is no wonder if few of them esteem my Telemachus; as the maxims I have principally inculcated there are thought by many inconsistent with the grandeur of their monarchy, and with the splendour of a refined and opulent nation. They seem generally to be falling into opinions, that the chief end of society is to procure the pleasures of luxury; that a nice and elegant taste of voluptuous enjoyments is the perfection of merit; and that a king, who is elegant, magnificent, liberal, who builds a fine palace, who furnishes it well with good statues and pictures, who encourages the fine arts, and makes them subservient to every modish vice who has a restless ambition, a perfidious policy, and a spirit of conquest, is better for them than a Numa, or a Marcus Aurelius. Whereas to check the excesses of luxury, those excesses I mean which enfeeble the spirit of a nation; to ease the people, as much as is possible, of the burthen of taxes; to give them the blessings of peace and tranquillity, when they can be obtained without injury or dishonour; to make them frugal, and hardy, and masculine in the temper of their bodies and minds, that they may be the fittest for war whenever it does come upon them; but, above all, to watch diligently over their morals, and discourage whatever may debase or corrupt them; is the great business of government, and ought to be in all circumstances the principal object of a wise legislature. Unquestionably that is the happiest country which has most virtue in it; and to the eye of sober reason the poorest Swiss canton is a much nobler state than the kingdom of France.

enervated than any which arises from integrity in office, or public spirit in government? Can that spirit, which is the parent of national greatness, continue vigorous and diffusive, where the desire of wealth, for the sake of a luxury which wealth alone can support, and an ambition aspiring, not to glory, but to profit, are the predominant passions? If it exist in a king, or a minister of state, how will either of them find, among people so disposed, the necessary instruments to execute his great designs; or rather, what obstruction will he not find, from the continual opposition of private interest to publick? But if, on the contrary, a court incline to tyranny, what a facility will be given by these dispositions to that evil purpose! How will men, with minds relaxed by the enervating ease and softness of luxury, have vigour to oppose it! Will not most of them lean to servitude, *as their natural state*; as that in which the extravagant and insatiable cravings of their artificial wants may best be gratified, at the charge of a bountiful master, or by the spoils of an enslaved and ruined people? When all sense of publick virtue is thus destroyed, will not fraud, corruption, and avarice, or the opposite workings of

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cellent bishop; and I should have ruled Great Britain, as I did Ireland, with an absolute sway, while I had nothing but liberty, property, & forth.

ADDISON.

You governed the mob of Ireland; never understood that you governed a kingdom. A nation and a mob are different things.

SWIFT.

So you fellows that have no government for politicks may suppose. But are times when, by seasonably putting myself at the head of the mob, a man may get at the head of the nation.

Nay, there are times, when the mob itself is a mob, and ought to be directed as such by a skillful oblietter.

ADDISON.

Don't deny the truth of your proposition. But is there no danger that, from natural vicissitudes of human affairs, your favourite of the mob should be mobbed in his turn?

SWIFT.

Sometimes there may: but I risked it and answered my purpose. Ask the lieutenants, who were forced to court to me instead of my courting them, whether they did not feel my superiority. And if I could make myself considerable, when I was only a dirty boy of St. Patrick's, without a seat in the house of parliament; what should be done, if fortune had placed me in a situation that would have enabled me to make myself heard in the ears of lords or of commons?

ADDISON.

You would undoubtedly have done marvellous acts! Perhaps you might then have been as zealous a whig as Lord Wharton himself. Or, if whigs had unhappily offended the nation, as they did the doctor, who is whether you might not have ght in the pretender? Pray let me know one question between you and me.

If your great talents had raised you to the office of first minister under prince, would you have tolerated a recalcitrant religion, or not?

SWIFT.

Mr. Secretary; are you witty now? Do you think, because Sunday took a fancy to make you a great man in the state, that he, or his matter, makes you as great in wit, as na-

ture made me? No, no; wit is like grace; it must be given from above. You can no more get that from the king, than my lords the bishops can the other. And, though I will own you had some, yet believe me, my good friend, it was no match for mine. I think you have not vanity enough in your nature, to pretend to a competition in that point with me.

ADDISON.

I have been told by my friends that I was rather too modest. So I will not determine this dispute for myself; but refer it to Mercury, the God of wit, who fortunately happens to be coming this way, with a soul he has brought to the shades.

Hail, divine Hermes! a question of precedence, in the class of wit and humour over which you preside, having arisen between me and my countryman Dr. Swift, we beg leave—

MERCURY—Dr. Swift, I rejoice to see you—How does my old host how does honest Lemuel Gulliver? Have you been in Lilliput lately, or in the flying island, or with your good nurse Gump-dalcilch? Pray when did you eat a crust with Lord Peter? Is Jack as mad still as ever? I hear that, since you published the history of his case, the poor fellow, by more gentle usage, is almost got well. If he had but more food, he would be as much in his senses as brother Martin himself. But Martin, they tell me, has lately spawned a strange brood of Methodists, Moravians, Hutchinsonians, who are madder than ever Jack was in his worst days. It is a great pity you are not alive again, to make a new edition of your Tale of the Tub for the use of these fellows.—Mr. Addison, I beg your pardon: I should have spoken to you sooner; but I was so struck with the sight of my old friend the doctor, that I forgot for a time the respects due to you.

SWIFT.

Addison, I thank our dispute is decided, before the judge has heard the cause.

ADDISON.

I own it is, in your favour;—but—

MERCURY—Don't be discouraged, friend Addison. Apollo perhaps would have given a different judgment. I am a wit, and a rogue, and a foe to all dignity. Swift and I naturally like one another. He worships me more than Jupiter.

you leave. / But, allowing that, in the force and spirit of his wit he has really the advantage; how much does he yield to you in all the elegant graces; in the fine touches of delicate sentiment; in developing the secret springs of the soul; in shewing the midlights and shades of a character; in distinctly marking each line, and every soft gradation of tints, which would escape the common eye! Whoever painted like you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the shade even of the greatest simplicity, or the most ridiculous weaknesses; so that we are forced to admire, and feel that we *venerate*, even while we are *laughing*! Swift was able to do nothing that approaches to this. He could draw an ill face, or caricature a good one, with a masterly hand: but there was all his power; and, if I be to speak as a *god*, a worthless power it is. Yours is divine. It tends to exalt human nature.

SWIFT.

Pray, good Mercury, (if I may have liberty to say a word for myself) do you think that my talent was not highly beneficial to *correct* human nature? Is whipping of no use, to mend naughty boys?

written is this ther, a task of ed to be dor dom a with s discipline with a a *yaboo* he must also hav to the and his stroke, or pet he em delicate painful their na his fair would l excellen fit for esteem a the oth opposite wonderl sufficien sum.





admiration of you cannot entirely come.

CIRCE.

is is not all. I perceive you are to declare your whole mind. But Ulysses, do you fear? my terrors one. The proudest goddess on when she has favoured a mortal have favoured you, has laid her diadem and power at his feet.

ULYSSES.

may be so, while there still remains heart the tenderness of love, or mind the fear of shame. But Circe, are above those vulgar sens-

CIRCE.

understand your caution; it belongs to your character: and therefore, to recall diffidence from you, I swear, I will do no manner of harm, to you or your friends, for any which you say, however offensive to be to my love or my pride; but send you away from my island with the arms of my friendship. Tell me truly, what pleasures you hope to in the barren rock of Ithaca, which compensate for those you leave in paradise, exempt from all cares, verflowing with all delights?

ULYSSES.

the pleasures of virtue; the supremeness of doing good. Here I do long. My mind is in a palsy: all culties are benumbed. I long to be put into action, that I may worthily use those talents, which I have culd from the earliest days of my life. Toils and cares fright not me. It is the exercise of my soul; they keep it in health and in vigour. Give me again the fields of Troy, rather than vacant groves. There I could have the bright harvest of glory; here I feel, like a coward, from the eyes of the world, and begin to appear con- siderable in my own. The image of my former self haunts and seems to up- brace me, wherefore I go. I meet it in the gloom of every shade: it even follows itself into your presence, and comes from your arms. O goddess, you have power to lay that spirit, you can make me forget myself; not be happy here, I shall every day be more wretched.

CIRCE.

you not a wife and good man, who has lost all his youth in active life and

honourable danger, when he begins to decline, be permitted to retire, and enjoy the rest of his days in quiet and pleasure?

ULYSSES.

No retreat can be honourable to a wife and good man, but in company with the Muses. Here I am deprived of that sacred society. The Muses will not inhabit the abodes of voluptuousness and sensual pleasure. How can I study, or think, while such a number of beasts (and the worst beasts are men turned into beasts) are howling, or roaring, or grunting, all about me?

CIRCE.

There may be something in this: but this, I know, is not all. You suppress the strongest reason that draws you to Ithaca. There is another image, besides that of *your former self*, which appears to you in this island; which follows you in your walks; which more particularly interposes itself between you and me, and chides you from my arms. It is Penelope, Ulysses; I know it is.—Don't pretend to deny it. You sigh for Penelope in my bosom itself.—And yet she is not an immortal.—She is not, as I am, endowed by nature with the gift of unfading youth. Several years have past since hers has been faded. I might say without vanity, that in her best days she was never so handsome as I. But what is she now?

ULYSSES.

You have told me yourself, in a former conversation, when I enquired of you about her, that she is faithful to my bed, and as fond of me now, after twenty years absence, as at the time when I left her to go to Troy. I left her in the bloom of youth and beauty. How much must her constancy have been tried since that time! how meritorious is her fidelity! Shall I reward her with falsehood? Shall I forget my Penelope, who cannot forget me; who has no pleasure so dear to her as the remembrance of me?

CIRCE.

Her love is preserved by the continual hope of your speedy return. Take that hope from her. Let your companions return; and let her know that you have fixed your abode with me, that you have fixed it for ever. Let her know that she is free to dispose of the pleasures of her heart and her hand. Send my picture to her; bid her compare it with

a man, I returned to my valiant ymen, the Mohawks; and having villainously cheated by one of in the sale of some rum, I never o have any thing to do with them irds. Yet I took up the hatchet in with the rest of my tribe in the ar against France, and was killed I was out upon a scalping party. died very well satisfied: for my in were victorious; and, before I ot, I had gloriously scalped seven nd five women and children. In ner war I had performed still exploits. My name is *The Bear*; it was given me to express cencis and valour.

DUELLIST.

dy Bear, I respect you, and am our humble servant. My name is Pushwell; very well known at I am a gentleman by my birth, profession a gamester and man I have killed men in fair ot, in honourable single combat; or understand cutting the throats men and children.

SAVAGE.

that is our way of making war. nation has it's customs. But, by imness of your countenance, and role in your breast, I presume you killed, as I was, in some scalping How happened it that your enemy t take off your scalp?

DUELLIST.

, I was killed in a duel. A friend ne had lent me a sum of money. two or three years, being in great himself, he asked me, to pay him. ight his demand, which was some- peremptory, an affront to my ho- and sent him a challenge. We n Hyde Park. The fellow could nce: I was absolutely the adroitest sman in England. So I gave him or four wounds; but at last he ran me with such impetuosity, that he put it of my play, and I could not pre- sim from whipping me through the . I died the next day, as a man our should, without any sniveling of contrition or repentance: and he ollow me soon; for his surgeon has red his wounds to be mortal. I id that his wife is dead of grief, that his family of seven children e undone by his death. So I am revenged; and that is a comfort. my part, I had no wife—I always

hated marriage: my whore will take good care of herself, and my children are provided for at the Foundling Hos- pital.

SAVAGE.

Mercury, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. He has murdered his coun- tryman; he has murdered his friend: I say positively, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. I will swim over the river: I can swim like a duck.

MERCURY.

Swim over the Styx! it must not be done; it is against the laws of Pluto's empire. You must go in the boat, and be quiet.

SAVAGE.

Don't tell me of laws. I am a Sa- vage: I value no laws. Talk of laws to the Englishman: there are laws in his country, and yet you see he did not regard them; for they could never allow him to kill his fellow-subject in time of peace, because he asked him to pay a debt. I know, indeed, that the English are a *barbarous nation*; but they cannot possibly be so brutal as to make such things lawful.

MERCURY.

You reason well against him. But how comes it that you are so offended with murder; you, who have frequently massacred women in their sleep, and chil- dren in the cradle?

SAVAGE.

I killed none but my enemies; I never killed my own countrymen; I never killed my friend.—Here, take my blan- ket, and let it come over in the boat; but see that the murderer does not sit upon it, or touch it. If he does, I will burn it instantly in the fire I see yonder. Farewel—I am determined to swim over the water.

MERCURY.

By this touch of my wand, I deprive thee of all thy strength.—Swim now, if thou can'st.

SAVAGE.

This is a potent enchanter.—Restore me my strength, and I promise to obey thee.

MERCURY.

I restore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you: otherwise worse will befall you.

DUELLIST.

Mercury, leave him to me. I'll tutor him for you.—Sirrah Savage, dost thou pretend to be ashamed of my

'company! dost thou know that I have kept the best company in England?'

SAVAGE.

I know thou art a scoundrel.—Not pay thy debts! Kill thy friend who lent thee money for asking thee for it! Get out of my sight. I will drive thee into Styx.

MERCURY.

Stop—I command thee. No violence—I speak to him calmly.

SAVAGE.

I must obey thee.—Well, Sir, let me know what merit you had to introduce you into good company? What could you do?

DUELLIST.

Sir, I gamed, as I told you.—Besides, I kept a good table. I *eat* as well as any man either in England or France.

SAVAGE.

Eat! Did you ever eat the liver of a Frenchman, or his leg, or his shoulder? There is *fine eating*! I have eat twenty. My table was always *well served*. My wife was esteemed the best cook for the dressing of man's flesh in all North America. You will not pretend to compare your *eating* with mine?

DUELLIST.

I danced very finely.

SAVAGE.

I'll dance with thee for thy ears.—I can dance all day long. I can dance the *war dance* with more spirit than any man of my nation. Let us see thee begin it. How thou standest like a post! How Mercury struck thee with his enfeebling rod? or art thou ashamed to let us see how awkward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou hast never yet learnt. But what else canst thou do, thou bragging *raff*?

DUELLIST.

O heavens! must I bear this! What can I do with this fellow? I have neither

sword nor pistol. And his shade seems to be twice as strong as mine.

MERCURY.

You must answer his questions. It was your own desire to have a conversation with him. He is not well bred; but he will tell you some truths, which you must necessarily hear when you come before Rhadamanthus. He asked you what you could do besides eating and dancing.

DUELLIST.

I sang very agreeably.

SAVAGE.

Let me hear you sing your *death song*, or the *war whoop*. I challenge you to sing.—Come, begin.—The fellow is mute.—Mercury, this is a *liar*—He has told us nothing but *lies*. Let me pull out his tongue.

DUELLIST.

The lie given me!—and alas! I dare not resent it. What an indelible disgrace to the family of the Pushwells! This indeed is *damnation*.

MERCURY.

Here, Charon, take these two Savages to your care. How far the barbarism of the Mohawk will excuse his horrid acts, I leave Minos to judge. But what can be said for the other, for the Englishman?—The custom of duelling? A bad excuse at the best! but here it cannot avail. The spirit that urged him to draw his sword against his friend is not that of *honour*; it is the spirit of the Furies, and to them he must go.

SAVAGE.

If he is to be punished for his wickedness, turn him over to me. I perfectly understand the art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin my work with this *kick on your breach*.

DUELLIST.

O my honour, my honour, to what infamy art thou fallen!

DIALOGUE VII.

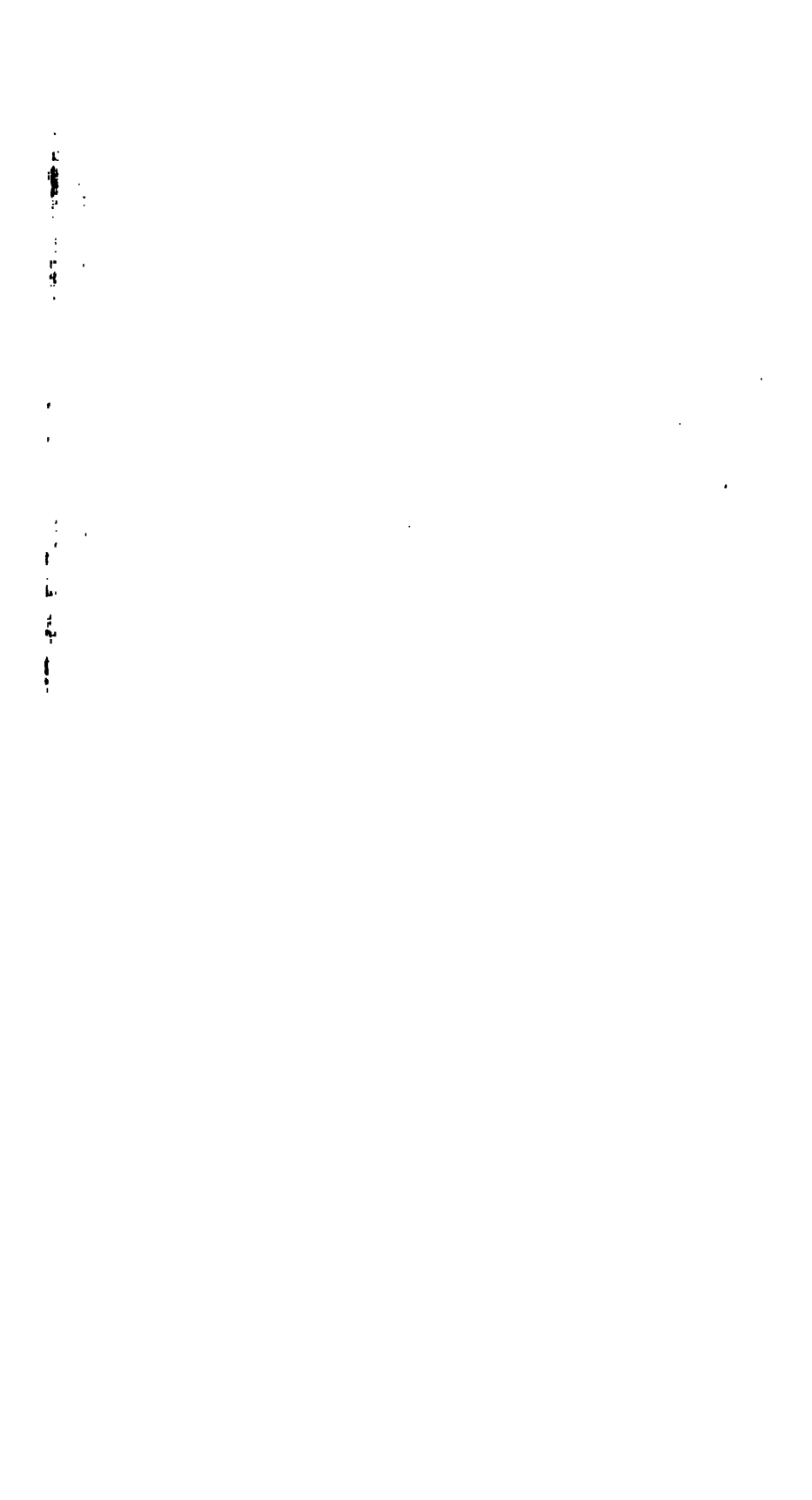
PLINY THE ELDER.—PLINY THE YOUNGER.

PLINY THE ELDER.

Tell me, account that you give me, nephew, of your behaviour, amid the terrors and perils that accompanied the first eruption of Vesuvius, does not

please me much*. There was more of vanity in it than of true magnanimity. Nothing is great that is unnatural and affected. When the earth was shaking beneath you; when the whole heaven

* V. C. Plinii Epist. l. vi. Epist. 20.



arkened with sulphureous clouds; all nature seemed falling into it's destruction; to be *reading* Livy, *aking extracts*, was an absurd af-
 on. To meet danger with cou-
 is manly; but to be insensible of
 brutal stupidity; and to pretend
 bility where it cannot be supposed,
 ulous fallenness. When you after-
 refused to leave your aged mother,
 ve yourself without her, you in-
 fested nobly. It was also becom-
 Roman, to keep up her spirits,
 t all the horrors of that tremendous
 by shewing yourself undisturbed.
 ne real merit and glory of this part
 ur behaviour is sunk by the other,
 gives an air of ostentation and
 to the whole.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

at vulgar minds should consider
 tention to my studies in such a con-
 ure as unnatural and affected, I
 I not much wonder. But that you
 blame it as such, I did not appre-
 you, whom no business could se-
 from the Muses; you, who ap-
 peared nearer to the fiery storm, and
 y the suffocating heat of the va-

PLINY THE ELDER.

ed in doing my duty*. Let me
 to your remembrance all the par-
 rs; and then you shall judge your-
 the difference of your behaviour
 line. I was the præfect of the
 nfect which then lay at Misenum.
 ve first account I received of the
 unusual cloud that appeared in the
 ordered a vessel to carry me out
 distance from the shore, that I
 the better observe the phænomen-
 and endeavour to discover it's na-
 and cause. This I did as a philo-
 ; and it was a curiosity proper
 atural to an inquisitive mind. I
 I to take you with me, and surely
 ould have gone; for Livy might
 been read at any other time, and
 peñacles are not frequent. When
 e out from my house, I found all
 habitants of Misenum flying to the
 That I might assist them, and all
 who dwell on the coast, I imme-
 commanded the whole fleet to
 it, and sailed with it all round the
 f Naples, steering particularly to
 parts of the shore where the dan-

ger was greatest, and whence the affright-
 ed people were endeavouring to escape,
 with the most trepidation. Thus I hap-
 pily preserved some thousands of lives;
 noting at the same time, with an un-
 shaken composure and freedom of mind,
 the several phænomena of the eruption.
 Toward night, as we approached to the
 foot of Mount Vesuvius, our gallees
 were covered with ashes, the flowers of
 which grew continually hotter and hot-
 ter; then pumice stones, and burnt and
 broken *gyrites*, began to fall on our
 heads; and we were stoped by the obsta-
 cles which the ruins of the vulcano had
 suddenly formed, by falling into the sea,
 and almost filling it up, on that part of
 the coast. I then commanded my pilot
 to steer to the villa of my friend Pom-
 ponianus, which, you know, was situ-
 ated in the inmost recess of the bay.
 The wind was very favourable to carry
 me thither, but would not allow him
 to put off from the shore, as he was de-
 sirous to do. We were therefore con-
 strained to pass the night in his house.
 The family watched, and I slept; till
 the heaps of pumice stones, which in-
 cessantly fell from the clouds that had
 by this time been impelled to that side
 of the bay, rose so high in the area of
 the apartment I lay in, that, if I had
 staid any longer, I could not have got
 out; and the earthquakes were so vio-
 lent, as to threaten every moment the
 fall of the house. We therefore thought
 it more safe to go into the open air,
 guarding our heads, as well as we were
 able, with pillows tied upon them. The
 wind continuing contrary, and the sea
 very rough, we all remained on the shore,
 till the descent of a sulphureous and fiery
 vapour suddenly oppressed my weak
 lungs, and put an end to my life. In
 all this, I hope that I acted as the duty
 of my station required, and with true
 magnanimity. But on this occasion,
 and in many other parts of your con-
 duct, I must say, my dear nephew, there
 was a mixture of vanity blended with
 your virtue, which impaired and dis-
 graced it. Without that, you would
 have been one of the worthiest men
 whom Rome has ever produced: for
 none excelled you in sincere integrity of
 heart and greatness of sentiments. Why
 would you lose the substance of glory,
 by seeking the shadow?—Your elo-

quence had, I think, the same fault as your manners; it was generally too affected. You professed to make Cicero your guide and pattern. But when one reads his panegyric upon Julius Cæsar, in his oration for Marcellus, and yours upon Trajan; the first seems the genuine language of truth and nature, raised and dignified with all the majesty of the most sublime oratory; the latter appears the harangue of a florid rhetorician, more desirous to *shine*, and to set off his own wit, than to extol the great man whose virtues he was praising.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

I will not question your judgment either of my life or my writings. They might both have been better, if I had not been too solicitous to render them perfect. It is perhaps some excuse for the affectation of my style, that it was the fashion of the age in which I wrote. Even the eloquence of Tacitus, however nervous and sublime, was not unaffected. Mine indeed was more diffuse, and the ornaments of it were more tawdry; but his laboured conciseness, the constant glow of his diction, and pointed brilliancy of his sentences, were no less unnatural. One principal cause of this I suppose to have been, that, as we despaired of excelling the two great masters of oratory, Cicero and Livy, in their own manner, we took up another; which to many appeared more shining, and gave our compositions a more original air. But it is mortifying to me to say much on this subject. Permit me there-

fore to resume the contemplation of the one on which our conversation turned before. What a dreadful calamity was the eruption of Vesuvius, which you have been describing! Don't you remember the beauty of that fine coast, and of the mountain itself, before it was torn with the violence of those internal fires, that forced their way through it's surface? The foot of it was covered with corn-fields and rich meadows, interspersed with splendid villas and magnificent towns: the sides of it were clothed with the best vines in Italy. How quiet, how unexpected, how terrible, was the change! All was at once overwhelmed with ashes, cinders, broken rocks, and fiery torrents, presenting to the eye the most dismal scene of horror and desolation!

PLINY THE ELDER.

You paint it very truly.—But has it never occurred to your philosophical mind, that this change is a striking emblem of that which must happen, by the natural course of things, to every rich, luxurious state! While the inhabitants of it are sunk in voluptuousness, while all is smiling around them, and they imagine that no evil, no danger, is nigh; the latent seeds of destruction are fermenting within; till, breaking out on a sudden, they lay waste all their opulence, all their boasted delights; and leave them a sad monument of the fatal effects of internal tempests and convulsions.

DIALOGUE VIII.

FERNANDO CORTEZ—WILLIAM PENN.

CORTEZ.

Is it possible, William Penn, that you should seriously compare your glory with mine! the planter of a small colony in North-America presume to vie with the conqueror of the great Mexican empire!

PENN.

Friend, I pretend to no glory—the LORD preserve me from it!—All glory is his;—but this I say, that I was his instrument in a more glorious work than that performed by thee: incomparably more glorious.

CORTEZ.

Dost thou not know, William Penn, that, with less than six hundred Spanish foot, eighteen horse, and a few small pieces of cannon, I fought and defeated innumerable armies of very brave men; dethroned an emperor, who had been raised to the throne by his valour, and excelled all his countrymen in the science of war, as much as they excelled all the rest of the West India nations! that I made him my prisoner, in his own capital; and, after he had been deposed and slain by his subjects, vanquished and

took

Guatimozin, his successor, and plished my conquest of the whole of Mexico, which I loyally an- to the Spanish crown? Dost thou ow, that, in doing these wonder- ts, I shewed as much courage as ader the Græat, as much præ- as Cæsar? that, by my policy, I l under my banners the powerful onwealth of Tlascala, and brought o assist me in subduing the Mex- though with the loss of their own d independence? and that, to con- ute my glory, when the governor sa, Velasquez, would have taken mmand from me, and sacrificed his envy and jealousy, I drew im all his forces, and joined them own, shewing myself as superior other Spaniards as I was to the s?

PENN.

now very well that thou wast as as a lion, and as subtle as a fer-

The devil, perhaps, may place high in his *black list of heroes* as nder or Cæsar. It is not my bu- to interfere with him in settling nk. But hark thee, friend Cor- What right hadst thou, or had the if Spain himself, to the Mexican :? Answer me that, if thou canst.

CORTEZ.

the pope gave it to my master.

PENN.

the devil offered to give our LORD : kingdoms of the earth; and I e the pope, as *his vicar*, gave thy this: in return for which, he *sell and worshipped him*, like an ido- s he was. But suppose the high of Mexico had taken it into his o give Spain to Motezuma, would ant have been good?

CORTEZ.

se are questions of casuistry, it is not the business of a soldier ide. We leave that to gownmen. ay, Mr. Penn, what right had the province you settled?

PENN.

honest right of fair purchase. ave the native savages some things anted, and they in return gave us they did not want. All was ami- agreed on, not a drop of blood o stain our acquisition.

CORTEZ.

n afraid there was a little *fraud* in rchase. Thy followers, William

Penn, are said to think cheating in a quiet and sober way no mortal sin.

PENN.

The saints are always calumniated by the ungodly. But it was a sight which an angel might contemplate with delight, to behold the colony I settled! to see us living with the Indians like innocent lambs, and taming the ferocity of their barbarous manners by the gentleness of ours! to see the whole country, which before was an uncultivated wilderness, rendered as fertile and fair as the garden of GOD! O Fernando Cortez, Fernando Cortez! didst thou leave the great empire of Mexico in that state? No, thou hadst turned those delightful and popu- lous regions into a desert, a desert flood- ed with blood. Dost thou not remem- ber that most infernal scene, when the noble Emperor Guatimozin was stretched out by thy soldiers upon hot burning coals, to make him discover into what part of the lake of Mexico he had thrown the royal treasures? Are not his groans ever sounding in the ears of thy consci- ence? do not they rend thy hard heart, and strike thee with more horror than the yells of the Furies?

CORTEZ.

Alas! I was not present when that dire act was done. Had I been there, I would have forbidden it. My nature was mild.

PENN.

Thou wast the captain of that band of robbers who did this horrid deed. The advantage they had drawn from thy counsels and conduct enabled them to commit it; and thy skill saved them afterward from the vengeance that was due to so enormous a crime. The enraged Mexicans would have properly punished them for it, if they had not had thee for their general, thou *lieutenant of Satan!*

CORTEZ.

The *saints* I find can rail, William Penn. But how do you hope to pre- serve this *admirable* colony which you have settled? Your people, you tell me, live like *innocent lambs*. Are there no *wolves* in North America, to devour those *lambs*? But, if the Americans should continue in perpetual peace with all your successors there, the French will not. Are the inhabitants of Pennsyl- vania to make war against *them* with prayers and preaching? If so, that gar- den of GOD, which you say you have planted, will undoubtedly be their prey; and

any strength that may defend the whole system. If a house be built in a land of robbers, without a gate to shut, or a bolt or bar to secure it, what avails it how well-proportioned, or how commodious; the architecture of it may be? Is it richly furnished within? the more it will tempt the hands of violence and of rapine to seize it's wealth. The world, William Penn, is all a land of robbers. Any state or commonwealth erected therein, must be well fenced and secured by good military institutions; or, the happier it is in all other respects, the greater will be it's danger, the more speedy it's destruction. Perhaps the neighbouring English colonies may for a while profit & yours: but that precarious security cannot always preserve you. Your plan of government must be changed, or your colony will be lost. What I have said is also applicable to Great Britain itself. If an encrease of it's wealth be not accompanied with an encrease of it's force, that wealth will become the prey of some of the neighbouring nations, in which the martial spirit is more prevalent than the commercial. And whatever praise may be due to it's civil institutions, if they are not guarded by a wise system of military policy, they will be found of no value, being unable to prevent their own dissolution.

DEAR

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DIALOGUE. IX.

MARCUS PORTIUS CATO—MESSALA CORVINUS.

CATO.

I, Messalla!—is it then possible that what some of our countrymen should be true? Is it possible you could live the courtier of Octavian, that you could accept of employments and honours from him, from the enemy of your country; you, the brave, noble-minded, the virtuous Messalla, whom, I remember, my law Brutus has frequently exalted as the most promising youth in Rome, tutored by philosophy, trained in arms, scorning all those soft, effeminate pleasures, that reconcile men to slavery and indolent servitude, fit for all the highest tasks of honour and virtue, live or to die a freeman?

MESSALLA.

Marcus Cato, I revere both your life and your death; but the last, permit me to say, did no good to your country; the former would have done if you could have mitigated a little the sternness of your virtue, I will say of your pride. For my own part I adhered with constant integrity to the unwearied zeal to the republic, the republic existed. I fought at Philippi, under the only commander, who, if he had conquered, would have conquered for her, not for me. When he was dead, I saw nothing remained to my country but the choice of a master. I chose the

CATO.

best!—What! a man who had violated all laws, who had violated all who had led the armies of the republic against Antony, and joined with him and that sottish Lepidus, to set up a Triumvirate execrable by far than either of the men who shed the best blood in Rome inhuman proscriptions; murdered his own guardian; murdered Cicero whose confidence, too improperly given, he owed all his power! His the master you chose? could you ring your tongue to give him the name of Augustus? could you stoop to insinuations and triumphs from him?

O shame to virtue! O degeneracy of Rome! To what infamy are her sons, her noblest sons, fallen! The thought of it pains me more than the wound that I died of: it stabs my soul.

MESSALLA.

Moderate, Cato, the vehemence of your indignation. There has always been too much passion mixed with your virtue. The enthusiasm you are possessed with is a noble one; but it disturbs your judgment. Hear me with patience, and with the tranquillity that becomes a philosopher. It is true, that Octavian had done all you have said; but it is no less true, that in our circumstances he was the best master Rome could chuse. His mind was fitted by nature for empire. His understanding was clear and strong. His passions were cool, and under the absolute command of his reason. His name gave him an authority over the troops and the people, which no other Roman could possess in an equal degree. He used that authority to restrain the excesses of both, which it was no longer in the power of the senate to repress, nor of any other general or magistrate in the state. He restored discipline in our armies, the first means of salvation, without which no legal government could have been formed or supported. He avoided all odious and invidious names. He maintained and respected those which time and long habits had endeared to the Roman people. He permitted a generous liberty of speech. He treated the nobles of Pompey's party as well as those of his father's; if they did not themselves, for factious purposes, keep up the distinction. He formed a plan of government, moderate, decent, respectable, which left the senate its majesty, and some of its power. He restored vigour and spirit to the laws; he made new and good ones for the reformation of manners; he enforced their execution; he governed the empire with lenity, justice, and glory; he humbled the pride of the Parthians; he broke the fierceness of the barbarous nations; he gave to his country, exhausted and languishing with the

plied.

CATO.

Yet I must think it was beneath the character of Messalla to join in supporting a government, which, though coloured and mitigated, was still a tyranny. Had you not better have gone into a voluntary exile, where you would not have seen the face of the tyrant, and where you might have quietly practised those private virtues, which are all that the gods require from good men in certain situations?

MESSALLA.

No—I did much more good by continuing at Rome. Had Augustus required of me any thing base, any thing servile, I would have gone into exile, I would have died, rather than do it.—But he respected my virtue, he respected my dignity: he treated me as well as Agrippa or as Mæcenas; with this distinction alone, that he never employed my sword but against foreign nations, or the old enemies of the republick.

CATO.

It must, I own, have been a pleasure to be employed against Antony, that monster of vice, who plotted the ruin of liberty, and the raising of himself to sovereign power, amid the riot of Bacchanals, and in the embraces of harlots: who, when he had attained to that

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but you have forgotten, that you yourself broke that bond, and freed me from my allegiance, many years before you died, by abdicating the crown, against my advice and the inclination of your people. Reverence here is paid only to virtue.

CHRISTINA.

I see you would mortify me, if it were in your power, for acting against your advice. But my fame does not depend upon your judgment. All Europe admired the greatness of my mind in resigning a crown, to dedicate myself entirely to the love of the sciences and the fine arts: things of which you had no taste in barbarous Sweden, the realm of Goths and Vandals.

OXENSTIERN.

There is hardly any mind *too great* for a crown; but there are many *too little*. Are you sure, Madam, it was magnanimity that caused you to fly from the government of a kingdom, which your ancestors, and particularly your heroic father Gustavus, had ruled with so much glory?

CHRISTINA.

Am I sure of it? Yes:—and, to confirm my own judgment, I have that of many learned men and *beaux esprits* of all countries, who have celebrated my action as the perfection of heroism.

OXENSTIERN.

Those *beaux esprits* judged according to their predominant passion. I have heard young ladies express their admiration of Mark Antony, for heroically leaving his fleet at the battle of Actium, to follow his mistress. Your passion for literature had the same effect upon you. But why did not you indulge it in a manner more becoming your birth and rank? why did not you bring the Muses to Sweden, instead of deserting that kingdom to seek them in Rome? For a prince to encourage and protect arts and sciences, and more especially to instruct an illiterate people, and inspire them with knowledge, politeness, and fine taste, is indeed an act of true greatness.

CHRISTINA.

The Swedes were too gross to be refined by any culture which I could have given to their dull, their half-frozen souls. Wit and genius require the influence of a more southern climate.

OXENSTIERN.

The Swedes too gross! No, Madam:

not even the Russians are too gross to be refined, if they had a prince to instruct them.

CHRISTINA.

It was too tedious a work for the vivacity of my temper, to polish bears into men: I should have died of the spleen before I had made any proficiency in it. My desire was, to shine among those who were qualified to judge of my talents. At Paris, at Rome, I had the glory of shewing the French and Italian wits, that the North could produce *one* not inferior to them. They beheld me with wonder. The homage I had received in my palace at Stockholm was paid to my dignity: that which I drew from the French and Roman academies was paid to my talents. How much more glorious, how much more delightful to an elegant and rational mind, was the latter than the former! Could you once have felt the joy, the transport of my heart, when I saw the greatest authors, and all the celebrated artists, in the most learned and civilized countries of Europe, bringing their works to me, and submitting the merit of them to my decisions; when I saw the philosophers, the rhetoricians, the poets, making my judgment the standard of their reputation; you would not wonder that I preferred the empire of wit to any other empire.

OXENSTIERN.

O great Gustavus! my ever honoured, my adored master! O greatest of kings, greatest in valour, in virtue, in wisdom, with what indignation must thy soul, enthroned in heaven, have looked down on thy unworthy, thy degenerate daughter! with what shame must thou have seen her rambling about from court to court, deprived of her royal dignity, debased into a pedant, a witling, a smatterer in sculpture and painting, reduced to beg or buy flattery from each needy rhetorician, or hireling poet? I weep to think on this stain, this dishonourable stain, to thy illustrious blood! And yet—would to God! would to GOD! this were all the pollution it has suffered!

CHRISTINA.

Darest thou, Oxenstiern, impute any blemish to my honour?

OXENSTIERN.

Madam, the world will scarcely respect the frailties of queens when they are on their thrones; much less when

itary: thou wast the god for whom I
changed my religion. For thee I for-
sook my country and my throne. What
compensation have I gained for all these
sacrifices, so lavishly, so imprudently

DIALOGUE

TITUS VESPASIANUS—PUBLIUS

TITUS.

NO, Scipio; I cannot give place to
you in this.—In other respects
I acknowledge myself your inferior,
though I was emperor of Rome, and
you only her consul. I think your tri-
umph over Carthage more glorious than
mine over Judæa: but in that I gained
over love, I must esteem myself superior
to you, though your generosity with re-
gard to the fair Celtiberian, your cap-
tive, has been celebrated so highly.

SCIPIO.

Fame has been then unjust to your
merit: for little is said of the *continence*
of Titus; but mine has been the fa-
vourite topick of eloquence in every age
and country.

TITUS.

It has—and in particular your great
historian Livy has poured forth all the
ornaments of his admirable rhetoric

pletion of our wishes till the death of my father. On that event, the Roman empire and (what I knew she valued more) *my hand* became due to her, according to my engagements.

SCIPIO.

The Roman empire due to a Syrian queen! Oh, Rome, now art thou fallen! Accursed be the memory of *Octavius Cæsar*, who, by oppressing it's liberty, so lowered the majesty of the republick, that a brave and virtuous Roman, in whom was vested all the power of that mighty state, could entertain such a thought! But did you find the senate and people so servile, so lost to all sense of their honour and dignity, as to affront the great genius of imperial Rome, and the eyes of her tutelary gods, the eyes of Jupiter Capitolinus, with the sight of a queen, an Asiatick queen, on the throne of the Cæsars?

TITUS.

I did not.—They judged of it as you, Scipio, judge; they detested, they disdained it. In vain did I urge to some particular friends, who represented to me the sense of the senate and people, that a *Messalina*, a *Poppæa*, were a much greater dishonour to the throne of the Cæsars than a virtuous foreign princess*. Their prejudices were unconquerable; I saw it would be impossible for me to remove them. But I might have used my authority to silence their murmurs. A liberal donative to the soldiers, by whom I was fondly beloved, would have secured their fidelity, and consequently would have forced the senate and people to yield to my inclination. *Berenicé* knew this, and with tears implored me not to sacrifice her happiness and my own to an unjust prepossession. Shall I own it to you, *Publius*? My heart not only pitied her, but acknowledged the truth and solidity of her reasons. Yet so much did I abhor the idea of tyranny, so much respect did I pay to the sentiments of my subjects, that I determined to separate myself from her for ever, rather than force either the laws or the prejudices of Rome to submit to my will.

SCIPIO.

Give me thy hand, noble Titus. Thou wast worthy of the empire; and Scipio Africanus honours thy virtue.

TITUS.

My virtue can have no greater reward from the approbation of man. But, O Scipio, think what anguish my heart must have felt, when I took that resolution, and when I communicated it to my dear, my unhappy *Berenicé*. You saw the struggle of *Masinissa*, when you forced him to give up his beloved *Sophonisba*. Mine was a harder conflict. She had abandoned him, to marry the king of Numidia. He knew that her ruling passion was ambition, not love. He could not rationally esteem her, when she quitted a husband, whom she had ruined, who had lost his crown and his liberty in the cause of her country and for her sake, to give her person to him, the capital foe of that unfortunate husband. He must, in spite of his passion, have thought her a perfidious, a detestable woman. But I esteemed *Berenicé*: she deserved my esteem. I was certain she would not have accepted the empire from any other hand: and had I been a private man, she would have raised me to her throne. Yet I had the fortitude, I ought, perhaps, to say, the *hardness of heart*, to bid her depart from my sight; depart for ever! What, O *Publius*, was your conquest over yourself, in giving back to her long-trothed lover the Celtiberian captive, compared to this? Indeed *that was* no conquest. I will not so dishonour the virtue of Scipio, as to think he could feel any struggle with himself on that account. A woman engaged to another, engaged by affection as well as vows, let her have been ever so beautiful, could raise in your heart no sentiments but compassion and friendship. To have violated her, would have been an act of brutality, which none but another Tarquin could have committed. To have detained her from her husband, would have been cruel. But where love is mutual, where the object beloved suffers more in the separation than you do yourself, to part with *her* is indeed a struggle! It is the hardest sacrifice a good heart can make to it's duty.

SCIPIO.

I acknowledge that it is, and yield you the palm. But I will own to you, Titus, I never knew much of the ten-

* The character of *Berenicé* in this Dialogue is conformable to the idea given of her by *Strabo*, not by *Josephus*.

GUISE.

A VAUNT, thou fiend!—I abhor thy sight—I look upon thee as the original cause of my death, and of all the calamities brought upon the French nation, in my father's time and my own.

MACHIAVEL.

I the cause of your death! You sur-
prize me.

GUISE.

Yes:—Your pernicious maxims of policy, imported from Florence with Catharine of Medicis your wicked disciple, produced in France such a government, such dissimulation, such perfidy, such violent, ruthless counsels, as threw that whole kingdom into the utmost confusion, and ended my life, even in the palace of my sovereign, by the swords of assassins.

MACHIAVEL.

Whoever may have a right to complain of my policy, you, Sir, have not. You owed your greatness to it; and your deviating from it was the real cause of your death. If it had not been for the assassination of Admiral Coligni and the massacre of the Huguenots, the strength and power which the conduct of so able a chief would have given to that party, after the death of your father, it's most dangerous enemy, would have been fa-

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by you; I mean Richard III. king of England*. He stopped at no crime that could be profitable to him: he was a dissembler, a hypocrite, a murderer in cool blood. After the death of his brother, he gained the crown, by cutting off, without pity, all who stood in his way. He trusted no man any farther than helped his own purposes, and confided with his own safety. He liberally rewarded all services done him; but would not let the remembrance of them atone for offences, or save any man from destruction who obstructed his views. Nevertheless, though his nature shrunk from no wickedness which could serve his ambition, he possessed and exercised all those virtues which you recommend to the practice of *your prince*. He was bold and prudent in war, just and strict in the general administration of his government, and particularly careful, by a vigorous execution of the laws, to protect the people against injuries or oppressions from the great. In all his actions and words there constantly appeared the highest concern for the honour of the nation. He was neither greedy of wealth that belonged to other men, nor profuse of his own: but knew how to give, and where to save. He professed a most edifying sense of religion, pretended great zeal for the reformation of manners, and was really an example of sobriety, chastity, and temperance, in the whole course of his life. Nor did he shed any blood, but of those who were such obstacles in his way to dominion as could not possibly be removed by any other means. This was a prince *after your heart*: yet, mark his end. The horror his crimes had excited in the minds of his subjects, and the detestation it produced, were so pernicious to him, that they enabled an *exile*, who had no right to the crown, and whose abilities were much inferior to his, to invade his realm, and destroy him.

MACHIAVEL.

This example, I own, may seem to be of some weight against the truth of my system. But at the same time it demonstrates, that there was nothing so new in the doctrines I published, as to make it reasonable to charge me with the disorders and mischiefs, which, since my time, any kingdom may have happened to suffer from the ambition of a

subject, or the tyranny of a prince, Human nature wants no teaching, to render it wicked. In courts more especially there has been, from the first institution of monarchies, a policy practised, not less repugnant than mine to the narrow and vulgar laws of humanity and religion. Why should I be singled out as worse than other statesmen?

GUISE.

There have been, it must be owned, in all ages and all states, many wicked politicians. But thou art the first that ever *taught the science of tyranny*, reduced it to rules, and instructed his disciples how to acquire and secure it, by treachery, perjuries, assassinations, proscriptions; and with a particular caution, not to be stopped in the progress of their crimes by any check of the conscience, or feeling of the heart; but to push them as far as they shall judge to be necessary to their greatness and safety. It is this which has given thee a pre-eminence in guilt over all other statesmen.

MACHIAVEL.

If you had read my book with candour, you would have perceived that I did not desire to render men either tyrants or rebels; but only shewed, if they were so, what conduct, in such circumstances, it would be rational and expedient for them to observe.

GUISE.

When you were a minister of state in Florence, if any chemist, or physician, had published a treatise, to instruct his countrymen in the art of poisoning, and how to do it with the most certain destruction to others and security to themselves; would you have allowed him to plead in his justification, that he did not desire men to poison their neighbours; but, if they would use such evil means of mending their fortunes, there could surely be no harm in letting them know what were the most effectual poisons, and by what methods they might give them without being discovered? Would you have thought it a sufficient apology for him, that he had dropped in his preface, or here and there in his book, a sober exhortation against the committing of murder? Without all doubt, as a magistrate concerned for the safety of the people of Florence, you would have

* See Machiavel's Prince.

and, I think, rather aggravates than alleviates your guilt. How could you study and comment upon Livy with so acute and profound an understanding, and afterwards write a book so absolutely repugnant to all the lessons of policy taught by that sage and moral historian? how could you, who had seen the picture of virtue so amiably drawn by his hand, and who seemed yourself to be sensible of all its charms, fall in love with a *jury*, and set up her dreadful image as an object of worship to princes?

MACHIAVELL.

I was seduced by vanity.—My heart was formed to love virtue. But I wanted to be thought a *greater genius in politics* than Aristotle or Plato. Vanity, Sir, is a passion as strong in au-

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DIALOGUE

VIRGIL—HORACE—MERCURY—

VIRGIL.

MY dear Horace, your company is my greatest delight, even in the Elysian fields. No wonder it was so when we lived together in Rome. Never had man so genteel, so agreeable, so easy a wit, or a temper so pliant to the inclinations of others in the inter-

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Supposing it as perfect as your poems, you would think, as you did of them, that it wanted correction.

VIRGIL.

Don't talk of my modesty.—How much greater was yours, when you disclaimed the name of a poet, you whose odes are so noble, so harmonious, so sublime!

HORACE.

I felt myself too inferior to the dignity of that name.

VIRGIL.

I think you did like Augustus, when he refused to accept the title of king, but kept all the power with which it was ever attended. Even in your epistles and satires, where the poet was concealed as much as he could be, you may properly be compared to a prince in disguise, or in his hours of familiarity with his intimate friends: the pomp and majesty were dropped, but the greatness remained.

HORACE.

Well:—I will not contradict you; and (to say the truth) I should do it with no very good grace, because in some of my odes I have not spoken so modestly of my own poetry as in my epistles. But, to make you know your pre-eminence over me and all writers of Latin verse, I will carry you to Quintilian, the best of all Roman critics, who will tell you in what rank you ought to be placed.

VIRGIL.

I fear his judgment of me was biased by your commendation.—But who is this shade that Mercury is conducting? I never saw one that stalked with so much pride, or had such ridiculous arrogance expressed in his looks!

HORACE.

They come towards us:—Hail, Mercury! What is this stranger with you!

MERCURY.

His name is Julius Cæsar Scaliger, and he is by profession a critic.

HORACE.

Julius Cæsar Scaliger! He was, I presume, a *disputator* in criticism?

MERCURY.

Yes, and he has exercised his sovereign power over you.

HORACE.

I will not presume to oppose it. I had enough of following Brutus at Philippi.

MERCURY.

Talk to him a little:—He'll amuse you. I brought him to you on purpose.

HORACE.

Virgil, do you accost him:—I cannot do it with proper gravity: I shall laugh in his face.

VIRGIL.

Sir, may I ask for what reason you cast your eyes so superciliously upon Horace and me? I don't remember that Augustus ever looked down upon us with such an air of superiority, when we were his subjects.

SCALIGER.

He was only a sovereign over your bodies, and owed his power to violence and usurpation. But I have from nature an absolute dominion over the wit of all authors, who are subjected to me as the greatest of critics or *hypercriticks*.

VIRGIL.

Your jurisdiction, great Sir, is very extensive:—and what judgment have you been pleased to pass upon us?

SCALIGER.

Is it possible you should be ignorant of my decrees? I have placed you, Virgil, above Homer; whom I have shewn to be——

VIRGIL.

Hold, Sir—no blasphemy against my matter.

HORACE.

But what have you said of me?

SCALIGER.

I have said, that I had rather have written the little *Dialogue between you and Lydia*, than have been made king of Arragon.

HORACE.

If we were in the other world, you should give me the kingdom, and take both the ode and the lady in return. But did you always pronounce so favourably for us?

SCALIGER.

Send for my works, and read them.—Mercury will bring them to you with the first learned ghost that arrives here from Europe. There is instruction for you in them: I tell you of your faults. —But it was my whim to commend that little ode; and I never do things by halves. When I give praise, I give it liberally, to shew my royal bounty. But I generally blame, to exert all the vigour of my censorian power, and keep my subjects in awe.

HORACE.

You did not confine your sovereignty to poets; you exercised it, no doubt, over all other writers.

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SCALIGER.

SCALIGER.

I was a poet, a philosopher, a statesman, an orator, an historian, a divine; without doing the drudgery of any of these, but only censuring those who did, and shewing thereby the superiority of my genius over them all.

HORACE.

A short way indeed to universal fame! And I suppose you were very peremptory in your decisions.

SCALIGER.

Peremptory! ay.—If any man dared to contradict my opinions, I called him a dunce, a rascal, a villain, and frightened him out of his wits.

VIRGIL.

But what said others to this method of disputation?

SCALIGER.

They generally believed me, because of the confidence of my assertions; and thought I could not be so insolent, or so angry, if I were not absolutely sure of being in the right. Besides, in my controversies, I had a great help from the language in which I wrote: for one can scold and call names with a much better grace in Latin than in French, or any tame, modern tongue.

HORACE.

Have not I heard, that you pretended to derive your descent from the princes of Verona?

SCALIGER.

Pretended! do you presume to deny it?

HORACE.

Not I indeed:—Genealogy is not my science. If you should claim to descend in a direct line from king Midas, I would not dispute it.

VIRGIL.

I wonder, Scaliger, that you stooped to so low an ambition. Was it not greater to reign over all Mount Parnassus than over a petty state of Italy?

SCALIGER.

You say well.—I was too condescending to the prejudices of vulgar opinion. The ignorant multitude imagine that a prince is a greater man than a crinick. Their folly made me desire to claim kindred with the *Scalors of Verona*.

HORACE.

Pray, Mercury, how do you intend

to dispose of this august person? You cannot think it proper to let him remain with us.—He must be placed with the demigods; he must go to Olympus.

MERCURY.

Be not afraid.—He shall not trouble you long. I brought him hither, to divert you with the sight of an animal you never had seen, and myself with your surprize. He is the chief of all the modern crinicks, the most ridiculous captain of that numerous and dangerous band. Whatever you may think of him, I can seriously assure you, that, before he went mad, he had good parts and great learning. But I will now explain to you the original cause of the absurdities he has uttered. His mind was formed in such a manner, that, like some perspective glass, it either diminished or magnified all objects too much; but above all others it magnified the good man to himself. This made him so proud, that it turned his brain. Now I have had my sport with him, I think it will be charity to restore him to his senses; or rather to bestow, what nature denied him, a sound judgment. Come hither, Scaliger.—By this touch of my caduceus, I give thee power to see things as they are, and among others thyself.—Look, gentlemen, how his countenance is fallen in a moment! *He is talking to himself.*

SCALIGER.

Bless me! with what persons have I been discoursing! with Virgil and Horace! How could I venture to open my lips in their presence? Good Mercury, I beseech you, let me retire from a company for which I am very unfit. Let me go and hide my head in the deepest shade of that grove which I see in the valley. After I have performed a penance there, I will crawl on my knees to the feet of those illustrious shades, and beg them to see me burn my impertinent books of criticism, in the fiery billows of Phlegethon, with my own hands.

MERCURY.

They will both receive thee into favour. This mortification of truly knowing thyself is a sufficient atonement for thy former presumption.

DIALOGUE XIV.

BOILEAU—POPE.

BOILEAU.

MR. Pope, you have done me great honour. I am told, that you made me your model in poetry, and walked on Parnassus in the same paths which I had trod.

POPE.

We both followed Horace: but in our manner of imitation, and in the turn of our natural genius, there was, I believe, much resemblance. We both were too irritable, and too easily hurt by offences even from the lowest of men. The keen edge of our wit was frequently turned against those whom it was more a shame to contend with than an honour to vanquish.

BOILEAU.

Yes:—But in general we were the champions of good morals, good sense, and good learning. If our love of these were sometimes heated into anger against those who offended them no less than us, is that anger to be blamed?

POPE.

It would have been nobler, if we had not been parties in the quarrel. Our enemies observe, that neither our censure nor our praise was always impartial.

BOILEAU.

It might perhaps have been better, if in some instances we had not praised or blamed so much. But in panegyrick and satire moderation is insipid.

POPE.

Moderation is a cold *unpoetical* virtue. Mere historical truth is better written in prose. And therefore I think you did judiciously, when you threw into the fire your history of Louis le Grand, and trusted his fame to your poems.

BOILEAU.

When those poems were published, that monarch was the idol of the French nation. If you and I had not known, in our occasional compositions, how to speak to the passions as well as to the sober reason of mankind, we should not have acquired that despotick authority in the empire of wit, which made us so formidable to all the inferior tribe of

poets in England and France. Beside, sharp satyrists want great patrons.

POPE.

All the praise which my friends received from me was *unbought*. In this, at least, I may boast a superiority over the *personel* Boileau.

BOILEAU.

A *person* in France was an honourable distinction. Had you been a Frenchman, you would have ambitiously sought it; had I been an Englishman, I should have proudly declined it. If our merit in other respects be not unequal, this difference will not set me much below you in the temple of virtue or of fame.

POPE.

It is not for me to draw a comparison between our works. But, if I may believe the best criticks who have talked to me on the subject, my *Rape of the Lock* is not inferior to your *Lutrin*; and my *Art of Criticism* may well be compared with your *Art of Poetry*: my *Ethic Epistles* are esteemed at least equal to yours, and my *Satires* much better.

BOILEAU.

Hold, Mr. Pope.—If there be really such a sympathy in our natures as you supposed, there may be reason to fear, that, if we go on in this manner comparing our works, we shall not part in good friendship.

POPE.

No, no:—the mild air of the Elysian fields has mitigated my temper, as I presume it has yours. But in truth our reputations are nearly on a level. Our writings are admired almost equally (as I hear) for *energy and justness of thought*. We both of us carried the beauty of our *diction*, and the harmony of our *numbers*, to the highest perfection that our languages would admit. Our poems were polished to the utmost degree of correctness; yet without losing their fire, or the agreeable appearance of freedom and ease. We borrowed much from the ancients, though you, I believe, more than I: but our imitations (to use an expression of your own) *had still an original air*.*

* See Boileau's Epigram on himself.

even Lucretius himself, make *philosophy* so poetical, and embellish it with such charms as you have given to that of Plato, or (to speak more properly) of some of his modern disciples, in your celebrated *Essay on Man*.

POPE.

What do you think of my *Homer*?

BOILEAU.

Your *Homer* is the most spirited, the most poetical, the most elegant, and the most pleasing translation, that ever was made of any ancient poem; though not so much in the *manner* of the original, or so exactly agreeable to the *sense* in all places, as might perhaps be desired. But when I consider the years you spent in this work, and how many excellent original poems you might with less difficulty have produced in that time, I cannot but regret that your talents were thus employed. A great poet, so tied down to a tedious translation, is a *Columbus chained to an oar*. What new regions of fancy, full of treasures yet untouched, might you have explored, if you had been at liberty boldly to expand your sails, and steer your own course, under the conduct and direction of your own genius!—But I am still more angry with you for your edition of *Shakspeare*. The office of an editor was to be his own, and your mind was to

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

her criticism, has more of reason than taste.

BOILEAU.

I join with you in admiring him as a prodigy of genius, though I find the most shocking absurdities in his plays; absurdities which no critick of my nation can pardon.

POPE.

We will be satisfied with your feeling the excellence of his beauties. But you would admire him still more, if you could see the chief characters in all his best tragedies represented by an actor, who appeared on the stage a little before I left the world. He has shewn the English nation more excellences in Shakespeare, than the quickest wits could discern; and has imprinted them on the heart with a livelier feeling than the most sensible natures had ever experienced without his help.

BOILEAU.

The variety, spirit, and force, of Mr. Garrick's action, have been much praised to me by many of his countrymen, whose shades I converse with, and who agree in speaking of him as we do of Baron, our most natural and most admired actor. I have also heard of another, who has now quitted the stage, but who had filled, with great dignity, force, and elevation, some tragick parts; and excelled so much in the comick, that none ever has deserved a higher applause.

POPE.

Mr. Quin was indeed a most perfect comedian. In the part of Falstaff particularly, wherein the utmost force of Shakespeare's *humour* appears, he attained to such perfection, that he was not an actor; he was the man described by Shakespeare; he was Falstaff himself! When I saw him do it, the pleasantry of the *fat knight* appeared to me so bewitching, all his vices were so mirthful, that I could not much wonder at his having seduced a young prince even to rob in his company.

BOILEAU.

That character is not well understood by the French. They suppose it belongs, not to comedy, but to farce; whereas the English see in it the finest and highest strokes of wit and humour. Perhaps these different judgments may be accounted for, in some measure, by the diversity of manners in different countries. But don't you allow, Mr.

Pope, that our writers, both in tragedy and comedy, are, upon the whole, perfect masters of their art? If you deny it, I will appeal to the Athenians, the only judges to decide the dispute. I will cite Euripides, Sophocles, and M.

POPE.

I am afraid of those judges: they are continually walking haughty and engaged in the most frivolous conversation, with Corneille, Racine, and Moliere. Our dramatick writers, in general, not so fond of company: they sometimes shew them, and give themselves a superiority. They slight their rivals and laugh at their precepts. They will be tried by *their own* and that judicature is partial.

BOILEAU.

I will press this question — But let me ask you, to which of our rival tragedians, Racine and Corneille, do you give the preference?

POPE.

The sublimest plays of Corneille, in my judgment, equalled by none of Racine; and the tenets are certainly touched by that most pathetic writer with a hand. I need not add, that Corneille is infinitely more correct than Racine, more harmonious and noble in his diction. Corneille formed entirely upon Lucan; but Racine was Virgil. How is it that a taste had the former than the latter in choosing his model?

BOILEAU.

My friendship with Racine has given me a partiality for his writings, but I hear with great pleasure the given to him above Corneille is a just criticism.

POPE.

That he excelled his contemporaries I have mentioned, but I think he denied. But yet the majesty of ancient Rome so well expressed as by Corneille has any other French drama in the general character of shewn such a masculine strength and greatness of thought. Ravi- swan described by ancient poets rises to the clouds on downy wings a sweet, but a gentle note. Corneille is the eagle, to the skies on bold and

nions, and fear, not to perch on the sceptre of Jupiter, or to bear in his pounces the lightning of the god.

BOILEAU.

I am glad to find, Mr. Pope, that, in praising Corneille, you ran into poetry; which is not the language of *sober criticism*, though sometimes used by Longinus.

POPE.

I caught the fire from the idea of Corneille.

BOILEAU.

He has bright flashes; yet I think that in *his thunder* there is often more *noise* than *fire*. Don't you find him too declamatory, too turgid, too unnatural, even in his best tragedies?

POPE.

I own I do—Yet the greatness and elevation of his sentiments, and the nervous vigour of his sense, atone, in my opinion, for all his faults. But let me now, in my turn, desire your opinion of our epick poet, Milton.

BOILEAU.

Longinus perhaps would prefer him to all other writers: for he surpasses even Homer in the *sublime*. But other critics, who require variety, and agreeableness, and a correct regularity of thought and judgment, in an epick poem, who can endure no absurdities, no extravagant fictions, would place him far below Virgil.

POPE.

His genius was indeed so vast and sublime, that his poem seems beyond the limits of criticism: as his subject is beyond the limits of nature. The bright and excessive blaze of poetical fire, which shines in so many parts of the *Paradise Lost*, will hardly permit the dazzled eye to see it's faults.

BOILEAU.

The taste of your countrymen is much changed since the days of Charles II. when Dryden was thought a greater poet than Milton!

POPE.

The politicks of Milton at that time brought his poetry into disgrace: for it is a rule with the English; they see no good in a man whose politicks they dislike. But, as their notions of government are apt to change, men of parts, whom they have slighted, become their favourite authors; and others, who have possessed their warmest admiration, are in their turn under-valued. This revolu-

tion of favour was experienced by Dryden as well as Milton. He lived to see his writings, together with his politicks, quite out of fashion. But even in the days of his highest prosperity, when the generality of the people admired his *Almanzor*, and thought his Indian Emperor the perfection of tragedy, the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Rochester, the two wisest noblemen our country has produced, attacked his fame, and turned the rants of his heroes, the jargon of his spirits, and the absurdity of his plots, into just ridicule.

BOILEAU.

You have made him good *anecdotes*, by the praise you have given him in some of your writings.

POPE.

I owed him that praise, as my master in the art of versification. Yet I subscribe to the censures which have been passed by other writers on many of his works. They are good critics; but he is still a great poet. You, Sir, I am sure, must particularly admire him as an excellent satirist. His *Abraham* and *Achitophel* is a master-piece in that way of writing; and his *Mac Flecknoe* is, I think, inferior to it in nothing but the meanness of the subject.

BOILEAU.

Did not you take the model of your *Dunciad* from the latter of those very ingenious satires?

POPE.

I did—but my work is more extensive than his, and my imagination has taken in it a greater scope.

BOILEAU.

Some critics may doubt whether the length of your poem were so properly suited to the meanness of the subject as the brevity of his. Three cantos to expose a dunce crowned with laurel! I have not given above three lines to the author of the *Pucelle*.

POPE.

My intention was, to expose, not one author alone, but all the dulness and false taste of the English nation in my times. Could such a design be contracted into a narrower compass?

BOILEAU.

We will not dispute on this point, nor whether the hero of your *Dunciad* were really a dunce. But has not Dryden been accused of immorality and prophaneness in some of his writings?

POPE.

He has, with too much reason: and I am sorry to say, that all our best comick writers after Shakespeare and Jonson, except Addison and Steele, are as liable as he to that heavy charge. Fletcher is shocking. Etheridge, Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, have painted the manners of the times in which they wrote, with a masterly hand: but they are too often such manners, that a virtuous man, and much more a virtuous woman, must be greatly offended at the representation.

BOILEAU.

In this respect, our stage is far preferable to yours. It is a school of morality. Vice is exposed to contempt and to hatred. No false colours are laid on, to conceal it's deformity; but those with which it paints itself are there taken off.

POPE.

It is a wonderful thing, that in France the *Comick Muse* should be the *gravest lady in the nation*. Of late she is so *grave*, that one might almost mistake her for her sister Melpoméné. Moliere made her indeed a good moral philosopher; but then she philosophized, like Democritus, with a merry laughing face. Now she weeps over vice, instead of shewing it to mankind, as I think she generally ought to do, in ridiculous lights.

BOILEAU.

Her business is more with folly than with vice; and when she attacks the latter, it should be rather with ridicule than invective. But sometimes she may be allowed to raise her voice, and change her usual smile into a frown of just indignation.

POPE.

I like her best when she smiles. But did you never reprove your witty friend La Fontaine, for the vicious levity that appears in many of his Tales? He was as guilty of the crime of *debauching the Muses*, as any of our comick poets.

BOILEAU.

I own he was; and bewail the prostitution of his genius, as I should that of an innocent and beautiful country girl. He was all nature and simplicity! yet in that simplicity there was a grace and unaffected vivacity, with a justness of thought and easy elegance of expression, that can hardly be found in any other writer. His *manner* is quite original, and peculiar to himself, though all the

matter of his writings is borrowed from others.

POPE.

In that *manner* he has been imitated by my friend Mr. Prior.

BOILEAU.

He has, very successfully. Some of Prior's tales have the spirit of La Fontaine's, with more judgment; but not, I think, with such an amiable and graceful simplicity.

POPE.

Prior's harp had more strings than La Fontaine's. He was a fine poet in many different ways: La Fontaine but in one. And, though in some of his tales he imitated that author, his Alma was an original, and of singular beauty.

BOILEAU.

There is a writer of *heroick poetry*, who lived before Milton, and whom some of your countrymen place in the highest class of your poets, though he is little known in France. I see him sometimes in company with Homer and Virgil, but oftener with Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante.

POPE.

I understand you mean Spenser. There is a force and beauty in some of his *images* and *descriptions*, equal to any in those writers you have seen him converse with. But he had not the art of properly *shading* his pictures. He brings the minute and disagreeable parts too much into fight; and mingles too frequently vulgar and mean ideas with noble and sublime. Had he chosen a subject proper for *epick poetry*, he seems to have had a sufficient elevation and strength in his genius to make him a *great epick poet*: but the allegory, which is continued throughout the whole work, fatigues the mind, and cannot interest the heart so much as those poems, the chief actors in which are supposed to have really existed. The Syrens and Circe in the *Odyssey* are allegorical persons; but Ulysses, the hero of the poem, was a man renowned in Greece, which makes the account of his adventures affecting and delightful. To be now-and-then in Fairy-land, among imaginary beings, is a pleasing variety, and helps to distinguish the poet from the orator or historian: but to be always there, is irksome.

BOILEAU.

Is not Spenser likewise blameable, for confounding

confounding the Christian with the Pagan theology, in fine parts of his poem.

POPE.

Yes; he had that fault in common with Dante, with Ariosto, and with Camões.

BOILEAU.

Who is the poet that arrived soon after you in Egyptum, whom I saw Spenser lead in and present to Virgil, as the author of a poem resembling the *Georgicks*? On his head was a garland of the several kinds of flowers that blow in each season, with evergreens intermixed.

POPE.

Your description points out Thomson. He painted nature exactly, and with great strength of pencil. His imagination was rich, extensive, and sublime: his diction bold and glowing, but sometimes *obscure* and *affected*. Nor did he always know when to *stop*, or what to *reject*.

BOILEAU.

I should suppose that he wrote tragedies upon the *Greek models*: for he is often admitted into the grove of Euripides.

POPE.

He enjoys that distinction both as a *tragedian* and as a *moralist*. For, not only in his plays, but all his other works, there is the purest *moral*, animated by *piety*, and rendered more touching by the fine and delicate sentiments of a most *tender* and *benevolent heart*.

BOILEAU.

St. Evremond has brought me acquainted with Waller.—I was surprised to find in his writings a politeness and *gallantry* which the French suppose to be appropriated only to theirs. His genius was a composition, which is seldom to be met with, of the *sublime* and the *agreeable*. In his comparison between himself and Apollo as the lover of Daphné, and in that between Amoret and Scharissa, there is a *finesse* and delicacy of wit, which the most delicate of our writers have never exceeded. Nor had Sarrasin or Voiture the art of praising more *gently* the ladies whom they admired. But his epistle to Cromwell, and his poem on the death of that extraordinary man, are written with a force and greatness of manner, which give him a rank among the poets of the *first class*.

POPE.

Mr. Waller was unquestionably a very fine writer. His Muse was as well qualified as the Graces themselves to dress out a Venus; and he could even adorn the brows of a conqueror with fragrant and beautiful wreaths. But he had some puerile and low thoughts, which unaccountably mixed with the elegant and the noble, like school-boys or mob admitted into a palace. There was also an intemperance and a luxuri-
riancy in his wit, which he did not enough restrain. He wrote little to the understanding, and less to the heart; but he frequently delights the imagination, and sometimes strikes it with flashes of the highest *sublimity*.—We had another poet of the age of Charles the First, extremely admired by all his contemporaries; in whose works there is still more affectation of wit, a greater redundancy of imagination, a worse taste, and less judgment: but he touched the heart more, and had finer feelings, than Waller.—I mean Cowley.

BOILEAU.

I have been often solicited to admire his writings by his learned friend Dr. Spratt. He seems to me a great wit, and a very amiable man, but not a good poet.

POPE.

The *spirit* of poetry is strong in some of his odes; but in the *art* of poetry he is always extremely deficient.

BOILEAU.

I hear that of late his reputation is much lowered in the opinion of the English. Yet I cannot but think that, if a moderate portion of the superstition of his wit were given by Apollo to some of their modern bards, who write common-place morals in very smooth verse, without any absurdity, but without a single new thought, or one enlivening spark of imagination, it would be a great favour to them, and do them more service, than all the rules laid down in my Art of Poetry, and yours of Criticism.

POPE.

I am much of your mind.—But I left in England some poets, whom you, I know, will admire, not only for the harmony and correctness of style, but the spirit and genius you will find in their writings.

BOILEAU.

There are two great poets that

excellent writers, since the time of my death.—Of one particularly I hear wonders. Fame to him is as kind as if he had been dead a thousand years. She brings his praises to me from all parts of Europe.—You know I speak of Voltaire.

POPE.

I do: the English nation yields to none in admiration of his extensive genius. Other writers excel in some one particular branch of wit or science; but when the king of Prussia drew Voltaire from Paris to Berlin, he had a whole Academy of *Belles Lettres* in him alone.

BOILEAU.

That prince himself has such talents for poetry as no other monarch, in any age or country, has ever possessed. What an astonishing compass must there be in his mind, what an heroic tranquillity and firmness in his heart, that he can in the evening compose an ode or epistle in the most elegant verse, and the next morning fight a battle with the conduct of Cæsar or Gustavus Adolphus!

POPE.

I envy Voltaire so noble a subject both for his verse and his prose. But, if that prince will write his own *Commentaries*, he will want no historian. I hope that, in writing them, he will not restrain his pen, as Cæsar has done, to a mere account of his wars; but let us see the politician, and the benignant protector of arts and sciences, as well as the warrior, in that picture of himself. Voltaire has shewn us, that the events of battles and sieges are not the most interesting parts of good history; but that all the improvements and embellishments of human society ought to be carefully and particularly recorded there.

BOILEAU.

The progress of arts and knowledge, and the great changes that have happened in the manners of mankind, are objects far more worthy of a reader's attention than the revolutions of fortune. And it is chiefly to Voltaire that we owe this instructive species of history.

POPE.

He has not only been the father of it among the moderns, but has carried it himself to it's utmost perfection.

BOILEAU.

Is he not too *universal*? Can any writer be *exact*, who is so comprehensive?

POPE.

A traveller round the world cannot inspect every region with such an accurate care, as exactly to describe each single part. If the outlines be well marked, and the observations on the principal points be judicious, it is all that can be required.

BOILEAU.

I would however advise and exhort the French and English youth, to take a fuller survey of some particular provinces; and to remember, that although, in travels of this sort, a lively imagination is a very agreeable companion, it is not the best guide. To speak without a metaphor, the study of history, both sacred and profane, requires a critical and laborious investigation. The composer of a set of lively and witty remarks on facts ill examined, or incorrectly delivered, is not an historian.

POPE.

We cannot, I think, deny that name to the author of the Life of Charles the XIIth, king of Sweden.

BOILEAU.

No, certainly.—I esteem it the very best history that this age has produced. As full of spirit as the hero whose actions it relates, it is nevertheless most exact in all matters of importance. The style of it is elegant, perspicuous, unafected; the disposition and method are excellent; the judgments given by the writer acute and just.

POPE.

Are you not pleased with that philosophical freedom of thought, which discovers itself in all the works of Voltaire, but more particularly in those of an historical nature?

BOILEAU.

If it were properly regulated, I should reckon it among their highest perfections. Superstition, and bigotry, and party spirit, are as great enemies to the truth and candour of history, as malice or adulation. To think freely, is therefore a most necessary quality in a perfect historian. But all liberty has it's bounds; which, in some of his writings, Voltaire, I fear, has not observed. Would to Heaven he would reflect, while it is yet in his power to correct what is faulty, that all his works will outlive him; that many nations will read them; and that the judgment pronounced here upon the writer himself will be according to the scope and tendency of them, and to the extent

extent of their good or evil effects on the great society of mankind!

POPE.

It would be well for all Europe, if some other *quits* of your country, who give the *ton* to this age in all polite literature, had the same serious thoughts you recommended to Voltaire. Witty writings, when directed to serve the good ends of virtue and religion, are like the lights hung out in a *pharos*, to guide the mariners safe through dangerous seas: but the brightness of those that are impious or immoral shines only to betray, and to lead men to destruction.

BOILEAU.

Has England been free from all seductions of this nature?

POPE.

No.—But the French have the art of rendering vice and impiety more agreeable than the English.

BOILEAU.

I am not very proud of this superiority in the talents of my countrymen.

But, as I am told that the *good sense* of the English is now admired in France, I hope it will soon convince both nations, *that true wisdom is virtue, and true virtue is religion.*

POPE.

I think it also to be wished, that a taste for the *frivolous* may not continue too prevalent among the French. There is a great difference between gathering flowers at the foot of Parnassus, and ascending the arduous heights of the mountain. The palms and laurels grow there; and, if any of your countrymen aspire to gain them, they must no longer enervate all the vigour of their minds by this habit of trifling: I would have them be perpetual competitors with the English in manly wit and substantial learning. But let the competition be friendly. There is nothing which so contracts and debases the mind as national envy. True wit, like true virtue, naturally loves its own image, in whatever place it is found.

DIALOGUE XV.

OCTAVIA—PORTIA—ARRIA.

PORTIA.

HOW has it happened, Octavia, that Arria and I, who have a higher rank than you in the temple of Fame, should have a lower here in Elysium? We are told, that the virtues you exerted, as a wife, were greater than ours. Be so good as to explain to us what were those virtues. It is the privilege of this place, that one can bear superiority without mortification. The jealousy of precedence died with the rest of our mortal frailties. Tell us then your own story. We will sit down under the shade of this myrtle grove, and listen to it with pleasure.

OCTAVIA.

Noble ladies, the glory of our sex and of Rome, I will not refuse to comply with your desire, though it recalls to my mind some scenes which my heart would wish to forget. There can be only one reason why Minos should have given to my conjugal virtues a preference above yours; which is, that the trial assigned to them was harder.

ARRIA.

How, Matam! harder than to die for your husband! We died for ours.

OCTAVIA.

You did, for husbands who loved you, and were the most virtuous men of the ages they lived in; who trusted you with their lives, their fame, their honour. To *cultivate* such husbands is, in my judgment, a harder effort of virtue, than to *die for them, or with them.* But Mark Antony, to whom my brother Octavius, for reasons of state, gave my hand, was indifferent to me, and loved another. Yet he has told me himself, I was handsomer than his mistress Cleopatra. Younger I certainly was; and to men *that* is generally a charm sufficient to turn the scale in one's favour. I had been loved by Marcellus. Antony said, he loved me, when he pledged to me his faith. Perhaps he did for a time: a new handsome woman might, from his natural inconstancy, make him forget an old attachment. He was but too amiable.—His very vices had charms beyond other men's virtues. Such vivacity! such fire! such a towering pride! He seemed made by nature to command; to govern the world; to govern it with such ease, that the business of it did not rob him of an hour of pleasure! Nevertheless,



J. H. Sturges del.

Beckett sculp.



theiefs, while his inclination for me continued, this haughty lord of mankind, who could hardly bring his high spirit to treat my brother, his partner in empire, with the necessary respect, was to me as submissive, as obedient to every wish of my heart, as the humblest lover that ever sighed in the vales of Arcadia. Thus he seduced my affection from the manes of Marcellus, and fixed it on himself. He fixed it, ladies, (I own it with some confusion) more fondly than it had ever been fixed on Marcellus. And when he had done so, he scorned me, he forsook me, he returned to Cleopatra. Think who I was—the sister of Cæsar, sacrificed to a vile Egyptian queen, the harlot of Julius, the disgrace of her sex! Every outrage was added, that could incense me still more. He gave her, at sundry times, as publick marks of his love, many provinces of the empire of Rome in the East*. He read her love-letters openly, in his tribunal itself; even while he was hearing and judging the causes of kings. Nay, he left his tribunal, and one of the best Roman orators pleading before him, to follow her litter, in which she happened to be passing by at that time. But, what was more grievous to me than all these demonstrations of his extravagant passion for that infamous woman, he had the assurance, in a letter to my brother, to call her *his wife*†. Which of you, ladies, could have patiently borne this treatment?

ARRIA.

Not I, Madam, in truth. Had I been in your place, the dagger with which I pierced my own bosom, to shew my dear Pætus how easy it was to die—that dagger should I have plunged into Antony's heart, if piety to the gods, and a due respect to the purity of my own soul, had not stopped my hand. But, I verily believe, I should have killed myself; not, as I did, out of affection to my husband, but out of shame and indignation at the wrongs I endured.

PORTIA.

I must own, Octavia, that to bear such usage, was harder to a woman than to swallow fire.

OCTAVIA.

Yet I did bear it, Madam, without even a complaint which could hurt or offend my husband†. Nay, more; at

his return from his Parthian expedition, which his impatience to bear a long absence from Cleopatra had made unfortunate and inglorious, I went to meet him in Syria, and carried with me rich presents of cloaths and money for his troops, a great number of horses, and two thousand chosen soldiers equipped and armed like my brother's prætorian bands. He sent to stop me at Athens, because his mistress was then with him. I obeyed his orders; but I wrote to him, by one of his most faithful friends, a letter full of resignation, and such a tenderness for him as I imagined might have power to touch his heart. My envoy served me so well, he set my fidelity in so fair a light, and gave such reasons to Antony why he ought to see and receive me with kindness, that Cleopatra was alarmed. All her arts were employed, to prevent him from seeing me, and to draw him again into Ægypt.—Those arts prevailed‡. He sent me back into Italy, and gave himself up more absolutely than ever to the witchcraft of that Circé. He added Africa to the states he had bestowed on her before; and declared Cæsario, her spurious son by Julius Cæsar, heir to all her dominions, except Phœnicia and Cilicia, which, with the Upper Syria, he gave to Ptolemy, his second son by her; and at the same time declared his eldest son by her, whom he had espoused to the princess of Media, heir to that kingdom, and king of Armenia, nay, and of the whole Parthian empire, which he meant to conquer for him. The children I had brought him he entirely neglected, as if they had been bastards. I wept. I lamented the wretched captivity he was in; but I never reproached him. My brother, exasperated at so many indignities, commanded me to quit the house of my husband at Rome, and come into his.—I refused to obey him.—I remained in Antony's house. I persisted to take care of his children by Fulvia, the same tender care as of my own. I gave my protection to all his friends at Rome. I implored my brother not to make my jealousy or my wrongs the cause of a civil war. But the injuries done to Rome by Antony's conduct could not passibly be forgiven. When he found he should draw the Roman arms on himself, he

* See Plutarch's Life of Antony.

† V. Suetonius in Augustus Cæsar.

‡ See Plutarch's Life of Antony.

§ Plutarch, ubi supra.

sent orders to me to leave his house. I did so; but carried with me all his children by Fulvia, except Antyllus, the eldest, who was then with him in Egypt. After his death and Cleopatra's, I took her children by him, and bred them up with my own.

ARRIA.

Is it possible, Madam? the children of Cleopatra?

OCTAVIA.

Yes, the children of my rival. I married her daughter to Juba, king of Mauritania, the most accomplished and the handsomest prince in the world.

ARRIA.

Tell me, Octavia, did not your pride and resentment entirely cure you of your passion for Antony, as soon as you saw him go back to Cleopatra? and was not your whole conduct afterward the effect of cool reason, undisturbed by the agitations of jealous and tortured love?

OCTAVIA.

You probe my heart very deeply. That I had some help from resentment and the natural pride of my sex, I will not deny. But I was not become *indifferent* to my husband. I loved the Antony who had been my lover, more than I was angry with the Antony who forsook me and loved another woman. Had he left Cleopatra, and returned to me again with all his former affection, I really believe I should have loved him as well as before.

ARRIA.

If the merit of a wife be to be measured by her sufferings, your heart was unquestionably the most perfect model of conjugal virtue. The wound I gave mine was but a scratch, in comparison to many you felt. Yet I don't know whether it would be any benefit to the world, that there should be in it many Octavias. *Too good subjects are apt to make bad kings.*

PORTIA.

True, Arria; the wives of Brutus and Cecinna Pætus may be allowed to have spirits a little rebellious. Octavia was educated in the court of her brother. Subjection and patience were much better taught there than in our houses, where the Roman liberty made it's last abode: and though I will not dispute the judgment of Minos, I cannot help thinking that the affection of a wife to her husband is more or less respectable in proportion to the character of that husband. If I could have had for Antony the same friendship as I had for Brutus, I should have despised myself.

OCTAVIA.

My fondness for Antony was ill placed; but my perseverance in the performance of all the duties of a wife, notwithstanding his ill usage, a perseverance made more difficult by the very excess of my love, appeared to Minos the highest and most meritorious effort of female resolution, against the seductions of the most dangerous enemy to our virtue, *offended pride.*

DIALOGUE XVI.

LOUISE DE COLIGNI, PRINCESS OF ORANGE—FRANCES WALSHINGHAM, COUNTESS OF ESSEX AND OF CLANRICKARD; BEFORE, LADY SIDNEY.

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

OUR destinies, Madam, had great and surprizing conformity. I was the daughter of Admiral Coligni, you of Secretary Walsingham; two persons who were the most consummate statesmen and ablest supports of the Protestant religion, in France and in England. I was married to Teligni, the finest gentleman of our party, the most admired for his valour, his virtue, and his learning; you to Sir Philip Sidney,

who enjoyed the same pre-eminence among the English. Both these husbands were cut off, in the flower of their youth and of glory, by violent deaths: and we both married again with still greater men; I with William Prince of Orange, the founder of the Dutch commonwealth; you with Devereux Earl of Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth and of the whole English nation*. But, alas! to complete the resemblance of our fates, we both saw those second

* See Du Maurier Memoires de Hollande, p. 177 to p. 190; and Biographia Britannica, Essex.

husbands, who had raised us so high, destroyed in the full meridian of their glory and greatness; mine by the pistol of an assassin; yours still more unhappily, by the axe, as a traitor.

C. OF CLANRICKARD.

There was indeed in some principal events of our lives the conformity you observe. But your destiny, though it raised you higher than me, was more unhappy than mine. For my father lived honourably, and died in peace; yours was assassinated in his old age. How, Madam, did you support or recover your spirits under so many misfortunes?

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

The Prince of Orange left an infant son to my care. The educating of him to be worthy of so illustrious a father, to be the heir of his virtue as well as of his greatness, and the affairs of the commonwealth, in which I interested myself for his sake, so filled my mind, that they in some measure took from me the sense of my grief; which nothing but such a great and important scene of business, such a necessary task of private and public duty, could have ever relieved. But let me enquire in my turn; how did your heart find a balm, to alleviate the anguish of the wounds it had suffered? What employed your widowed hours after the death of your Essex?

C. OF CLANRICKARD.

Madam, I did not long continue a widow: I married again.

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

Married again! With what prince, what king, did you marry? The widow of Sir Philip Sidney and of my Lord Essex could not descend from them to a subject of less illustrious fame; and where could you find one that was comparable to either?

C. OF CLANRICKARD.

I did not seek for one, Madam: the heroism of the former, and the ambition of the latter, had made me very unhappy. I desired a quiet life and the joys of wedded love, with an agreeable, virtuous, well-born, unambitious, unenterprising husband. All this I found in the Earl of Clanrickard: and, believe me, Madam, I enjoyed more solid felicity in Ireland with him, than I ever had possessed with my two former husbands, in the pride of their glory, when England and all Europe resounded with their praise.

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

Can it be possible, that the daughter of Walsingham, and the wife of Sidney and Essex, should have sentiments so inferior to the minds from which she sprang, and to which she was matched? Believe me, Madam, there was no hour of the many years I lived after the death of the Prince of Orange, in which I would have exchanged the pride and joy I continually had, in hearing his praise, and seeing the monuments of his glory in the free commonwealth his wisdom had founded, for any other delights the world could give. The cares that I shared with him while he remained upon earth were a happiness to my mind, because they exalted it's powers. The remembrance of them was dear to me after I had lost him. I thought his great soul, though removed to a higher sphere, would look down upon mine with some tenderness of affection, as it's fellow-labourer in the heroick and divine work of delivering and freeing his country. But to be divorced from that soul! to be no longer his wife! to be the consort of an inferior, inglorious husband! I would much rather have died a thousand deaths, than that my heart should one moment have conceived such a thought.

C. OF CLANRICKARD.

Your highness must not judge of all hearts by your own. The ruling passion of *that* was apparently ambition. My inclinations were not so noble as yours, but better suited, perhaps, to the nature of woman. I loved Sir Philip Sidney, I loved the Earl of Essex, rather as amiable men than as heroes and statesmen. They were so taken up with their wars and state affairs, that my tenderness for them was too often neglected. The Earl of Clanrickard was constantly and wholly mine. He was brave; but had not that *spirit of chivalry*, with which Sir Philip Sidney was absolutely possessed. He had, in a high degree, the esteem of Elizabeth, but did not aspire to her *love*; nor did he wish to be the rival of Carn or of Villiers in the affection of James. Such, Madam, was the man on whom my last choice bestowed my hand, and whose kindness compensated for all my misfortunes! Providence has assigned to different tempers different comforts. To you it gave the education of a prince, the government of a state, the pride of being called the

the wife of a hero; to me a *good living husband*, quiet, opulence, nobility, and a fair reputation, though not in a degree so exalted as yours. If our whole sex were to chuse between your consolations and mine, your highness, I think, would find very few of your taste. But I respect the sublimity of your ideas.

Now that we have no bodies, they appear less unnatural than I should have thought them in the other world.

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

Adieu, Madam; our souls are of a different order, and were not made to sympathize or converse with each other.

DIALOGUE XVII.

MARCUS BRUTUS—POMPONIUS ATTICUS.

BRUTUS.

WELL, Atticus, I find that, notwithstanding your friendship for Cicero and for me, you survived us both many years, with the same cheerful spirit you had always possessed; and, by prudently wedding your daughter to Agrippa, secured the favour of Octavius Cæsar, and even contracted a close alliance with him by your grand-daughter's marriage with Tiberius Nero.

ATTICUS.

You know, Brutus, my philosophy was the Epicurean. I loved my friends, and I served them in their wants and distresses with great generosity; but I did not think myself obliged to die when they died, or not to make others as occasions should offer.

BRUTUS.

You did, I acknowledge, *serve* your friends, as far as you could, without bringing yourself, on their account, into any great danger or disturbance of mind: but that you *loved* them, I much doubt. If you loved Cicero, how could you love Antony? if you loved me, how could you love Octavius? if you loved Octavius, how could you avoid taking part against Antony in their last civil war? Affection cannot be so strangely divided, and with so much equality, among men of such opposite characters, and who were such irreconcilable enemies to each other.

ATTICUS.

From my earliest youth I possessed the singular talent of ingratiating myself with the heads of different parties, and yet not engaging with any of them so far as to disturb my own quiet. My family was connected with the Marian party; and, though I retired to Athens,

that I might not be unwillingly involved in the troubles which that turbulent faction had begun to excite, yet, when young Marius was declared an enemy by the senate, I sent him a sum of money, to support him in his exile. Nor did this hinder me from my making my court so well to Sylla, upon his coming to Athens, that I obtained from him the highest marks of his favour. Nevertheless, when he pressed me to go with him to Rome, I declined it, being as unwilling to fight for him against the Marian party, as for them against him. He admired my conduct; and, at his departure from Athens, ordered all the presents made to him during his abode in that city to be carried to me. I remind you of this, only to show that moderation in all contentions of this kind had been always my principle; and that in the instances you mentioned I did not act from any levity or inconstancy in my nature, but from a regular consistent plan of conduct, which my reason convinced me was the wisest I could follow.

BRUTUS.

I remember indeed that you observed the same neutrality between Pompey and Julius Cæsar.

ATTICUS.

I did so—and, that I might be able to do it with dignity, and without the reproach of ingratitude, I never would accept any office or honour from either of those great men; nor from Cicero, though my sister had married his brother, nor from you, Marcus Brutus, whose friendship I thought the greatest honour of my life.

BRUTUS.

Are there no obligations, as you call heart, Pompeians, but honour and

* Vide Corneli. Nepot. in Vita Attici.

? or could you, by refusing to liber yourself with these, dissolve ties? But, setting aside any exertions of private affection or es- how were you able to reconcile conduct with that which is the principle in the heart of every us man, and more especially a s Roman, *the love of the publick?*

ATTICUS.

: times I lived in were so bad, and nst of parties had so little to do ity with *the love of the publick*, thought my virtue much safer and by avoiding, than mixing in the

BRUTUS.

sibly, in the dispute between is and Sylla, and even in that be- Pompey and Cæsar, a virtuous ight see so much to blame on both and so much to fear, which ever I should overcome the other, as justified in not engaging with But let me say, without vanity, war which I waged against An- and Octavius, you could have no- to blame: for I know you ap- the principle upon which I killed Cæsar. Nor would you have ny thing to fear if our arms had led; for you knew that my inge- were upright and pure; nor was it ul that Cassius was as much de- as I to restore the Republick. ould you then, with any sense of in your heart, maintain an indif- : and neutrality between the *deli-* and the *tyrants* of your country?

ATTICUS.

answer to this will necessarily re- explanations, which my respect *manes* of Brutus makes me wish d.

BRUTUS.

he other world, I loved truth, and srious that all might speak it with n: but here, even the tender ears rant are compelled to endure it. mitted any faults, or erred in lgment, the calamities I have suf- re a punishment for it. Tell me ully, and without fear of offend- hat you think were my failings.

ATTICUS.

said that the principle upon which illd Julius Cæsar had my appro-

bation. This I do not deny—but did I ever declare, or give you reason to be- lieve, that I thought it a *prudent*, or *well-timed* act? I had quite other thoughts. Nothing ever seemed to me *worse judged* or *worse timed*: and these, Brutus, were my reasons. Cæsar was just setting out to make war on the Par- thians. This was an enterprize of no little difficulty, and no little danger. But this unbounded ambition, and that restless spirit, which never would suffer him to take any repose, did not intend to stop there*. You know very well (for he hid nothing from you) that he had formed a vast plan, of marching, after he had conquered the whole Parthian empire, along the coast of the Caspian sea and the sides of Mount Caucasus, into Scythia, in order to subdue all the countries that border on Germany, and Germany itself; whence he proposed to return to Rome by Gaul. Consider now, I beseech you, how much time the exe- cution of this project required. In some of his battles with so many fierce and warlike nations, the bravest of all the Barbarians, he might have been slain a but, if he had not, disease, or age itself, might have ended his life, before he could have completed such an im- mense undertaking. He was, when you killed him, in his fifty-sixth year, and of an infirm constitution. Except his bastard by Cleopatra, he had no son: nor was his power so absolute, or so quiet- ly settled, that he could have a thought of bequeathing the empire, like a pri- vate inheritance, to his sister's grandson, Octavius. While he was absent, there was no reason to fear any violence, or mal-administration, in Italy, or in Rome. Cicero would have had the chief autho- rity in the senate. The prætorship of the city had been conferred upon you by the favour of Cæsar; and your known credit with him, added to the high reputation of your virtues and abili- ties, gave you a weight in all business, which none of his party left behind him in Italy would have been able to oppose. What a fair prospect was here of good order, peace, and liberty, at home; while abroad the Roman name would have been rendered more glorious, the disgrace of Crassus revenged, and the empire extended beyond the utmost am-

bition of our forefathers, by the greatest general that ever led the armies of Rome, or, perhaps, of any other nation! What did it signify, whether, in Asia and among the Barbarians, that general bore the name of king, or dictator? Nothing could be more peevish in you and your friends, than to start so much at the proposition of his taking that name in Italy itself, when you had suffered him to enjoy all the power of royalty, and much more than any king of Rome had possessed, from Romulus down to Tarquin.

BRUTUS.

We considered that name as the last insult offered to our liberty and our laws. It was an ensign of tyranny, hung out with a vain and arrogant purpose of rendering the servitude of Rome more apparent. We therefore determined to punish the tyrant, and restore our country to freedom.

ATTICUS.

You punished the tyrant; but you did not restore your country to freedom. By sparing Antony, against the opinion of Cassius, you suffered the tyranny to remain. He was consul, and, from the moment that Cæsar was dead, the chief power of the state was in his hands. The soldiers adored him, for his liberality, valour, and military frankness. His eloquence was more persuasive from appearing unstudied. The nobility of his house, which descended from Hercules, would naturally inflame his heart with ambition. The whole course of his life had evidently shewn, that his thoughts were high and aspiring, and that he had little respect for the liberty of his country. He had been the second man in Cæsar's party: by saving him, you gave a new head to that party, which could no longer subsist without your ruin. Many, who would have wished the restoration of liberty if Cæsar had died a natural death, were so incensed at his murder, that, merely for the sake of punishing *that*, they were willing to confer all power upon Antony, and make him absolute master of the republick. This was particularly true with respect to the veterans who had served under Cæsar: and he saw it so plainly, that he presently availed himself of their dispositions. You and Cassius were obliged to fly out of Italy; and Cicero, who was unwilling to take the same part, could find no expedient to save himself and the senate, but the wretched

one of supporting and raising very high another Cæsar, the adopted son and heir of him you had slain, to oppose Antony, and to divide the Cæsarean party. But, even while he did this, he perpetually offended that party, and made them his enemies, by harangues in the senate, which breathed the very spirit of the old Pompeian faction, and made him appear to Octavius, and all the friends of the dead dictator, no less guilty of his death than those who had killed him. What could this end in but, that which you and your friends had most to fear, a reunion of the whole Cæsarean party, and of their principal leaders, however discordant the one with the other, to destroy the Pompeians? For my own part, I foresaw it long before the event, and therefore kept myself wholly clear of those proceedings.—You think I ought to have joined you and Cassius at Philippi, because I knew your good intentions, and that, if you should succeed, you designed to restore the commonwealth. I am persuaded you did both agree in that point; but you differed in so many others, there was such a dissimilitude in your tempers and characters, that the union between you could not have lasted long; and your dissention would have had most fatal effects, with regard both to the settlement and to the administration of the republick. Beside, the whole mass of it was in such a fermentation, and so corrupted, that I am convinced new disorders would soon have arisen. If you had applied gentle remedies, to which your nature inclined, those remedies would have failed; if Cassius had induced you to act with severity, your government would have been stigmatized with the name of a tyranny more detestable than that against which you conspired; and Cæsar's clemency would have been the perpetual topic of every factious oration to the people, and of every seditious discourse to the soldiers. Thus you would have soon been plunged in the miseries of another civil war; or perhaps assassinated in the senate, as Julius was by you. Nothing could give the Roman empire a lasting tranquillity, but such a prudent plan of a mitigated imperial power, as was afterward formed by Octavius, when he had ably and happily delivered himself from all opposition and partnership in the government. Those quiet times I lived to see; and I am

they were the best I had ever seen, far better than those under the turbulent aristocracy for which you contended. And let me boast a little of my own prudence, which, through so many storms, could steer me safe into that port. Had it only given me safety, without reputation, I should not think that I ought to value myself upon it. But in all these revolutions my honour remained as unimpaired as my fortune. I so conducted myself, that I lost no esteem in being Antony's friend, after having been Cicero's; or in my alliance with Agrippa and Augustus Cæsar, after my friendship with you. Nor did either Cæsar or Antony blame my inaction in the quarrels between them; but, on the contrary, they both seemed to respect me the more for the neutrality I observed. My obligations to the one, and alliance with the other, made it improper for me to act against either: and my constant tenour of life had procured me an exemption from all civil wars by a kind of *prescription*.

BRUTUS.

If man were born to no higher purpose than to wear out a long life in ease and prosperity, with the general esteem

of the world, your wisdom was evidently as much superior to mine, as my life was shorter and more unhappy than yours. Nay, I verily believe, it exceeded the prudence of any other man that ever existed, considering in what difficult circumstances you were placed, and with how many violent shocks and sudden changes of fortune you were obliged to contend. But *here* the most *virtuous* and *publick-spirited* conduct is found to have been the most *prudent*. The motives of our actions, not the success, give us *here* renown. And, could I return to that life whence I am escaped, I would not change my character to imitate yours: I would again be Brutus, rather than Atticus. Even without the sweet hope of an eternal reward in a more perfect state, which is the strongest and most immoveable support to the good under every misfortune, I swear by the gods, I would not give up *the noble feelings of my heart*, that elevation of mind which accompanies active and suffering virtue, for your seventy-seven years of constant tranquillity, with all the praise you obtained from the learned men whom you patronized, or the great men whom you courted.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

WILLIAM THE THIRD, KING OF ENGLAND—JOHN DE WITT,
PENSIONARY OF HOLLAND.

WILLIAM.

THOUGH I had no cause to love you, yet, believe me, I sincerely lament your fate. Who could have thought that De Witt, the most popular minister that ever served a commonwealth, should fall a sacrifice to popular fury! Such admirable talents, such virtues, as you were endowed with, so clear, so cool, so comprehensive a head, a heart so untainted with any kind of vice, despising money, despising pleasure, despising the vain ostentation of greatness, such application to business, such ability in it, such courage, such firmness, and so perfect a knowledge of the nation you governed, seemed to assure you of a fixed and stable support in the publick affection. But nothing can be durable that depends on the passions of the people.

DE WITT.

It is very generous in your majesty, not only to compassionate the fate of a man, whose political principles made him an enemy to your greatness, but ascribe it to the caprice and inconstancy of the people, as if there had been nothing very blameable in his conduct. I feel the magnanimity of this discourse from your majesty, and it confirms what I have heard of all your behaviour after my death. But I must frankly confess, that although the rage of the populace was carried much too far, when they tore me and my unfortunate brother to pieces, yet I certainly had deserved to lose their affection, by relying too much on the uncertain and dangerous friendship of France, and by weakening the military strength of the state, to serve little purposes of my own power, and

feature to nullify the interested affection of the benefactors, or others, who had credit and weight in a faction, the favour of which I counted. This had almost subjected my country to France, if your great prison had not been set at the head of the failing republick, and had not excited such extraordinary virtues and abilities, to raise and support it, as surpassed even the heroism and prudence of William our first Stadtholder, and enabled you to the most illustrious patriots of Greece or Rome.

WILLIAM.

This praise from your mouth is glorious to me indeed! What can so much exalt the character of a prince, as to have his actions approved by a zealous republican, and the enemy of his house?

DE WITT.

If I did not approve them, I should shew myself the enemy of the republick. You never taught me to scrutinize over it; you loved, you defended, you preserved, it's freedom. Thebes was not more indebted to Pemmides or Pelopidas, for it's independence and glory, than the United Provinces are to you. How would I not wish to find a youth, who had recently returned to the twenty-second year of his age, whose spirit had been depressed and kept down by a jealous and hostile faction, rising at once to the conduct of a most arduous and perilous war, stopping an encircling victory, turning back, who had penetrated into the heart of his country, driving him back, and recovering from him all he had engaged to be thus done with an army, in 1672, a little before, there was neither discipline, courage, nor sense of honour. A short history has no exploit superior to this; and it will ennoble the modern, whenever a Livy or a Plutarch shall arise, to do justice to it, and set the hero who performed it in a true light.

WILLIAM.

Say, rather, when time shall have worn out that malignity and rancour of party, which, in fire times, is so apt to oppose itself to the sentiments of gratitude and esteem for their servants and benefactors.

DE WITT.

How more numerous was your reply, how much in the spirit of true *ancient*

virtue, when being asked, in the greatest extremity of our danger, *How you intended to live after Holland should be lost?* you said, *You would live on the lands you had left in Germany; and would rather pass your life in hunting there, than sell your country or liberty to France at any rate!* How nobly did you think, when, being offered your patrimonial lordships and lands in the county of Burgundy, or the full value of them, from France, by the mediation of England, in the treaty of peace, your answer was, *That, to gain one good town more for the Spaniards in Flanders, you would be content to lose them all!* No wonder, after this, that you were able to combine all Europe in a league against the power of France; that you were the centre of union, and the directing soul of that wife, that generous confederacy, formed by your labours; that you could steadily support and keep it together, in spite of repeated misfortunes; that even after defeats you were as formidable to Louis, as other generals after victories; and that in the end you became the deliverer of Europe, as you had before been of Holland.

WILLIAM.

I had in truth no other object, no other passion at heart, throughout my whole life, than to maintain the independence and freedom of Europe, against the ambition of France. It was this desire which formed the whole plan of my policy, which animated all my counsels, both as Prince of Orange and King of England.

DE WITT.

This desire was the most noble (I speak it with shame) that could warm the heart of a prince, whose ancestor had opposed, and in a great measure destroyed, the power of Spain, when that nation aspired to the monarchy of Europe. France, Sir, in your days had an equal ambition and more strength to support her vast designs, than Spain under the government of Philip the Second. That ambition you restrained that strength you resisted. I, alas! was seduced by her perfidious court, and by the necessity of affairs in that system of policy which I had adopted, to ask her assistance, to rely on her favour, and to make the commonwealth, whose counsels I directed, subservient to her great

ness.—Permit me, Sir, to explain to you the motives of my conduct. If all the princes of Orange had acted like you, I should never have been the enemy of your house. But Prince Maurice of Nassau desired to oppress the liberty of that state, which his virtuous father had freed at the expence of his life, and which he himself had defended, against the arms of the house of Austria, with the highest reputation of military abilities. Under a pretence of religion (the most execrable cover of a wicked design) he put to death, as a criminal, that upright minister, Barneveldt, his father's best friend, because he refused to concur with him in treason against the state. He likewise imprisoned several other good men and lovers of their country, confiscated their estates, and ruined their families. Yet, after he had done these cruel acts of injustice, with a view to make himself sovereign of the Dutch commonwealth, he found they had drawn such a general odium upon him, that, not daring to accomplish his iniquitous purpose, he stopped short of the tyranny to which he had sacrificed his honour and virtue: a disappointment so mortifying, and so painful to his mind, that it probably hastened his death.

WILLIAM.

Would to Heaven he had died before the meeting of that infamous synod of Dort, by which he not only dishonoured himself and his family, but the Protestant religion itself! Forgive this interruption—my grief forced me to it—I desire you to proceed.

DE WITT.

The brother of Maurice, Prince Henry, who succeeded to his dignities in the republick, acted with more moderation. But the son of that good prince, your majesty's father, (I am sorry to speak what I know you hear with pain) resumed, in the pride and fire of his youth, the ambitious designs of his uncle. He failed in his undertaking, and soon afterwards died; but left in the hearts of the whole republican party an incurable jealousy and dread of his family. Full of these prejudices, and zealous for liberty, I thought it my duty, as pensionary of Holland, to prevent for ever, if I could, your restoration to the power your ancestors had enjoyed; which I sincerely believed would be incon-

sistent with the safety and freedom of my country.

WILLIAM.

Let me stop you a moment here.—When my great-grandfather formed the plan of the Dutch commonwealth, he made the power of a stadtholder one of the principal springs in his system of government. How could you imagine that it would ever go well when deprive! of this spring, so necessary to adjust and balance it's motions? A constitution originally formed with no mixture of regal power may long be maintained in all it's vigour and energy without such a power; but, if any degree of monarchy were mixed from the beginning in the principles of it, the forcing *that* out must necessarily disorder and weaken the whole fabrick. This was particularly the case in our republick. The negative voice of every small town in the provincial states, the tedious slowness of our forms and deliberations, the facility with which foreign ministers may seduce or purchase the opinions of so many persons as have a right to concur in all our resolutions, make it impossible for the government, even in the quietest times, to be well carried on, without the authority and influence of a stadtholder, which are the only remedy our constitution has provided for those evils.

DE WITT.

I acknowledge they are.—But I and my party thought no evil so great as that remedy; and therefore we sought for other more pleasing resources. One of these, upon which we most confidently depended, was the friendship of France. I flattered myself that the interest of the French would secure to me their favour; as your relation to the crown of England might naturally raise in them a jealousy of your power. I hoped they would encourage the trade and commerce of the Dutch, in opposition to the English, the ancient enemies of their crown, and let us enjoy all the benefits of a perpetual peace, unless we made war upon England, or England upon us; in either of which cases, it was reasonable to presume, we should have their assistance. The French minister at the Hague, who served his court but too well, confirmed me in such notions, that I had no apprehensions of the *mine* which was forming under my feet.

G 2

WILLIAM.

WILLIAM.

You found your authority strengthened by a plan so agreeable to your party; and this contributed more to deceive your sagacity than all the art of D'Estrades.

DE WITT.

My policy seemed to me entirely suitable to the lasting security of my own power, of the liberty of my country, and of it's maritime greatness. For I made it my care to keep up a very powerful navy, well commanded and officered, for the defence of all these against the English; but, as I feared nothing from France, or any power on the continent, I neglected the army; or rather I destroyed it, by enervating all it's strength, by disbanding old troops and veteran officers, attached to the house of Orange, and putting in their place a *trading militia*, commanded by officers who had neither experience nor courage, and who owed their promotions to no other merit than their relation to, or interest with, some leading men in the several *oligarchies* of which the government in all the Dutch towns is composed. Nevertheless, on the invasion of Flanders by the French, I was forced to depart from my close connection with France, and to concur with England and Sweden in the triple alliance, which Sir William Temple proposed in order to check her ambition: but, as I entered into that measure from necessity, not from choice, I did not pursue it. I neglected to improve our union with England, or to secure that with Sweden; I avoided any conjunction of counsels with Spain; I formed no alliance with the Emperor or the Germans; I corrupted our army more and more; till a sudden unnatural confederacy, struck up, against all the maxims of policy, by the court of England with France, for the conquest of the Seven Provinces, brought these at once to the very brink of destruction, and made me a victim to the fury of a populace too justly provoked.

WILLIAM.

I must say, that your plan was in reality nothing more than to procure for the Dutch a *licence to trade*, under the good pleasure and gracious protection of France. But any state that so entirely depends on another is only a *province*; and it's *liberty* is a *servitude*, graced with a sweet but empty name. You

should have reflected, that to a monarch so ambitious and so vain as Louis le Grand, the idea of a conquest which seemed almost certain, and the desire of humbling a haughty republick, were temptations irresistible. His bigotry likewise would concur in recommending to him an enterprize, which he might think would put herself under his feet. And if you knew either the character of Charles the Second, or the principles of his government, you ought not to have supposed his union with France for the ruin of Holland an impossible, or even improbable event. It is hardly excusable in a statesman to be greatly surprised that the inclinations of princes should prevail upon them to act, in many particulars, without any regard to the political maxims and interest of their kingdoms.

DE WITT.

I am ashamed of my error *; but the chief cause of it was, that though I thought very ill, I did not think quite so ill of Charles the Second and his ministry as they deserved. I imagined too that his parliament would restrain him from engaging in such a war; or compel him to engage in our defence, if France should attack us. These, I acknowledge, are *excuses*, not *justifications*. When the French marched into Holland, and found it in a condition so unable to resist them, my fame as a minister irrecoverably sunk. For, not to appear a *traitor*, I was obliged to confess myself a *dupe*. But what praise is sufficient for the wisdom and virtue you shewed, in so firmly rejecting the offers, which I have been informed were made to you, both by England and France, when first you appeared in arms at the head of your country, to give you the *sovereignty of the Seven Provinces*, by the assistance, and under the protection, of the two crowns! Believe me, great prince, had I been living in those times, and had known the generous answers you made to those offers, which were repeated more than once during the course of the war, not the most ancient and devoted servant to your family would have been more your friend than I. But who could reasonably hope for such moderation, and such a right sense of glory, in the mind of a young man, defended from *kings*, whose mother was daughter

arles the First, and whose father set him the seducing example of different conduct? Happy indeed the English nation, to have such a so nearly allied to their crown in blood and by marriage, whom might call to be their deliverer, bigotry and despotism, the two st enemies to human society, had overthrown their whole constitution church and state!

WILLIAM.

They might have been happy; but not.—As soon as I had accomplished their deliverance for them, many em became my most implacable es, and even wished to restore the giving prince whom they had so moulsly and so justly expelled from ngdom.—Such levity seems incre-

I could not myself have imait possible, in a nation famed for *inse*. if I had not had proofs of it d contradiction. They seemed as to forget *what they called me over* *that they had called me over*. The ty of their religion, the mainte-

of their liberty, was no longer are. All was to yield to the in-rehensible doctrine of *right divine affive obedience*. Thus the *Tories Jacobites*, after having renounced that doctrine and James, by their ition to him, by their invitation of and by every act of the parliament gave me the crown.—But the most lesome of my enemies were a sett republicans, who violently opposed y measures, and joined with the ites in disturbing my government, because it was not a commonwealth.

DE WITT.

ey who were republicans under government in the kingdom of and did not love liberty; but aspired minion, and wished to throw the into a total confusion, that it : give them a chance of working om that anarchy a better state for elves.

WILLIAM.

ur observation is just. A proud thinks himself a lover of liberty; he is only impatient of a power in ument above his own, and, were ing, or the first minister of a king, l be a tyrant. Nevertheless I will o you, with the candour which be- a virtuous prince, that there were gland some Whigs, and even some

of the most sober and moderate Tories, who, with very honest intentions, and sometimes with good judgments, proposed new securities to the liberty of the nation, against the prerogative or influence of the crown, and the corruption of ministers in future times. To some of these I gave way, being convinced they were right; but others I resisted, for fear of weakening too much the royal authority, and breaking that *balance* in which consists the perfection of a mixed form of government. I should not, perhaps, have resisted so many, if I had not seen in the house of commons a disposition to rise in their demands on the crown, had they found it more yielding. The difficulties of my government, upon the whole, were so great, that I once had determined, from mere disgust and resentment, to give back to the nation, assembled in parliament, the crown they had placed on my head, and retire to Holland, where I found more affection and gratitude in the people. But I was stopped by the earnest supplications of my friends, and by an unwillingness to undo the great work I had done: especially as I knew that, if England should return into the hands of King James, it would be impossible, in that crisis, to preserve the rest of Europe from the dominion of France.

DE WITT.

Heaven be praised that your majesty did not persevere in so fatal a resolution! The United Provinces would have been ruined by it together with England. But I cannot enough express my astonishment, that you should have met with such treatment as could suggest such a thought! The English must surely be a people incapable either of liberty or subjection!

WILLIAM.

There were, I must acknowledge, some faults in my temper, and some in my government, which are an excuse for my subjects with regard to the uneasiness and disquiet they gave me. My taciturnity, which suited the genius of the Dutch, offended theirs. They love an affable prince: it was chiefly his affability that made them so fond of Charles the Second. Their frankness and good-humour could not brook the reserve and coldness of my nature. Then the excess of my favour to some of the Dutch, whom I had brought over with me, excited a national jealousy in the English, and

...many, if I had not been King
of Great Britain.

DE WITT.

It is a shame to the English, that gratitude and affection for such merit as yours were not able to overcome any little disgusts arising from your temper, and enthrone their deliverer in the hearts of his people. But will your majesty give me leave to ask you one question? Is it true, as I have heard, that many of them disliked your alliances on the continent, and spoke of your war with France as a *Dutch measure*, in which you sacrificed England to Holland?

WILLIAM.

The cry of the nation at first was strong for the war: but before the end of it the Tories began publickly to talk the language you mention. And no wonder they did—for, as they then had a desire to set up again the maxims of government which had prevailed in the reign of their beloved Charles the Second, they could not but represent opposition to France, and vigorous measures taken to restrain her ambition, as unnecessary for England: because they well knew that the counsels of that king had been utterly averse from such measures; that his whole policy made him a friend to France; that he was governed by a French mistress, and even bribed by French money. to give that count...

policy, with regard to the maintenance of a balance of power in Europe, enormous expence that must necessarily attend it; an expence which, I said, neither England nor Holland is able to bear without extreme inconvenience.

WILLIAM.

Answer that objection, by asking a question. If, when you were penitent of Holland, intelligence had been sent, that the dykes were ready to burst and the sea was coming in, to overwhelm and to drown us; what would you have said to one of the deputies, when you were proposing the repairs to stop the inundation, who have objected to the charge, as too heavy on the province? This was done in a political sense with both England and Holland. The fences to keep out superstition and tyranny were all giving way: those dangers were threatening, with their accumulated force, to break in upon us, and overwhelm our ecclesiastical and civil constitution. In such circumstances, to object to a necessary expence is folly and madness.

DE WITT.

certain, Sir, that the utmost ability of a nation can never be so well exerted, as in the unwearied, pertinacious defence of their religion and freedom.

When these are lost, there remains nothing that is worth the concern of a good or wise man. Nor do I think consistent with the prudence of government, not to guard against future

dangers, as well as present; which precaution must be often in some degree expensive. I acknowledge too, that the resources of a commercial country, which supports its trade even in war by invincible fleets, and takes care not to hurt it in the methods of imposing or collecting its taxes, are immense and inconceivable till the trial be made; especially where the government, which demands the supplies, is agreeable to the people. But yet an *unlimited* and *continued* expence will in the end be destructive. What matters it whether a state be mortally wounded by the hand of a foreign enemy, or die by a consumption of its own vital strength? Such a consumption will come upon Holland sooner than upon England, because the latter has a greater radical force: but, great as it is, that force at last will be so diminished and exhausted by perpetual drains, that it may fail all at once; and those efforts which may seem most surprisingly vigorous, will be in reality *the convulsions of death*. I don't apply this to your majesty's government; but I speak with a view to what may happen hereafter from the extensive ideas of negotiation and war which you have established. They have been salutary to your kingdom; but they will, I fear, be pernicious in future times, if, in pursuing great plans, great ministers do not act with a sobriety, prudence, and attention to frugality, which very seldom are joined with an extraordinary vigour and boldness of counsels.

DIALOGUE XIX.

M. APICIUS — DARTENEUF.

DARTENEUF.

AS, poor Apicius!—I pity thee from my heart, for not having lived long enough in my country. How good dishes, unknown at Rome days, have I feasted upon in Eng-

APICIUS.

p your pity for yourself.—How good dishes have I feasted upon upon me, which England does not produce, of which the knowledge has been lost, with other treasures of antiquity in these degenerate days! The loss of a few, the lovers of scarcity, the

brains of phœnicopters, and the *tripostanum*, which consisted of three excellent sorts of fish, for which you English have no names, the *lupus marinus*, the *myxo*, and the *muræna*.

DARTENEUF.

I thought the *muræna* had been our lamprey. We have delicate ones in the Severn!

APICIUS.

No:—the *muræna*, so respected by the ancient Roman senators, was a salt-water fish, and kept by our nobles in ponds into which the sea was admitted.

DARTENEUF.

ters were brought to Rome in my time†.

DARTENEUF.

They could not be fresh: they were good for nothing there.—You should have come to Sandwich to eat them. It is a shame for you that you did not.—An epicure talk of danger when he is in search of a dainty! Did not Leander swim over the Hellespont in a tempest, to get to his mistress? and what is a wench to a barrel of exquisite oysters?

APICIUS.

Nay—I am sure you can't blame me for any want of alertness in seeking fine fishes. I sailed to the coast of Africk, from Minturnæ in Campania, only to taste of one species, which I heard was larger there than it was on our coast; and finding that I had received a false information, I returned immediately, without even deigning to land.

DARTENEUF.

There was some sense in that: but why did you not also make a voyage to Sandwich? Had you once tasted those oysters in their highest perfection, you would have eat till you burst.

APICIUS.

I wish I had:—It would have been better than poisoning myself, as I did at Rome, because I found, upon the balance of my accounts, I had only the pitiful sum of fourscore thousand pounds

reign of Caligula, or of Vitellius, of Heliogabalus, and had been added to the honour of dining with their

APICIUS.

Yes, there you touch me.—I am glad that I died before their good days. They carried the glories of their age much further than the best eaters of my age in which I lived*. Vitellius was in feasting, within the compass of a year, what would amount in your age to above seven millions two hundred thousand pounds†. He told me so himself, in a conversation I had with him not long ago. And the two others mentioned did not fall very short of royal magnificence.

DARTENEUF.

These indeed were great princes. But the most affects me is the luxury of that great fellow Æsopus. Pray, of what ingredients might the dish, he paid so high for, consist?

APICIUS.

Chiefly of *singing-birds*. It was that which so greatly enhanced the price‡.

DARTENEUF.

[*Singing-birds*! choak him.—I need not but *one*, which I stole out of it from a lady of my acquaintance; all London was in an uproar, as if it had stolen and roasted an only child. Upon recollection, I doubt whether I have really so much cause to envy Æsopus. For the *singing-bird* which I had was not so good as a wheatear or *beca*. And therefore I suspect, that all the luxury you have bragged of was not but vanity. It was like the foolish extravagance of the son of Æsopus, dissolved pearls in vinegar, and carried them at supper. I will stake my life, that a haunch of good buck venison and my favourite *bam pye* were much more dishes than any at the table of Æsopus himself§. It does not appear you ancients ever had any good, without which a man of taste cannot possibly dine. The rabbits in Italy are the most delicate: but what is better than the eating of one of our English *wild* rabbits?

I have been told you had no such. The mutton in Italy is ill-served. And as to your boars *roasted*

whole, they were only fit to be served up at a corporation feast, or election dinner. A small *barbecued hog* is worth a hundred of them. And a good collar of Canterbury or Shrewsbury brawn is a much better dish.

APICIUS.

If you had some meats that we wanted, yet our cookery must have been greatly superior to yours||. Our cooks were so excellent, that they could give to hogs flesh the taste of all other meats.

DARTENEUF.

I would never have endured their imitations. You might as easily have imposed on a good *connoisseur* in painting the copy of a fine picture for the original. Our cooks, on the contrary, give to all other meats, and even to some kinds of fish, a rich flavour of bacon, without destroying that which makes the distinction of one from another. It does not appear to me that *essence of hams* was ever known to the ancients. We have a hundred *ragouts*, the composition of which surpasses all description. Had yours been as good, you could not have lain indolently lolling upon couches while you were eating. They would have made you sit up, and mind your business. Then you had a strange custom of having things *read to you* while you were at supper. This demonstrates that you were not so well entertained as we are with our meat. When I was at table, I neither heard, nor saw, nor spoke; I only tasted. But the worst of all is, that, in the utmost perfection of your luxury, you had no wine to be named with Claret, Burgundy, Champagne, Old Hock, or Tokay. You boasted much of your *Palernum*: but I have tasted the *Lacrymæ Christi* and other wines of that coast, not one of which would I have drunk above a glass or two of, if you would have given me the kingdom of Naples. I have read that you boiled your wines, and mixed water with them, which is sufficient evidence that in themselves they were not fit to drink.

APICIUS,

I am afraid you do really excel us in wines; not to mention your beer, your cyder, and your perry, of all which I

* See Bayle, APICIUS. Athenæus, l. i. p. 7.

† Arbuthnot, c. 5.

‡ Arbuthnot, p. 123.

§ Pope's Imit. of Hor. Sat. I. ver. 6.

|| See Arbuthnot, c. 5.

dour.

APICIUS.

The thought of them puts me into a fever with thirst.

DARTENEUF.

These incomparable liquors are brought to us from the East and West Indies; of the first of which you knew little, and of the latter nothing. This alone is sufficient to determine the dispute. What a new world of good things for eating and drinking has Columbus opened to us! Think of *that*, and despair.

APICIUS.

I cannot indeed but exceedingly lament my ill fate, that America was not discovered before I was born. It tortures me, when I hear of chocolate, pine apples, and a number of other fine fruits, or delicious meats, produced there, which I have never tasted.

DARTENEUF.

The single advantage of having sugar, to sweeten every thing with, instead of honey, which you, for want of the other, were obliged to make use of, is inestimable.

APICIUS.

I confess your superiority in that important article. But what grieves me most is, that I never eat a turtle. They tell me that it is absolutely the best of

MERCURY.

No: one was a Spartan soldier, and the other an English farmer.—I see you both look astonished. But what I tell you is truth. Labour and hunger give a relish to the *black broth* of the former, and the *salt beef* of the latter, beyond what you ever found in the *tripotaniums* or *ham pyes*, that vainly stimulated your forced and languid appetites, which

perpetual indolence weakened, and constant luxury overcharged.

DARTENEUF.

This, Apicius, is more mortifying than not to have shared a turtle-feast!

APICIUS.

I wish, Mercury, you had taught me your *art of cookery* in my life-time: but it is a sad thing not to know what *good living* is till after one is *dead*.

DIALOGUE XX.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT—CHARLES XII. KING OF SWEDEN.

ALEXANDER.

YOUR majesty seems in great wrath! Who has offended you?

CHARLES.

The offence is to you as much as me. Here is a fellow admitted into Elysium, who has affronted us both; an English poet, one Pope*. He has called us *two madmen*!

ALEXANDER.

I have been unlucky in poets. No prince ever was fonder of the Muses than I, or has received from them a more ungrateful return! When I was alive, I declared that I envied Achilles, because he had a Homer to celebrate his exploits; and I most bountifully rewarded Choerilus, a pretender to poetry, for writing verses on mine: but my liberality, instead of doing me honour, has since drawn upon me the ridicule of Horace, a witty Roman poet; and Lucan, another versifier of the same nation, has loaded my memory with the harshest invectives.

CHARLES.

I know nothing of these; but I know that in my time, a pert French satirist, one Boileau, made so free with your character, that I tore his book for having abused my favourite hero†. And now this saucy Englishman has libelled us both.—But I have a proposal to make to you, for the reparation of our honour. If you will join with me, we will turn all these insolent scribblers out of Elysium, and throw them down headlong to the bottom of Tartarus, in spite of Pluto and all his guards.

ALEXANDER.

This is just such a scheme as that you

formed at Bender, to maintain yourself there, with the aid of three hundred Swedes, against the whole force of the Ottoman empire. And I must say, that such follies gave the English poet too much cause to call you a madman.

CHARLES.

If my heroism were madness, yours, I presume, was not wisdom!

ALEXANDER.

There was a vast difference between your conduct and mine. Let poets or declaimers say what they will, history shews, that I was not only the bravest soldier, but one of the ablest commanders the world has ever seen: whereas you, by imprudently leading your army into vast and barren deserts at the approach of the winter, exposed it to perish in its march for want of subsistence, lost your artillery, lost a great number of your soldiers, and were forced to fight with the Muscovites under such disadvantages as made it almost impossible for you to conquer.

CHARLES.

I will not dispute your superiority as a general. It is not for me, a mere mortal, to contend with the *son of Jupiter Ammon*!

ALEXANDER.

I suppose you think my pretending that Jupiter was my father as much entitles me to the name of a madman, as your extravagant behaviour at Bender does you. But you greatly mistake. It was not my vanity, but my policy, which set up that pretension. When I proposed to undertake the conquest of Asia, it was necessary for me to appear to the people something more than a

* Essay on Man, Ep. iv. l. 219, 220.

† See Porriatowski's Remarks on Voltaire's History of Charles XII.

man. They had been used to the idea of *Amigod herces*. I therefore claimed an equal descent with Osiris and Sesostris, with Bacchus and Hercules, the former conquerors of the East. The opinion of my divinity assisted my arms, and subdued all nations before me, from the Granicus to the Ganges. But, though I called myself *the son of Jupiter*, and kept up the veneration that name inspired, by a courage which seemed more than human, and by the sublime magnanimity of all my behaviour, I did not forget that I was *the son of Philip*. I used the policy of my father, and the wise lessons of Aristotle, whom he had made my preceptor, in the conduct of all my great designs. It was *the son of Philip* who planned Greek colonies in Asia, as far as the Indies; who formed projects of trade more extensive than his empire itself; who laid the foundations of them in the midst of his wars; who built Alexandria, to be the centre and staple of commerce between Europe, Asia, and Africa; who sent Nearchus to navigate the unknown Indian seas, and intended to have gone himself from those seas to the pillars of Hercules, that is, to have explored the passage round Africa, the discovery of which has since been so glorious to Vasco de Gama*. It was *the son of Philip*, who, after subduing the Persians, governed them with such lenity, such justice, and such wisdom, that they loved him even more than ever they had loved their natural kings; and who, by intermarriages, and all methods that could best establish a coalition between the conquerors and conquered, united them into one people. But what, Sir, did you do, to advance the trade of your subjects, to procure any benefit to those whom you had vanquished, or to convert any enemy into a friend?

CHARLES.

When I might easily have made myself king of Poland, and was advised to do so by Count Pper, my favourite minister; I generously gave that kingdom to Stanislaus, as you had given a great part of your conquests in India to Porus, besides his own dominions, which you returned to him entire, after you had beaten his army and taken him captive,

ALEXANDER.

I gave him the government of those countries under me, and as my lieutenant;

* See Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

which was the best method of preserving my power in conquests where I could not leave garrisons sufficient to maintain them. The same policy was afterwards practised by the Romans, who, of all conquerors, except me, were the greatest politicians. But neither was I, nor were they, so extravagant as to conquer only for others, or dethrone kings with no view but merely to have the pleasure of bestowing their crowns on some of their subjects, without any advantage to ourselves. Nevertheless I will own, that my expedition to India was an exploit of *the son of Jupiter*, not of *the son of Philip*. I should have done better if I had staid to give more consistency to my Persian and Grecian empires, instead of attempting new conquests, and at such a distance, so soon. Yet even this war was of use, to hinder my troops from being corrupted by the effeminacy of Asia, and to keep up that universal awe of my name, which in those countries was the great support of my power.

CHARLES.

In the unwearied activity with which I proceeded from one enterprise to another, I dare call myself your equal. Nay, I may pretend to a higher glory than you, because you only went on from victory to victory; but the greatest losses were not able to diminish my ardour, or stop the efforts of my daring and invincible spirit.

ALEXANDER.

You shewed in adversity much more magnanimity than you did in prosperity. How unworthy of a prince who imitated me was your behaviour to the king your arms had vanquished †! The compelling Augustus to write himself a letter of congratulation to one of his vassals, whom you had placed in his throne, was the very reverse of my treatment of Porus and Darius. It was an ungenerous insult upon his ill-fortune! It was the triumph of a little and a low mind! The visit you made him immediately after that insult was a farther contempt, offensive to him, and both useless and dangerous to yourself.

CHARLES.

I feared no danger from it. I knew he durst not use the power I gave him to hurt me.

ALEXANDER.

If his resentment, in that instant, had

† See Voltaire's Charles XII.

prevail

over his fear, as it was likely you would have perished deserved your insolence and presumption. In part, intrepid as I was in all which I thought it was necessary for me to meet, I never lost one moment in the power of my whom I had offended. But the rashness of *jolly* as well as *w.* A false opinion conceived in my weakness proved at last losing. When, in answer to reasonable propositions of peace made by the Czar, you said, *You are to treat with him at Moscow*—replied very justly, *That you are not like Alexander, but should be like a Darius**. And, doubtless, it ought to have been better acquainted with the character of that King had Persia been governed by Alexander when I made war on him; I should have acted more wisely, and not have counted on the superiority of my troops, and discipline, over an army led by a king who was so capable of trusting them in all they wanted

CHARLES.

at the battle of Narva, won by eight Swedes against fourscore thousand Muscovites, seemed to authorize the contempt of the nation and their

ALEXANDER.

reasoned that their prince was not fit for that battle. But he had not the time which was necessary to train his barbarous soldiers. You were at that time; and he made so much of it, that you found at Pulawy Muscovites become a different army. If you had followed the blow them at Narva, and marched on to Moscow, you might have destroyed Hercules in his cradle. But he grew him to grow, till his was mature; and then acted as he had been still in his childhood.

CHARLES.

confess, you excelled me in policy, and in true magnanimity my liberality was not inferior; and neither you nor any other surpassed me in the enthusiasm. I was also free from

those vices which sullied your character. I never was drunk; I killed no friend in the midst of a feast; I fired no palace at the instigation of a harlot.

ALEXANDER.

It may perhaps be admitted as some excuse for my drunkenness, that the Persians esteemed it an excellence in their kings to be able to drink a great quantity of wine, and the Macedonians were far from thinking it a dishonour. But you were as frantick and as cruel when sober, as I was when drunk. You were sober, when you resolved to continue in Turkey against the will of your host, the *Grand Signior*. You were sober, when you commanded the unfortunate Patkull, whose only crime was his having maintained the liberties of his country, and who bore the sacred character of an ambassador, to be broken alive on the wheel, against the laws of nations, and those of humanity, more inviolable still to a generous mind. You were likewise sober, when you wrote to the senate of Sweden, who, upon a report of your death, endeavoured to take some care of your kingdom, *That you would send them one of your boots, and from that they should receive their orders, if they pretended to meddle in government*: an insult much worse than any the Macedonians complained of from me, when I was most heated with wine and with adulation! As for my chastity, it was not so perfect as yours, though on some occasions I obtained great praise for my continence: but, perhaps, if you had been not quite so insensible to the charms of the fair sex, it would have mitigated and softened the fierceness, the pride, and the obliquity, of your nature.

CHARLES.

It would have softened me into a woman, or, what I think still more contemptible, the slave of a woman. But you seem to insinuate, that you never were cruel or frantick unless when you were drunk. This I absolutely deny. You were not drunk, when you crucified Hephæstion's physician, for not curing a man who killed himself by his intemperance in his sickness; nor when you sacrificed to the manes of that favourite officer the whole nation of the Cossacks, men, women, and children, who were entirely innocent of his death;

*Voltaire's Charles XII.

*Plutarch's Morals, and Xenophon.

† See Voltaire's Charles XII.

§ See Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

because you had read in Homer, that Achilles had immolated some Trojan captives on the tomb of Patroclus. I could mention other proofs that your passions enflamed you as much as wine; but these are sufficient.

ALEXANDER.

I cannot deny that my passions were sometimes so violent as to deprive me for a while of the use of my reason; especially when the pride of such amazing successes, the servitude of the Persians, and barbarian flattery, had intoxicated my mind. To bear, at my age, with continual moderation, such fortune as mine, was hardly in human nature. As for you, there was an excess and intemperance in your virtues, which

turned them all into vices. And one virtue you wanted, which in a prince is very commendable, and beneficial to the publick; I mean, the love of science and of the elegant arts. Under my care and patronage, they were carried in Greece to their utmost perfection. Aristotle, Apelles, and Lybippus, were among the glories of my reign: yours was illustrated only by battles. Upon the whole, though, from some resemblance between us, I should naturally be inclined to decide in your favour, yet I must give the priority in renown to your enemy, Peter Alexowitz. That great monarch raised his country; you ruined yours. He was a legislator; you were a tyrant.

DIALOGUE XXI.

CARDINAL XIMENES—CARDINAL WOLSEY.

WOLSEY.

YOU seem to look on me, Ximenes, with an air of superiority, as if I were not your equal. Have you forgotten that I was the favourite and first minister of a great king of England? that I was at once lord high chancellor, bishop of Durham, bishop of Winchester, archbishop of York, and cardinal legate? On what other subject were ever accumulated so many dignities, such honours, such power?

XIMENES.

In order to prove yourself my equal, you are pleased to tell me what you *had*, not what you *did*. But it is not the having great offices; it is the doing great things, that makes a great minister. I know that for some years you governed the mind of King Henry the Eighth, and consequently his kingdom, with the most absolute sway. Let me ask you, then, what were the *acts* of your reign?

WOLSEY.

My *acts* were those of a very skilful courtier and able politician. I managed a temper, which nature had made the most difficult to manage, of any, perhaps, that ever existed, with such consummate address, that all its passions were rendered entirely subservient to my inclinations. In foreign affairs, I turned the arms of my master, or disposed of

his friendship, whichever way my own interest happened to direct. It was not with *him*, but with *me*, that treaties were made by the Emperor or by France; and none were concluded, during my ministry, that did not contain some article in my favour, beside secret assurances of aiding my ambition or resentment, which were the real springs of all my negotiations. At home, I brought the pride of the English nobility, which had resisted the greatest of the Plantagenets, to bow submissively to the son of a butcher of Ipswich. And, as my power was royal, my state and magnificence were suitable to it: my buildings, my furniture, my household, my equipage, my liberality, and my charities, were above the rank of a subject.

XIMENES.

From all you have said, I understand that you gained great advantages for yourself in the course of your ministry, too great indeed for a good man to desire, or a wise man to accept. But what did you do for your sovereign, and for the state?—You make me no answer.—What I did is well known*. I was not content with forcing the arrogance of the Spanish nobility to stoop to my power, but used that power to free the people from their oppressions. In you, they respected the royal authority; I

them respect the majesty of the

I also relieved my countrymen, commons of Castile, from a most burthen, by an alteration in the mode of collecting their taxes. After the death of Isabella, I preserved the tranquillity of Arragon and Castile, by assuming the regency of the latter for a while, a wife and valiant prince, who had not been my friend during the life of the queen. And when, on his decease, I was raised to the throne by the general esteem and affection of the Castilians, I administered the government with great courage, firmness and prudence; with the most disinterestedness in regard to myself, and with the most zealous concern for the public. I suppressed all the factions which tended to disturb the peace of that country in the minority and the absence of the young king; and prevented the attempts of the commons of Castile, who were incensed against the Flemish merchants, who governed their prince and rapaciously pillaged their country, breaking out, during my life, into rebellion, as they did, most unfortunately after my death. These were my acts: but, to complete the result of my administration, I added to the palm of military glory. At my charges, and myself commanding in person, I conquered Oran from the Moors, and annexed it, with its territories to the Spanish dominions.

WOLSEY.

Your soul was as elevated and noble as your body; your understanding as strong, and your conduct as refined. But the difference of our characters arose from the difference of our education. To raise your reputation, and to increase your power in Castile, by making the kingdom as happy and as great as possible, was your object. Mine was, to secure the triple crown for myself, the assistance of my sovereign, and of the most potent foreign powers. Each of us sought the means that were evidently proper to the accomplishment of our designs.

XIMENES.

Can you confess such a principle of conduct without a blush? But you must at least be ashamed, that you failed in your purpose, and were the dupe of the powers with whom you negotiated—

after having dishonoured the character of your master, in order to serve your own ambition. I accomplished my desire, with glory to my sovereign, and advantage to my country. Beside this difference, there was a great one in the methods by which we acquired our power. We both owed it indeed to the favour of princes; but I gained Isabella's by the opinion she had of my piety and integrity: you gained Henry's by a complaisance and course of life, which were a reproach to your character and sacred orders.

WOLSEY.

I did not, as you, Ximenes, did, carry with me to court the austerity of a monk; nor, if I had done so, could I possibly have gained any influence there. Isabella and Henry were different characters, and their favour was to be sought in different ways. By making myself agreeable to the latter, I so governed his passions, unruly as they were, that, while I lived, they did not produce any of those dreadful effects, which after my death were caused by them in his family and kingdom.

XIMENES.

If Henry the Eighth, your master, had been king of Castile, I would never have been drawn by him out of my cloister. A man of virtue and spirit will not be prevailed with to go into a court where he cannot rise without baseness.

WOLSEY.

The inflexibility of your mind had like to have ruined you in some of your measures: and the bigotry which you had derived from your long abode in a cloister, and retained when a minister, was very near depriving the crown of Castile of the new-conquered kingdom of Granada, by the revolt of the Moors in that city, whom you had prematurely forced to change their religion. Do you not remember how angry King Ferdinand was with you on that account?

XIMENES.

I do, and must acknowledge that my zeal was too intemperate in all that proceeded.

WOLSEY.

My worst complaisances to King Henry the Eighth were far less hurtful to England, than the unjust and inhuman course of inquisition which you established in

* See Marfoller, Vie de Ximenes.

WOLSEY.

This is an argument rather against the opinion of the church, than for the inquisition. I will only say, I think myself very happy, that my administration was stained with no action of cruelty, not even cruelty *sanctified by the name of religion*. My temper indeed, which influenced my conduct more than my principles, was much milder than yours. To the proud, I was proud; but to my friends and inferiors, benevolent and humane. Had I succeeded in the great object of my ambition, had I acquired the popedom, I should have governed the church with more moderation and better sense than, probably, you would have done, if you had exchanged the see of Toledo for that of Rome. My good-nature, my policy, my taste for magnificence, my love of the fine arts, of wit, and of learning, would have made me the delight of all the Italians, and have given me a rank among the greatest princes. Whereas in you, the *sour bigot and rigid monk* would too much have prevailed over the prince and the statesman.

DIALOGUE

LUCIAN — R

Why did you chuse to write such absolute *nonsense*, as you have in some places of your illustrious work?

RABELAIS.

I was forced to compound my phisick for the mind with a large dose of nonsense, in order to make it go down. To own the truth to you, if I had not so frequently put on *the fool's cap*, the freedoms I took, in other places, with *cowls*, with *red hats*, and *the triple crown itself*, would have brought me into great danger. Not only my book, but I myself, should, in all probability, have been condemned to the flames: and martyrdom was an honour to which I never aspired. I therefore counterfeited folly, like Junius Brutus, from the wisest of all principles, that of self-preservation. You, Lucian, had no need to use so much caution. Your heathen priests desired only a sacrifice now and then from an Epicurean, as a mark of *conformity*; and kindly allowed him to make as free as he pleased, in conversation or writings, with the whole tribe of gods and goddesses, from the thundering Jupiter and the scolding Juno, down to *the dog Anubis* and the fragrant dame *Cloacina*.

LUCIAN.

Say rather that our government allowed us that liberty! for, I assure you, our priests were by no means pleased with it; at least they were not in my time.

RABELAIS.

The wiser men they! for, in spite of the conformity required by the laws, and enforced by the magistrate, that ridicule brought the system of pagan theology into contempt, not only with the philosophical part of mankind, but even with the vulgar.

LUCIAN.

It did so; and the ablest defenders of paganism were forced to give up the poetical fables, and *allegorize the whole*.

RABELAIS.

An excellent way of drawing sense out of absurdity, and grave instructions from lewdness! There is a great modern wit, Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, who, in his treatise, intitled *The Wisdom of the Ancients*, has done more for you that way than all your own priests!

LUCIAN.

He has indeed shewn himself an admirable chemist, and made a fine trans-

mutation of folly into wisdom. But all the latter Platonists took the same method of defending our faith, when it was attacked by the Christians: and certainly a more judicious one could not be found. Our fables say, that, in one of their wars with the Titans, the Gods were defeated, and forced to turn themselves into *beasts*, in order to escape from the conquerors. Just the reverse happened here:—for, by this happy art, our *beastly divinities* were turned again into rational beings.

RABELAIS.

Give me a good commentator, with a subtle, refining, philosophical head; and you shall have the edification of seeing him draw *the most sublime allegories*, and the most venerable *mystical truths*, from my history of *the noble Garagantua and Pantagruel*! I don't despair of being proved, to the entire satisfaction of some future age, to have been, without exception, the profoundest *divine* and *metaphysician* that ever yet held a pen.

LUCIAN.

I shall rejoice to see you advanced to that honour. But in the mean time I may take the liberty to consider you as one of our class. There you sit very high.

RABELAIS.

I am afraid there is another, and a modern author too, whom you would bid to sit above me, and but just below yourself: I mean Dr. Swift.

LUCIAN.

It was not necessary for him to throw so much nonsense into his history of Lemuel Gulliver, as you did into that of your two illustrious heroes: and his style is far more correct than yours. His wit never descended (as yours frequently did) into the lowest of taverns, nor ever wore the meanest garb of the vulgar.

RABELAIS.

If the garb, which it wore, was not as *mean*, I am certain it was sometimes as *dirty* as mine.

LUCIAN.

It was not always nicely clean. Yet, in comparison with you, he was decent and elegant. But whether there were not in your compositions more *fire*, and a more *comick spirit*, I will not determine.

RABELAIS.

If you will not determine it, e'en let it remain a matter in dispute, as I have left the great question, *Whether Panturge*
should

should marry or not? I would as soon undertake to measure the difference between the height and bulk of the giant Gargantua and his Brobdignian majesty, as the difference of merit between my writings and Swift's. If any man take a fancy to like my book, let him freely enjoy the entertainment it gives him, and drink to my memory in a bumper. If another like Gulliver, let him toast Dr. Swift. Were I upon earth, I would pledge him in a bumper, *jaffing the same to be good*. If a third like neither of us, let him silently pass the bottle, and be quiet.

LUCIAN.

But what if he will not be quiet? A critic is an unquiet creature.

RABELAIS.

Why then he will disturb himself, not me.

LUCIAN.

You are a greater philosopher than I thought you! I knew you paid no respect to popes or kings; but to pay none to critics, but in an author, a magnanimity beyond all example.

RABELAIS.

My life was a farce: my death was a farce; and would you have me make my book a serious affair? As for you, though in general you are only a joker, yet sometimes you must be ranked among grave authors. You have written sage and learned dissertations on history, and other weighty matters. The critics have therefore an undoubted right to maul you, if they find you in their province. But, if any of them dare to come into mine, I will order Gargantua to swallow them up, as he did the six pilgrims, in the next salad he eats*.

LUCIAN.

Have I not heard that you wrote a very good serious book on the Aphorisms of Hippocrates?

RABELAIS.

Upon my faith, I had forgot it. I am so used to my *fool's coat*, that I don't know myself in my *solemn doctor's gown*. But your information was right: that book was indeed a very respectable work. Yet nobody reads it, and if I had written nothing else, I should have been reckoned, at best, a *laquay to Hippocrates*, whereas the historian of *Panurge* is a *canonical writer*. Plain good sense,

like a dish of solid beef or mutton, is proper only for peasants; but a *ragout of folly*, well dressed with a *sharp sauce of wit*, is fit to be served up at an emperor's table.

LUCIAN.

You are an admirable pleasant fellow, let me embrace you.—How Apollo and the Muses may rank you on Parnassus I am not very certain; but, if I were master of the ceremonies on Mount Olympus, you should be placed, with a full bowl of nectar before you, at the right-hand of Momus.

RABELAIS.

I wish you were—but I fear the inhabitants of those sublime regions will like your company no better than mine. Indeed, how Momus himself could get a seat at that table, I cannot well comprehend! It has been usual, I confess in some of our courts upon earth, to have a privileged jester, called *the king's fool*. But in the court of heaven one should not have supposed such an officer a *Jupiter's fool*. Your allegorical theology in this point is very abstruse.

LUCIAN.

I think our priests admitted Momus into our heaven, as the Indians are said to worship the devil, through fear. They had a mind to keep fair with him. For we may talk of the *giants* as much as we please; but to *our gods* there is no enemy so formidable as he. *Ridicule* is the terror of all *false religion*. Nothing but *truth* can stand it's lash.

RABELAIS.

Truth, advantageously set in a good and fair light, can stand any attack; but those of ridicule are so teasing and so fallacious, that I have seen them pull her ladyship very much out of humour.

LUCIAN.

Ay, friend Rabelais; and sometimes out of countenance too. But *truth* and *wit* in confederacy will strike Momus dumb. United they are invincible; as such a union is necessary upon certain occasions. *False reasoning* is most effectually exposed by *plain sense*; but *wit* is the best opponent to *false ridicule*, as *just ridicule* is to all the *absurdities* which dare to assume the venerable names of *Philosophy* or *Religion*. Have we made such a proper use of our agreeable talents, had we employed our rid-

* See Rabelais, l. i. c. 35.

cule to strip the foolish faces of superstition, fanaticism, and dogmatical pride, of the serious and solemn masks with which they are covered; at the same time exerting all the sharpness of our wit, to combat the flippancy and pertness of

those who argue only by jests against reason and evidence, in points of the highest and most serious concern; we should have much better merited the esteem of mankind.

DIALOGUE XXIII.

PERICLES—COSMO DE MEDICIS, THE FIRST OF THAT NAME.

PERICLES.

IN what I have heard of your character and your fortune, illustrious Cosmo, I find a most remarkable resemblance with mine*. We both lived in republics where the sovereign power was in the people; and, by mere civil arts, but more especially by our eloquence, attained, without any force, to such a degree of authority, that we ruled those tumultuous and stormy democracies with an absolute sway, turned the tempests which agitated them upon the heads of our enemies, and, after having long and prosperously conducted the greatest affairs in war and peace, died revered and lamented by all our fellow-citizens.

COSMO.

We have indeed an equal right to value ourselves on *that noblest of empires*, the empire we gained over *the minds* of our countrymen.—*Force or caprice* may give power; but nothing can give a *lasting authority*, except *wisdom and virtue*. By these we obtained, by these we preserved, in our respective countries, a dominion unstained by usurpation or blood, a dominion conferred on us by the publick esteem and the publick affection. We were in reality sovereigns, while we lived with the simplicity of private men: and Athens and Florence believed themselves to be free, though they obeyed all our dictates. This is more than was done by Philip of Macedon, or Sylla, or Cæsar. It is the perfection of policy, to tame the fierce spirit of popular liberty, not by blows or by chains, but by soothing it into a voluntary obedience, and bringing it to lick the hand that restrains it.

PERICLES.

The task can never be easy; but the difficulty was still greater to me than to

you. For I had a lion to tame, from whose intractable fury the greatest men of my country, and of the whole world, with all their wisdom and virtue, could not save themselves. Themistocles and Aristides were examples of terror, that might well have deterred me from the administration of publick affairs at Athens. Another, impediment in my way was the power of Cimon, who, for his goodness, his liberality, and the lustre of his victories over the Persians, was much beloved by the people; and, at the same time, by being thought to favour aristocracy, had all the noble and rich citizens devoted to his party. It seemed impossible to shake so well established a greatness. Yet, by the charms and force of my eloquence, which exceeded that of all orators contemporary with me, by the integrity of my life, my moderation, and my prudence, but, above all, by my artful management of the people, whose power I increased, that I might render it the basis and support of my own, I gained such an ascendancy over all my opponents, that, having first procured the banishment of Cimon by ostracism, and then of Thucydides, another formidable antagonist set up by the nobles against my authority, I became the unrivalled chief, or rather the monarch, of the Athenian republick, without ever putting to death, in above forty years that my administration continued, one of my fellow-citizens: a circumstance which I declared, when I lay on my death-bed, to be, in my own judgment, more honourable to me, than all my prosperity in the government of the state, or the nine trophies erected for so many victories obtained by my conduct.

COSMO.

I had also the same happiness to boast

* Plutarch's Life of Pericles, and Thucydides, l. iii. See also Machiavel's History of Florence, from the fourth book to the eighth,

s lost, or considerably lessened, delay, is a most pernicious im-
e. With relation to my ac-

I had nothing to fear. I had
jezzled one *drachma* of publick
nor added one to my own pater-
te; and the people had placed so
confidence in me, that they had
me, against the usual forms of
overnment, to dispose of large
secret service, without account*.
therefore I advised the Pelopon-
war, I neither acted from private
nor with the inconsiderate teme-
a restless ambition; but as be-
wise statesman, who, having
all the dangers that may attend
enterprize, and seeing a reason-
ope of good success, makes it his
to fight for dominion and glory,
han sacrifice both to the uncertain
n of an insecure peace†.

COSMO.

were you sure of inducing so
a people to persevere in so steady
of conduct as that which you
d down; a system attended with
neconvenience and loss to particu-
hile it presented but little to strike
me the imagination of the pub-
Bold and arduous enterprizes,
attles, much bloodshed, and a
decision, are what the multitude
n every war: but your plan of
on was the reverse of all this;
execution of it required the tem-
the Thebans, rather than of the
ans.

PERICLES.

und indeed many symptoms of
apatience; but I was able to re-
t, by the authority I had gained.
uring my whole ministry, I never
oped to court their favour by any
hy means; never flattered them
follies, nor complied with their
against their true interests and
a better judgment; but used the
of my eloquence to keep them in
unds of a wise moderation, to
eir spirits when too low, and
rem their danger when they grew
sumptuous; the good effects of
conduct they had happily expe-
in all their affairs. Whereas
who succeeded to me in the go-

vernment, by their incapacity, their cor-
ruption, and their servile complaisance
to the humour of the people, presently
lost all the fruits of my virtue and pru-
dence. Xerxes himself, I am convinced,
did not suffer more by the flattery of
his courtiers, than the Athenians, after
my decease, by that of their orators and
ministers of state.

COSMO.

Those orators could not gain the fa-
vour of the people by any other methods.
Your arts were more noble; they were
the arts of a statesman and of a prince.
Your magnificent buildings, which in
beauty of architecture surpassed any the
world had ever seen, the statues of Phi-
dias, the paintings of Xeuxis, the pro-
tection you gave to knowledge, genius,
and abilities of every kind, added as
much to the glory of Athens, as to your
popularity. And in this I may boast
of an equal merit to Florence‡. For I
embellished that city, and the whole
country about it, with excellent build-
ings; I protected all arts; and, though
I was not myself so eloquent or so learned
as you, I no less encouraged those who
were eminent, in my time, for their elo-
quence or their learning. Marcilius
Ficinus, the second father of the *Plato-
nick philosophy*, lived in my house, and
conversed with me as intimately as
Anaxagoras with you§. Nor did I ever
forget and suffer him so to want the ne-
cessaries of life, as you did Anaxagoras,
who had like to have perished by that
unfriendly neglect; but, to secure him
at all times from any distress in his cir-
cumstances, and enable him to pursue
his sublime speculations unmolested by
low cares, I gave him an estate adjacent
to one of my favourite villas. I also
drew to Florence Argiropolo, the most
learned Greek of those times; that, un-
der my patronage, he might teach the
Florentine youth the language and sci-
ences of his country. But with regard
to our buildings, there is this remark-
able difference: yours were all raised at
the expence of the publick, mine at my
own.

PERICLES.

My estate would bear no profuseness,
nor allow me to exert the generosity of
my nature. Your wealth exceeded that

* Plutarch in the Life of Pericles; and Diodorus Siculus.

† Thucydides, l. ii.

‡ Machiavel's History of Florence, l. vii.

§ Plutarch's Life of Pericles.

of any particular, or indeed of any prince, who lived in your days. The vast commerce, which, after the example of your ancestors, you continued to carry on in all parts of the world, even while you presided at the helm of the state, enabled you to do those splendid acts, which rendered your name so illustrious. But I was constrained to make the publick treasure the fund of my bounties*; and I thought I could not possibly dispose of it better, in time of peace, than in finding employment for that part of the people which must else have been idle, and useless to the community; introducing into Greece all the elegant arts, and adorning my country with works that are an honour to human nature. For, while I attended the most to these civil and peaceful occupations, I did not neglect to provide, with timely care, against war; nor suffer the nation to sink into luxury and effeminate softness. I kept our fleets in continual exercise, maintained a great number of seamen in constant pay, and disciplined well our land-forces. Nor did I ever cease to recommend to all the Athenians, both by precepts and example, frugality, temperance, magnanimity, fortitude, and whatever could most effectually contribute to strengthen their bodies and minds.

COSMO.

Yet I have heard you condemned, for rendering the people less sober and modest, by giving them a share of the conquered lands, and paying them wages for their necessary attendance in the publick assemblies and other civil functions; but more especially for the vast and superfluous expence you entailed on the state, in the theatrical spectacles with which you entertained them at the cost of the publick.

PERICLES.

Perhaps I may have been too lavish in some of those bounties.—Yet, in a popular state, it is necessary that the people should be amused, and should so far partake of the opulence of the publick, as not to suffer any want, which would render their minds too low and sordid for their political duties. In my time, the revenues of Athens were sufficient to bear this charge: but afterward, when we had lost the greatest part

of our empire, it became, I must confess, too heavy a burthen; and the continuance of it proved one cause of our ruin.

COSMO.

It is a most dangerous thing to load the state with largesses of that nature, or indeed with any unnecessary but popular charges; because to reduce them is almost impossible, though the circumstances of the publick should necessarily demand a reduction. But did not you likewise, in order to advance your own greatness, throw into the hands of the people of Athens more power than the institutions of Solon had entrusted them with, and more than was consistent with the good of the state?

PERICLES.

We are now in the regions where Truth presides; and I dare not offend her, by playing the orator in defence of my conduct. I must therefore acknowledge that, by weakening the power of the court of Areopagus, I tore up that anchor, which Solon had wisely fixed, to keep his republick firm against the storms and fluctuations of popular factions†. This alteration, which fundamentally injured the whole state, I made, with a view to serve my own ambition, the only passion in my nature which I could not contain within the limits of virtue. For I knew that my eloquence would subject the people to me, and make them the willing instruments of all my desires; whereas the Areopagus had in it an authority and a dignity which I could not controul. Thus, by diminishing the counterpoise our constitution had settled to moderate the excess of popular power, I augmented my own. But, since my death, I have been often reproached by the shades of some of the most virtuous and wisest Athenians, who have fallen victims to the caprice or fury of the people, with having been the first cause of the injustice they suffered, and of all the mischiefs perpetually brought on my country, by rash undertakings, bad conduct, and fluctuating councils. They say, I delivered up the state to the government of indolent or venal orators, and to the passions of a misguided, insatuated multitude, who thought their freedom consisted in encouraging calumnies against

* See Plutarch in the Life of Pericles, and Thucydides, l. ii.

† See Plutarch, in the Life

servants of the commonwealth, conferring power upon those who have no other merit than falling in with something a popular folly. It is useless for me to plead, that during my life if these mischiefs were felt; that I used my rhetoric to promote none good and wise measures; that I was free from any taint of avarice or corruption as Aristides himself*. They say that I am answerable for all the evils occasioned afterward by the want of that salutary restraint on the levity and extravagance of a democracy, which I had taken away. So calls me the patron of Anytus: he looks himself frowns upon me, wherever we meet.

COSMO.

How can you have reason to do so—for tell me, Pericles, what opinion would you of the architect you employed in your buildings, if he had made them to last longer than during the term of his life?

PERICLES.

My answer to your question will be your own condemnation. Your excessive liberality to the indigent citizens, and the great sums you lent to all noble families, did in reality buy the lick of Florence; and gave your country such a power as enabled them to convert it from a popular state into an absolute monarchy†.

COSMO.

The Florentines were so infested with discord and faction, and their commonwealth was so void of military virtue, they could not have long been exempted from a more ignominious subjection to some foreign power, if those indissensions, with the confusion and anarchy they produced, had continued. But the Athenians had performed glorious exploits, had obtained an empire; and were become one of the ablest states in the world, before they altered the balance of their government.

And after that alteration they decayed very fast, till they lost all their possessions.

PERICLES.

Your constitution had originally a Jewishness in it, I mean the ban of proscription, which alone would have been sufficient to undo any state. For there

is nothing of such important use to a nation, as that men who most excel in wisdom and virtue should be encouraged to undertake the business of government. But this detestable custom deterred such men from serving the publick, or, if they ventured to do so, turned even their own wisdom and virtue against them; so that in Athens it was safer to be infamous than renowned. We are told indeed, by the advocates for this strange institution, that it was not a punishment, but meant as a guard to the equality and liberty of the state: for which reason, they deem it an honour done to the persons against whom it was used: as if words could change the real nature of things, and make a banishment of ten years, inflicted on a good citizen by the suffrages of his countrymen, no evil to him, or no offence against justice and the natural right every freeman may claim, that he shall not be expelled from any society of which he is a member, without having first been proved guilty of some criminal action.

COSMO.

The ostracism was indeed a most unpardonable fault in the Athenian constitution. It placed envy in the seat of justice, and gave to private malice and publick ingratitude a legal right to do wrong. Other nations are blamed for tolerating vice; but the Athenians alone would not tolerate virtue.

PERICLES.

The friends to the ostracism say, that too eminent virtue destroys that equality, which is the safeguard of freedom.

COSMO.

No state is well modelled, if it cannot preserve itself from the danger of tyranny without a grievous violation of natural justice: nor would a friend to true freedom, which consists in being governed, not by men, but by laws, desire to live in a country where a Cleon bore rule, and where an Aristides was not suffered to remain. But, instead of remedying this evil, you made it worse. You rendered the people more intractable, more adverse to virtue, less subject to the laws, and more to impressions from mischievous demagogues, than they had been before your time.

PERICLES.

In truth, I did so—and therefore may

* See Thucydides, l. ii. † See Machiavel's History of Florence, l. vii.

‡ See Machiavel's History.

LOCKE.

Do you make *doubting* a proof *de, th* in philosophy? It may be a good *beginning* of it; but it is a bad *end*.

BAYLE.

No:—the more profound our search are into the nature of things, the more uncertainty we shall find; and the more subtle minds see objections and difficulties in every system, which are overlooked or undiscoverable by ordinary understandings.

LOCKE.

It would be better then to be no philosopher, and to continue in the vulgar herd of mankind, *that one may have the convenience of thinking that one knows something*. I find that the eyes which nature has given me see many things very clearly, though some are out of their reach, or discerned but dimly. What opinion ought I to have of a physician, who should offer me an eye-water, the use of which would at first so sharpen my sight, as to carry it farther than ordinary vision; but would in the end put them out? Your philosophy, Monsieur Bayle, is to the eyes of the mind what I have supposed the doctor's *nastrum* to be to those of the body. It actually brought your own excellent understanding, which was by nature quick-sighted, and rendered more so by

opinions of his admired predecessor. In philosophy, as in nature, all changes it's form, and one thing exists by the destruction of another.

LOCKE.

Opinions taken up without a patient investigation, depending on terms not accurately defined, and principles begged without proof, like theories to explain the phenomena of nature built on suppositions instead of experiments, must perpetually change and destroy one another. But some opinions there are, even in matters not obvious to the common sense of mankind, which the mind has received on such rational grounds of assent, that they are as immovable as the pillars of heaven, or (to speak philosophically) as the great laws of nature, by which, under GOD, the universe is sustained. Can you seriously think, that, because the hypothesis of your countryman Descartes, which was nothing but an ingenious, well-imagined romance, has been lately exploded, the system of Newton, which is built on experiments and geometry, the two most certain methods of discovering truth, will ever fail; or that, because the whims of fanatics and the divinity of the schoolmen cannot now be supported, the doctrines of that religion, which I, the declared enemy of all enthusiasm and false reasoning, firmly believed and maintained, will ever be shaken?

BAYLE.

If you had asked Descartes, while he was in the height of his vogue, whether his system would be ever confuted by any other philosophers, as that of Aristotle has been by his, what answer do you suppose he would have returned?

LOCKE.

Come, come, Monsieur Bayle, you yourself know the difference between the foundations on which the credit of those systems and that of Newton is placed. Your scepticism is more affected than real. You found it a shorter way to a great reputation (the only wish of your heart) to object, than to defend; to pull down, than to set up. And your talents were admirable for that kind of work. Then your huddling together, in a Critical Dictionary, a pleasant tale, or obscure jest, and a grave argument against the Christian religion, a witty confutation of some absurd author, and an *artful sophism* to impeach some respectable truth, was particularly com-

modious to all our young smarts and smatterers in free-thinking. But what mischief have you not done to human society? You have endeavoured, and with some degree of success, to shake those foundations, on which the whole moral world, and the great fabrick of social happiness, entirely rest. How could you, as a philosopher, in the sober hours of reflection, answer for this to your conscience, even supposing you had doubts of the truth of a system, which gives to virtue it's sweetest hopes, to impenitent vice it's greatest fears, and to true penitence it's best consolations; which restrains even the least approaches to guilt, and yet makes those allowances for the infirmities of our nature, which the Stoick pride denied to it, but which it's real imperfection and the goodness of it's infinitely benevolent Creator so evidently require?

BAYLE.

The mind is free; and it loves to exert it's freedom. Any restraint upon it is a violence done to it's nature, and a tyranny, against which it has a right to rebel.

LOCKE.

The mind, though free, has a governor within itself, which may and ought to limit the exercise of it's freedom. That governor is Reason.

BAYLE.

Yes:—but Reason, like other governors, has a policy more dependent upon uncertain caprice than upon any fixed laws. And if that reason which rules my mind, or yours, have happened to set up a favourite notion, it not only submits implicitly to it, but desires that the same respect should be paid to it by all the rest of mankind. Now I hold that any man may lawfully oppose this desire in another; and that, if he be wise, he will do his utmost endeavours to check it in himself.

LOCKE.

Is there not also a weakness of a contrary nature to this you are now ridiculing? Do we not often take a pleasure to shew our own power, and gratify our own pride, by degrading notions set up by other men, and generally respected?

BAYLE.

I believe we do; and by this means it often happens that, if one man build and consecrate a temple to folly, another pulls it down.

K

LOCKE.

LOCKE.

Do you think it beneficial to human society, to have *all temples* pulled down?

BAYLE.

I cannot say that I do.

LOCKE.

Yet I find not in your writings any mark of distinction, to shew us which you mean to save.

BAYLE.

A true philosopher, like an impartial historian, must be of no sect.

LOCKE.

Is there no medium between the blind zeal of a sectary, and a total indifference to all religion?

BAYLE.

With regard to morality I was not indifferent.

LOCKE.

How could you then be indifferent with regard to the sanctions religion gives to morality? How could you publish what tends so directly and apparently to weaken in mankind the belief of those sanctions? Was not this sacrificing the great interests of virtue to the little motives of vanity?

BAYLE.

A man may act indiscreetly, but he cannot do wrong, by declaring that, which, on a full discussion of the question, he sincerely thinks to be true.

LOCKE.

An enthusiast, who advances doctrines prejudicial to society, or opposes any that are useful to it, has the strength of opinion and the heat of a disturbed imagination to plead, in alleviation of his fault. But your cool head, and sound judgment, can have no such excuse. I know very well there are passages in all your works, and those not few, where you talk like a rigid moralist. I have also heard that your character was irreproachably good. But when, in the most laboured parts of your writings, you lay the surest foundations of all moral duties; what avails it that in others, or in the conduct of your life, you appeared to respect them? How many, who have stronger passions than you had, and are desirous to get rid of the curb that restrains them, will lay hold of your scepticism, to set themselves loose from all obligations of virtue! What a misfortune is it to have made such a use of such talents! It would have been better for you, and for mankind, if you had been one of the dullest

of Dutch theologians, or the most credulous monk in a Portuguese convent. The riches of the mind, like those of fortune may be employed so perversely, as to become a nuisance and pest, instead of an ornament and support, to society.

BAYLE.

You are very severe upon me.—But do you count it no merit, no service to mankind, to deliver them from the frauds and fetters of priestcraft, from the deliriums of fanaticism, and from the terrors and follies of superstition? Consider how much mischief these have done to the world! Even in the last age, what massacres, what civil wars, what convulsions of government, what confusion in society, did they produce! Nay, in that we both lived in, though much more enlightened than the former, did I not see them occasion a violent persecution in my own country? and can you blame me for striking at the root of these evils

LOCKE.

The root of these evils, you well know was *false religion*; but you struck at the *true*. Heaven and hell are not more different, than the system of faith I defended, and that which produced the horrors of which you speak. Why would you so fallaciously confound them together in some of your writings, that it requires much more judgment, and a more diligent attention, than ordinary readers have, to separate them again, and to make the proper distinctions? This indeed is the great art of the most celebrated free-thinkers. They recommend themselves to warm and ingenuous minds, by lively strokes of wit, and by arguments really strong, against superstition, enthusiasm, and priestcraft. But at the same time, they insidiously throw the colours of these upon the fair face of true Religion, and dress her out in their garb, with a malignant intention to render her odious or despicable to those who have not penetration enough to discern the impious fraud. Some of them may have thus deceived themselves as well as others. Yet it is certain, no book, that ever was written by the most acute of these gentlemen, is so repugnant to priestcraft, to spiritual tyranny, to absurd superstitions, to all that can tend to disturb or injure society, as that *Essay* they so much affect to despise.

BAYLE.

Mankind is so made, that, when they have been *over-heated*, they cannot be

brought to a proper temper again till they have been *over-cooled*. My scepticism might be necessary, to abate the fever and phrenzy of false religion.

LOCKE.

A wise prescription indeed, to bring on a *paralytical* state of the mind, (for such a scepticism as yours is a *palsy*, which deprives the mind of all vigour, and deadens it's natural and vital powers) in order to take off a *fever*, which *temperance*, and the *milk of the evangelical doctrines*, would probably cure!

BAYLE.

I acknowledge that those medicines have a great power. But few doctors apply them untainted with the mixture of some harsher drugs, or some unsafe and ridiculous *nostrums* of their own.

LOCKE.

What you now say is too true.—God has given us a most excellent physick for the soul, in all it's diseases; but bad and interested physicians, or ignorant and conceited quacks, administer it so ill to the rest of mankind, that much of the benefit of it is unhappily lost.

DIALOGUE XXV.

ARCHIBALD EARL OF DOUGLAS, DUKE OF TOURAINE—JOHN DUKE OF ARGYLE AND GREENWICH, FIELD MARSHAL OF HIS BRITANNICK MAJESTY'S FORCES.

ARGYLE.

YES, noble Douglas, it grieves me that you and your son, together with the brave Earl of Buchan, should have employed so much valour, and have thrown away your lives, in fighting the battles of that state, which, from it's situation and interests, is the perpetual and most dangerous enemy to Great Britain*. A British nobleman serving France appears to me as unfortunate, and as much out of his proper sphere, as a Grecian commander, engaged in the service of Persia, would have appeared to Aristides or Agesilaus.

DOUGLAS.

In serving France, I served Scotland. The French were the natural allies to the Scotch; and, by supporting their crown, I enabled my countrymen to maintain their independence against the English.

ARGYLE.

The French indeed, from the unhappy state of our country, were *ancient allies* to the Scotch; but that they ever were our *natural allies*, I deny. Their alliance was proper and necessary for us, because we were then in an *unnatural* state, disunited from England. While that disunion continued, our monarchy was compelled to lean upon France for assistance and support. The French power and policy kept us, I acknowledge, independent on the English, but dependent on them; and this depen-

dence exposed us to many grievous calamities, by drawing on our country the formidable arms of the English; whenever it happened that the French and they had a quarrel. The succours they afforded us were distant and uncertain. Our enemy was at hand, superior to us in strength, though not in valour. Our borders were ravaged; our kings were slain, or led captive; we lost all the advantage of being the inhabitants of a great island; we had no commerce, no peace, no security, no degree of maritime power. Scotland was a back-door, through which the French, with our help, made their inroads into England; if they conquered, we obtained little benefit from it; but, if they were defeated, we were always the devoted victims, on whom the conquerors severely wreaked their resentment.

DOUGLAS.

The English suffered as much in those wars as we. How terribly were their borders laid waste and depopulated by our sharp incursions! How often have the swords of my ancestors been stained with the best blood of that nation! Were not our victories at Bannockburn and at Otterburn as glorious as any that, with all the advantage of numbers, they have ever obtained over us?

ARGYLE.

They were; but yet they did us no lasting good. They left us still depen-

* Buchanan, *Resum Scoticarum*, l. 2. p. 338. A. D. 1424.

dent on the protection of France; they left us a poor, a feeble, a distressed, though a most valiant nation. They irritated England, but could not subdue it, nor hinder our feeling such effects of its enmity, as gave us no reason to rejoice in our triumphs.—How much more happily, in the auspicious reign of that queen who formed the Union, was my sword employed in humbling the foes of Great Britain! With how superior a dignity did I appear in the combined British senate, maintaining the interests of the whole united people of England and Scotland, against all foreign powers, who attempted to disturb our general happiness, or to invade our common rights!

DOUGLAS.

Your eloquence and your valour had unquestionably a much nobler and spacious field to exercise themselves in, than any of those who defended the interests of only a part of the island.

ARGYLE.

Whenever I read any account of the wars between the Scotch and the English, I think I am reading a melancholy history of civil dissensions. Whichever side is defeated, their loss appears to me a loss to the whole, and an advantage to some foreign enemy of Great Britain. But the strength of that island is made complete by the Union; and what a great English poet has justly said in one instance, is now true in all—

* The Hotspur and the Douglas both together
* Are confident against the world in arms*.

Who can resist the English and Scotch valour combined? When separated and opposed, they balanced each other: united, they will hold the balance of Europe. If all the Scotch blood that has been shed for the French, in unnatural wars against England, had been poured out, to oppose the ambition of France, in conjunction with the English; if all the English blood that has been spilt as unfortunately in useless wars against Scotland, had been preserved; France would long ago have been rendered incapable of disturbing our peace, and Great Britain would have been the most powerful of nations.

DOUGLAS.

There is truth in all you have said.—

But yet, when I reflect on the insidious ambition of King Edward the First, on the ungenerous arts he so treacherously employed, to gain, or rather to steal, the sovereignty of our kingdom, and the detestable cruelty he shewed to Wallace, our brave champion and martyr; my soul is up in arms against the insolence of the English; and I adore the memory of those patriots, who died in asserting the independence of our crown, and the liberty of our nation.

ARGYLE.

Had I lived in those days, I should have joined with those patriots, and been the foremost to maintain so noble a cause. The Scotch were not made to be subject to the English. Their souls were too great for such a timid submission. But they may unite and incorporate with a nation they would not obey. Their scorn of a foreign yoke, their strong and generous love of independence and freedom, make their union with England more natural and more proper. Had the spirit of the Scotch been servile or base, it could never have coalesced with that of the English.

DOUGLAS.

It is true that the minds of both nations are congenial, and filled with the same noble virtues, the same impatience of servitude, the same magnanimity, courage, and prudence, the same genius for policy, for navigation and commerce, for sciences and arts. Yet, notwithstanding this happy conformity, when I consider how long they were enemies to each other; what an hereditary hatred and jealousy had subsisted, for many ages, between them; what private passions, what prejudices, what contrary interests, must have necessarily obstructed every step of the treaty; and how hard it was to overcome the strong opposition of national pride; I stand astonished that it was possible to unite the two kingdoms upon any conditions; and much more that it could be done with such equal regard and amicable fairness to both.

ARGYLE.

It was indeed a most arduous and difficult undertaking! The success of it must, I think, be thankfully ascribed, not only to the great firmness and prudence of those who had the management of it, but to the gracious assistance

of Providence, for the preservation of the Reformed religion amongst us, which, in that conjuncture, if the Union had not been made, would have been ruined in Scotland, and much endangered in England. The same good Providence has watched over and protected it since, in a most signal manner, against the attempts of an insatuated party in Scotland, and the arts of France, who by her emissaries laboured to destroy it as soon as formed; because she justly foresaw that the continuance of it would be destructive to all her vast designs against the liberty of Europe*. I myself had the honour to have a principal share in subduing one rebellion designed to subvert it; and since my death it has been, I hope, established for ever, not only by the defeat of another rebellion, which came upon us in the midst of a dangerous war with France, but by measures prudently taken in order to prevent such disturbances for the future. The ministers of the crown have proposed, and the British legislature has enacted, a wise system of laws; the object of which is, to reform and to civilize the Highlands of Scotland; to deliver the people there from the arbitrary power and oppression of their chieftains; to carry the royal justice and royal protection into the wildest parts of their mountains; to hinder their natural valour from being abused and perverted to the detriment of their country; and to introduce among them arts, agriculture, commerce, tranquillity, with all the improvements of social and polished life.

DOUGLAS.

By what you now tell me, you give me the highest idea of the great prince your master; who, after having been provoked by such a wicked rebellion, instead of enslaving the people of the Highlands, or laying the hand of power more heavy upon them, (which is the usual consequence of unsuccessful revolts) has conferred on them the inestimable blessings of liberty, justice, and good order. To act thus, is indeed to *perfect the Union*; and make all the inhabitants of Great Britain acknowledge, with gratitude and with joy, that they are subjects of the same well-regulated kingdom, and governed with the same impartial affection, by the sovereign and father of the whole commonwealth.

ARGYLE.

The laws I have mentioned, and the humane, benevolent policy of his majesty's government, have already produced very salutary effects in that part of the kingdom; and, if steadily pursued, will produce many more. But no words can recount to you the infinite benefits which have attended the Union, in the northern counties of England and the southern of Scotland.

DOUGLAS.

The fruits of it must be, doubtless, most sensible there, where the perpetual enmity between the two nations had occasioned the greatest disorder and desolation.

ARGYLE.

Oh, Douglas—could you revive, and return into Scotland, what a delightful alteration would you see in that country! All those great tracts of land, which in your time lay untilled, on account of the inroads of the bordering English, or the feuds and discords that raged with perpetual violence within our own distracted kingdom, you would now behold cultivated, and smiling with plenty. Instead of the castles, which every baron was compelled to erect for the defence of his family, and where he lived in the barbarism of Gothick pride, among miserable vassals oppressed by the abuse of his feudal powers, your eyes would be charmed with elegant country houses, adorned with fine plantations and beautiful gardens; while happy villages or gay towns are rising about them, and enlivening the prospect with every image of rural wealth! On our coasts, trading cities, full of new manufactures, and continually increasing the extent of their commerce! In our ports and harbours, innumerable merchant ships richly loaded, and protected from all enemies by the matchless fleet of Great Britain! But of all improvements the greatest is in the minds of the Scotch. These have profited even more than their lands, by the culture, which the settled peace and tranquillity produced by the Union have happily given to them; and they have discovered such talents in all branches of literature, as might render the English jealous of being excelled by their genius, if there could remain a competition, when there remains no distinction, between the two nations.

* See Hook's Letters, and Lockhart's Memoirs.

DOUGLAS.

DOUGLAS.

There may be emulation without jealousy; and the efforts, which that emulation will excite, may render our island superior in the fame of wit and good learning to Italy or to Greece; a superiority, which I have learnt in the Elysian fields to prefer even to that which is acquired by arms.—But one doubt still remains with me concerning the Union. I have been informed that no more than sixteen of our peers, except those who have English peerages, (which some of the noblest have not) now sit in the house of lords, as representatives of the rest. Does not this in a great measure diminish those peers who are not elected? and have you not found the election of the sixteen too dependent on the favour of a court?

ARGYLE.

It was impossible that the English could ever consent, in the treaty of Union, to admit a greater number to have places and votes in the upper house of parliament; but all the Scotch peerage is virtually there, by representation. And those who are not elected have every dignity and right of the peerage, except the privilege of sitting in the house of lords, and some others depending thereon*.

DOUGLAS.

They have so:—but, when parliaments enjoy such a share in the government of a country as ours do at this time, to be *personally* there is a privilege and a dignity of the highest importance.

ARGYLE.

I wish it had been possible to impart it to all. But your reason will tell you it was not.—And consider, my lord, that, till the Revolution in sixteen hundred and eighty-eight, the power vested by our government in the lords of the Articles had made our parliaments much more subject to the influence of the crown than our elections are now. As, by the manner in which they were constituted, those lords were no less devoted to the king than his own privy council; and as no proposition could then be pre-

sented in parliament, if rejected by them they gave him a negative before debate. This indeed was abolished upon the accession of King William the Third, with many other oppressive and despotical powers, which had rendered our nobles abject slaves to the crown, while they were allowed to be tyrants over the people. But if King James, or his son, had been restored, the government in had exercised would have been re-established: and nothing but the Union of the two kingdoms could have effectually prevented that restoration. We likewise owe to the Union the subsequent abolition of the Scotch privy council, which had been the most grievous engine of tyranny; and that salutary law, which declared that no crimes should be high treason or misprision of treason in Scotland, but such as were so in England; and gave us the English methods of trial in cases of that nature: whereas, before, there were so many species of treasons, the construction of them was so uncertain, and the trials were so arbitrary, that no man could be safe from suffering as a traitor. §By the same act of parliament, we also received a communication of that noble privilege of the English, exemption from torture; a privilege, which though essential both to humanity and to justice, no other nation in Europe, not even the freest republics, can boast of possessing. Shall we then take offence at some inevitable circumstances, which may be objected to, on our part, in the treaty of Union, when it has delivered us from slavery, and all the worst evils that a state can suffer? It might be easily shewn, that, in his political and civil condition, every baron in Scotland is much happier now, and much more independent, than the highest was under that constitution of government which continued in Scotland even after the expulsion of King James the Second. The greatest enemies to the Union are the friends of that king, in whose reign, and in his brother's, the kingdom of Scotland was subjected to a despotism as arbitrary as

* See the Act of Union, Part 23.

† See Robertson's History of Scotland, l. i. p. 69—72.

‡ See Act for rendering the Union of the two kingdoms more entire and complete, anno regniæ Annæ sextæ.

§ See Act for improving the Union of the two Kingdoms, anno septimo Annæ reginæ.

|| See Robertson's History of Scotland, l. viii. and Hume's History of Charles II. c. 7. and James II. c. 1.

that of France, and more tyrannically administered.

DOUGLAS.

All I have heard of those reigns makes me blush with indignation at the servility of our nobles, who could endure them so long. What then was become of that undaunted Scotch spirit, which had dared to resist the Plantagenets in the height of their power and pride? Could the descendants of those, who had disdained to be subjects of Edward the First, submit to be slaves of Charles the Second, or James?

ARGYLE.

They seemed in general to have lost every characteristick of their natural temper, except a desire to abuse the royal authority, for the gratification of their private resentments in family quarrels.

DOUGLAS.

Your grandfather, my lord, has the glory of not deserving this censure.

ARGYLE.

I am proud that his spirit, and the principles he professed, drew upon him the injustice and fury of those times. *But there needs no other proof than the nature and the manner of his condemnation, to shew what a wretched state our nobility then were in; and what an inestimable advantage it is to them, that they are now to be tried as peers of Great Britain, and have the benefit of those laws which imparted to us the equity and the freedom of the English constitution†.

Upon the whole, as much as wealth is preferable to poverty, liberty to oppression, and national strength to national weakness; so much has Scotland incontestably gained by the Union. England too has secured by it every public blessing which was before enjoyed by her, and has greatly augmented her strength. The martial spirit of the Scotch, their hardy bodies, their acute and vigorous minds, their industry, their activity, are now employed to the benefit of the whole island. He is now a bad Scotchman who is not a good Englishman, and he is a bad Englishman who is not a good Scotchman. Mutual intercourse, mutual interests, mutual benefits, must naturally be productive of mutual affection. And when that is established, when our hearts are

sincerely united, many great things, which some remains of jealousy and distrust, or narrow local partialities, may hitherto have obstructed, will be done for the good of the whole united kingdom. How much may the revenues of Great Britain be encreased by the further encrease of population, of industry, and of commerce, in Scotland! What a mighty addition to the stock of national wealth will arise from the improvement of our most northern counties, which are infinitely capable of being improved! The briars and thorns are in a great measure grubbed up: the flowers and fruits may soon be planted. And what more pleasing, or what more glorious employment, can any government have, than to attend to the cultivating of such a plantation?

DOUGLAS.

The prospect you open to me of happiness to my country appears so fair, that it makes me amends for the pain with which I reflect on the times wherein I lived, and indeed on our whole history for several ages.

ARGYLE.

That history does, in truth, present to the mind a long series of the most dreadful objects, assassinations, rebellions, anarchy, tyranny; and religion itself, either cruel, or gloomy and unsocial. An historian, who would paint it in it's true colours, must take the pencil of Guercino or Salvator Rosa. But the most agreeable imagination can hardly figure to itself a more pleasing scene of private and publick felicity, than will naturally result from the Union, if all the prejudices against it, and all distinctions that may tend, on either side, to keep up an idea of separate interests, or to revive a sharp remembrance of national animosities, can be removed.

DOUGLAS.

If they can be removed! I think it impossible they can be retained. To resist the Union is indeed to rebel against Nature.—She has joined the two countries; has fenced them both with the sea, against the invasion of all other nations; but has laid them entirely open the one to the other. Accursed be he who endeavours to divide them!—*What God hath joined, let no man put asunder.*

* See Hume's History of Charles II. c. 7.

† See the Act of Union, Art. 23.

It is not on account of the serpent
boast myself a greater benefactor
Greece than you. Actions should
valued by their utility rather than the
eclat. I taught Greece the art of wri
ing, to which laws owe their precise
and permanency. You subdued mon
sters; I civilized men. It is from ur
tamed passions, not from wild beast
that the greatest evils arise to huma
society. By wisdom, by art, by th
united strength of civil community
men have been enabled to subdue th
whole race of lions, bears, and serpents
and, what is more, to bind in laws an
wholesome regulations the ferocious vic
lence and dangerous treachery of th
human disposition. Had lions been de
stroyed only in single combat, me
would have had but a bad time of it
and what but laws could awe the me
who killed the lions? The genuine glory
the proper distinction, of the rational
species, arises from the perfection of th
mental powers. Courage is apt to be
sierce, and strength is often exerted in
acts of oppression. But wisdom is th
associate of justice; it assists her to form
equal laws, to pursue right measures
to correct power, protect weakness, and

HERCULES.

Indeed, if writers employed themselves only in recording the acts of great men, much might be said in their favour. But why do they trouble people with their meditations? Can it signify to the world what an idle man has been thinking?

CADMUS.

Yes, it may. The most important and extensive advantages mankind enjoy are greatly owing to men who have never quitted their closets. To them mankind is obliged for the facility and security of navigation. The invention of the compass has opened to them new worlds. The knowledge of the mechanical powers has enabled them to construct such wonderful machines, as perform what the united labour of millions by the severest drudgery could not accomplish. Agriculture too, the most useful of arts, has received it's share of improvement from the same source. Poetry likewise is of excellent use, to enable the memory to retain with more ease, and to imprint with more energy upon the heart, precepts of virtue and virtuous actions. Since we left the world, from the little root of few letters, science has spread it's branches over all nature, and raised it's head to the heavens. Some philosophers have entered so far into the counsels of Divine Wisdom, as to explain much of the great operations of nature. The dimensions and distances of the planets, the causes of their revolutions, the path of comets, and the ebbing and flowing of tides, are understood and explained. Can any thing raise the glory of the human species more, than to see a little creature, inhabiting a small spot amidst innumerable worlds, taking a survey of the universe, comprehending it's arrangement, and entering into the scheme of that wonderful connection and correspondence of things so remote, and which it seems the utmost exertion of Omnipotence to have established? What a volume of wisdom, what a noble theology, do these discoveries open to us! While some superior geniuses have soared to these sublime subjects, other sagacious and diligent minds have been enquiring into the most minute works of the infinite Artificer: the same care, the same providence, is exerted through the whole; and we should learn from it, that to true wisdom, utility and fitness

appear perfection, and whatever is beneficial is noble.

HERCULES.

I approve of science, as far as it is assiduous to action. I like the improvement of navigation, and the discovery of the greater part of the globe, because it opens a wider field for the master spirits of the world to baffle in.

CADMUS.

There spoke the soul of Hercules. But, if learned men be to be esteemed for the assistance they give to active minds in their schemes, they are not less to be valued for their endeavours to give them a right direction, and moderate their too great ardour. The study of history will teach the warrior and the legislator by what means armies have been victorious, and states have become powerful; and in the private citizen, they will inculcate the love of liberty and order. The writings of sages point out a private path of virtue, and shew that the best empire is self-government, and subduing our passions the noblest of conquests.

HERCULES.

The true spirit of heroism acts by a sort of inspiration, and wants neither the experience of history, nor the doctrines of philosophers, to direct it. But do not arts and sciences render men effeminate, luxurious, and inactive? And can you deny that wit and learning are often made subservient to very bad purposes?

CADMUS.

I will own that there are some natures so happily formed, they hardly want the assistance of a master and the rules of art, to give them force or grace in every thing they do. But these heaven-inspired geniuses are few. As learning flourishes only where ease, plenty, and mild government subsist; in so rich a soil, and under so soft a climate, the weeds of luxury will spring up among the flowers of art: but the spontaneous weeds would grow more rank, if they were allowed the undisturbed possession of the field. Letters keep a frugal temperate nation from growing ferocious, a rich one from becoming entirely sensual and debauched. Every gift of the gods is sometimes abused; but wit and fine talents, by a natural law, gravitate toward virtue: accidents may drive them out of their proper direction; but such

belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain persons, who have not certain virtues, and who have certain vices, and who inhabit a certain part of the town. Like a place by courtesy, it gets an higher rank than the person can claim; but which those who have a legal title to precedency dare not dispute, for fear of being thought not to understand the rules of politeness. Now, Sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

MERCURY.

Then, Madam, you have wasted your time, faded your beauty, and destroyed your health, for the laudable purposes of contradicting your husband, and being this something and this nothing called the *bon ton*.

MRS. MODISH.

What would you have had me do?

MERCURY.

I will follow your mode of instructing. I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you sacrifice your time, your reason, and your duties, to fashion and folly. I would not have had you neglect your husband's happiness, and your children's education.

MRS. MODISH.

As to the education of my daughters, I spared no expence: they had a dancing-master, musick-master, and drawing-master; and a French governess, to teach them behaviour and the French language.

MERCURY.

So their religion, sentiments, and manners, were to be learnt from a dancing-master, musick-master, and a chamber-maid! Perhaps they might prepare them to catch the *bon ton*. Your daughters must have been so educated, as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without maternal care. I am sorry for the sort of life they are commencing, and for that which you have just concluded. Minos is a four old gentleman, without the least smattering of the *bon ton*; and I am in a fright for you. The best thing I can advise you is, to do in this world as you did in the other; keep happiness in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this side Styx; wander about without end or aim; look into the Elysian fields, but never attempt to enter into them, lest Minos should push you into Tartarus: for duties neglected may bring on a sentence not much less severe than crimes committed.

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

PLUTARCH—CHARON—AND A MODERN BOOKSELLER.

CHARON.

HERE is a fellow, who is very unwilling to land in our territories. He says, he is rich, has a great deal of business in the other world, and must needs return to it: he is so troublesome and obstreperous, I know not what to do with him. Take him under your care, therefore, good Plutarch; you will easily awe him into order and decency, by the superiority an author has over a bookseller.

BOOKSELLER.

Am I got into a world so absolutely the reverse of that I left, that here authors domineer over booksellers? Dear Charon, let me go back, and I will pay any price for my passage. But, if I must stay, leave me not with any of those who are styled classical authors. As to you, Plutarch, I have a particular animosity against you, for having almost occasioned my ruin. When I first set

up shop, understanding but little of business, I unadvisedly bought an edition of your *lives*; a pack of old Greeks and Romans, which cost me a great sum of money. I could never get off above twenty sets of them. I sold a few to the Universities, and some to Eaton and Westminster; for it is reckoned a pretty book for boys and under-graduates; but, unless a man has the luck to light on a pedant, he shall not sell a set of them in twenty years.

PLUTARCH.

From the merit of the subjects, I had hoped another reception for my works. I will own indeed, that I am not always perfectly accurate in every circumstance, nor do I give so exact and circumstantial a detail of the actions of my heroes, as may be expected from a biographer who has confined himself to one or two characters. A zeal to preserve the memory of great men, extend
L 2

of books, would remain long in an insipid purity of mind, with a discouraging reserve of behaviour.

PLUTARCH.

As to your men who have quitted the study of virtue for the study of vice, useful truth for absurd fancy, and real history for monstrous fiction, I have neither regard nor compassion for them: but I am concerned for the women who are betrayed into these dangerous studies; and I wish for their sakes I had expiated more on the character of Lucretia and some other heroines.

BOOKSELLER.

I tell you, our women do not read in order to live or to die like Lucretia. If you would inform us, that a *billet-doux* was found in her cabinet after her death, or give an hint as if Tarquin really saw her in the arms of a slave; and that she killed herself, not to suffer the shame of a discovery; such anecdotes would sell very well. Or if, even by tradition, but better still if *by papers in the Portian family*, you could shew some probability that Portia died of *dram-drinking*; you would oblige the world very much; for you must know, that, next to new-invented characters, we are fond of new lights upon ancient characters; I mean, such lights as shew a reputed honest man to have been a concealed knave; an illustrious hero a pitiful coward, &c. Nay, we are so fond of these kinds of information, as to be pleased sometimes to see a character cleared from a vice or crime it has been charged with, provided the person concerned be actually dead. But in this case, the evidence must be authentick, and amount to a demonstration: in the other, a detection is not necessary; a slight suspicion will do, if it concerns a really good and great character.

PLUTARCH.

I am the more surprized at what you say of the taste of your contemporaries, as I met with a Frenchman, who assured me that less than a century ago he had written a much-admired life of Cyrus under the name of Artamenes, in which he ascribed to him far greater actions than those recorded of him by Xenophon and Herodotus; and that many of the great heroes of history had been treated in the same manner; that *empires were gained and battles decided by the valour of a single man, imagination bestowing what nature has denied,*

and the system of human affairs rendered impossible.

BOOKSELLER.

I assure you, these books were very useful to the authors and their booksellers: and for whose benefit should a man write? These romances were very fashionable, and had a great sale: they fell in luckily with the humour of the age.

PLUTARCH.

Monsieur Scuderi tells me, they were written in the times of vigour and spirit, in the evening of the gallant days of chivalry, which, though then declining, had left in the hearts of men a warm glow of courage and heroism; and they were to be called to books, as to battle, by the sound of the trumpet: he says too, that, if writers had not accommodated themselves to the prejudices of the age, and written of bloody battles and desperate encounters, their works would have been esteemed too effeminate an amusement for gentlemen. Histories of chivalry, instead of enervating, tend to invigorate the mind, and endeavour to raise human nature above the condition which is naturally prescribed to it; but as strict justice, patriot motives, prudent counsels, and a dispassionate choice of what upon the whole is fittest and best, do not direct these heroes of romance, they cannot serve for instruction and example, like the great characters of true history. It has ever been my opinion, that only the clear and steady light of truth can guide men to virtue, and that the lesson which is *impracticable* must be *unuseful*. Whoever shall design to regulate his conduct by these visionary characters, will be in the condition of superstitious people, who chuse rather to act by intimations they receive in the dreams of the night, than by the sober counsels of morning meditation. Yet, I confess, it has been the practice of many nations to incite men to *virtue* by relating the deeds of *fabulous heroes*; but surely it is the custom only of yours to incite them to *vice* by the history of *fabulous scoundrels*. Men of fine imagination have soared into the regions of fancy to bring back Astrea; you go thither in search of Pandora—O disgrace to letters! O shame to the Muses!

BOOKSELLER.

You express great indignation at our present race of writers; but, believe me, the fault lies chiefly on the side of the reader.

readers. An *Illustrated Spectator* directed to you, and we must comply with the majority and disposition of those who are to read them. There must be a certain sympathy between the book and the reader, to create a good feeling. Would you present a book to a gentleman, who is negligently dressed in an evening, with the *belonges* of *Hercules* for his recent costume, and name it with the *Applaud* of *Hercules*, even he is expecting you to be a friend of his night's bath. Our readers must be amused, before they can be instructed, and must be offered to them as they would like to have a fair.

1:15.46

It is from the same source that nature, obedient to the same great ruler of the universe, has produced the various virtues with the most beautiful and judicious choice and proportion. Some are the lot of brutes, some of men, and might be applied to great purposes, if their pretensions to the public eye were to be confined on the rules of religion and morality. It must be confessed, that idleness, being employed only by idle and dissipated persons, publick exercises, and the pleasures of the senses, does not improve the nobler inclinations of domestic life. A woman could seldom be a philosopher in the field and the forum, and her exertion on great scenes on the theatre of the world; but she could not a man, who the silent retreat path of holiness or devotes into war, who is under no temptation but the *manly* of honour and talents no applause but his approbation, is the noblest model that ever is exhibited to mankind, and would be of the most general use. Exercises of domestic virtue would be more particularly useful to women than those of great heroines. The virtues of women are blighted by the breath of publick fame, as flowers that grow on an eminence are faded by the sun and wind, which expand them. But true female glory, like the murmur of the spheres, comes from a gentle, a constant, and an easy progress in the path marked out for them by their great Creator; and, like the heavenly harmony, it is not adapted to the gross ear of mortals, but is reserved for the delight of higher beings, by whom, we are told, they were ordained to gladden and enlighten, and shed a mild beneficent lustre on the world.

FOIPA: 100.

W. ... had some English and

French writers who aimed at what you meant. 'In the supposed character of "Charles," said a clergyman to me a few days before I left the world, "one finds the dignity of heroism tempered by the meekness and humility of religion, a perfect purity of mind, and sanctity of manners: in that of Sir Charles Grandison, a noble pattern of every private virtue, with sentiments so exalted as to render him equal to every public duty."

PICTURES.

Are both tragic characters by the same

FOOK-HILLER.

Are, Master Partridge, and what will be the result, this author has printed for you.

PLUTARCH.

Should you say, it is pity he should
perish by work but *his own*. Are there
 no other authors who write in this man-
 ner?

BOOKSELLER.

Yes, we have another writer of these imaginary histories, one who has not long since defended to these regions: his name is Fielding; and his works, as I have heard the best judges say, have a true spirit of comely, and an exact representation of nature, with fine moral touches. He has not indeed given lessons of pure and consummate virtue; but he has exposed vice and meanness with all the powers of ridicule: and we have some other good wits, who have exerted their talents to the purposes you approve. Monsieur de Marivaux and some other French writers have also proceeded much upon the same plan, with a spirit and elegance which give their works no mean rank among the *belles lettres*. I will own that, when there is wit and entertainment enough in a book to make it sell, it is not the worse for good morals.

CHARON.

I think, Plutarch, you have made this gentleman a little more humble; and now I will carry him the rest of his journey. But he is too frivolous an animal to present to wise Minos. I wish Mercury were here; he would damn him for his dulness. I have a good mind to carry him to the Danaïdes, and leave him to pour water into their vessels, which, like his late readers, are destined to eternal emptiness. Or shall I chain him to the rock, side to side by Prometheus?

theus, not for having attempted to steal celestial fire, in order to animate human forms, but for having endeavoured to extinguish that which Jupiter had imparted? or shall we constitute him *friseur* to Tisiphone, and make him curl up her locks with his satires and libels?

PLUTARCH.

Minos does not esteem any thing fri-

volous that affects the morals of mankind; he punishes authors, as guilty of every fault they have countenanced, and every crime they have encouraged; and denounces heavy vengeance for the injuries which virtue or the virtuous have suffered in consequence of their writings.

DIALOGUE XXIX.

PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SCIPIO AFRICANUS—CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.

SCIPIO.

ALAS, Cæsar! how unhappily did you end a life, made illustrious by the greatest exploits in war, and most various civil talents!

CÆSAR.

Can Scipio wonder at the ingratitude of Rome to her generals? Did not he reproach her with it in the epitaph he ordered to be inscribed upon his tomb at Liternum, that mean village in Campania, to which she had driven the conqueror of Hannibal and of Carthage? I also, after subduing her most dangerous enemies, the Helvetians, the Gauls, and the Germans, after raising her name to the highest pitch of glory, should have been deprived of my province, reduced to live as a private man, under the power of my enemies and the enviers of my greatness; nay, brought to a trial, and condemned by the judgment of a faction, if I had not led my victorious troops to Rome, and, by their assistance, after all my offers of peace had been iniquitously rejected, made myself master of a state, which knew so ill how to recompense superior merit. Resentment of this, together with the secret machinations of envy, produced not long afterwards a conspiracy of senators, and even of some whom I had most obliged and loved, against my life, which they basely took away by assassination.

SCIPIO.

You say you led your victorious troops to Rome.—How were they *your* troops? I thought the Roman armies had belonged to the republick, not to their generals.

CÆSAR.

They did so in your time. But, be-

fore I came to command them, Marius and Sylla had taught them, that they belonged to their generals. And I taught the senate, that a veteran army, affectionately attached to it's leader, could give him all the treasures and honours of the state, without asking their leave.

SCIPIO.

Just gods! Did I then deliver my country from the invading Carthaginians, did I exalt it by my victories above all other nations, that it might become a richer prey to it's own rebel soldiers, and their ambitious commanders?

CÆSAR.

How could it be otherwise? Was it possible that the conquerors of Europe, Asia, and Africk, could tamely submit to descend from their triumphal chariots, and become subject to the authority of prætors and consuls, elected by a populace corrupted by bribes, or enslaved to a confederacy of factious nobles, who, without regard to merit, considered all the offices and dignities of the state as hereditary possessions belonging to their families?

SCIPIO.

If I thought it no dishonour, after triumphing over Hannibal, to lay down my fasces, and obey, as all my ancestors had done before me, the magistrates of the republick; such a conduct would not have dishonoured either Marius, or Sylla, or Cæsar. But you all dishonoured yourselves, when, instead of virtuous Romans, superior to your fellow-citizens in merit and glory, but equal to them in a due subjection to the laws, you became the enemies, the invaders, and the tyrants, of your country.

CÆSAR.

Was I the enemy of my country, in giving

giving it a ruler fit to support all the nobility and greatness of empire? Did I *invade* it, when I was led to deliver the people from the tyrannical dominion and influence of a few favorites? Was I a *tyrant*, because I would not crouch under Pompey, and let him be thought my *superior*, when I felt he was not my *equal*?

SCIPIO.

Pompey had given you a noble example of moderation, in twice dismissing the army, at the head of which he had performed such illustrious actions, and returning a private citizen, into the bosom of his country.

CÆSAR.

His moderation was a cheat. He believed that the authority his victories had gained him would make him effectually master of the commonwealth, without the help of those armies. But, finding it difficult to subdue the united opposition of Crassus and me, he leagued himself with us; and, in consequence of that league, we three governed the empire. But, after the death of Crassus, my glorious achievements in subduing the Gauls raised such a jealousy in him, that he could no longer endure me as a partner in his power, nor could I submit to degrade myself into his subject.

SCIPIO.

Am I then to understand, that the civil war you engaged in was really a mere contest, whether you or Pompey should remain *sole lord of Rome*?

CÆSAR.

Not so—for I offered, in my letters to the senate, to lay down my arms, if Pompey at the same time would lay down his, and leave the republick in freedom*. Nor did I resolve to draw the sword, till not only the senate, overpowered by the fear of Pompey and his troops, had rejected these offers; but two tribunes of the people, for legally and justly interposing their authority in my behalf, had been forced to fly from Rome, disguised in the habit of slaves, and take refuge in my camp, for the safety of their persons. My camp was therefore the asylum of persecuted liberty; and my army sought to avenge the violation of the rights and majesty of the people, as much as to defend the

dignity of their general assembly oppressed.

SCIPIO.

You would therefore have me think that you contended for the equality and liberty of the Romans, against the tyranny of Pompey and his lawless adherents. In such a war I myself, if I had lived in your times, would have willingly been your lieutenant. Tell me then, on the issue of this honourable enterprise, when you had subdued all your foes, and had no opposition remaining to obstruct your intentions, did you establish that liberty for which you fought? Did you restore the republick to what it was in my time?

CÆSAR.

I took the necessary measures to secure to myself the fruits of my victories; and gave a head to the empire, which could neither subsist without one, nor find another so well suited to the greatness of the body.

SCIPIO.

There the true character of Cæsar was seen unmasked.—You had managed so skilfully in the measures which preceded the civil war, your offers were so specious, and there appeared so much violence in the conduct of your enemies, that, if you had fallen in that war, posterity might have doubted whether you were not a victim to the interests of your country. But your success, and the despotism you afterwards exercised, took off those disguises, and shewed clearly that the aim of all your actions was tyranny.

CÆSAR.

Let us not deceive ourselves with *sounds* and *names*.—That great minds should aspire to sovereign power, is a fixed law of nature. It is an injury to mankind, if the highest abilities be not placed in the highest stations. Had you, Scipio, been kept down by the republican jealousy of Cato the censor, Hannibal would have never been recalled out of Italy, nor defeated in Africa. And if I had not been treacherously murdered by the daggers of Brutus and Crassus, my sword would have revenged the defeat of Crassus, and added the empire of Parthia to that of Rome. Nor was my government tyrannical. It was mild, humane, and bounteous. The

* See Plutarch and Suetonius in Vit. Cæsaris. Cæsar. Comment. de Belle Civili, l. i.

world would have been happy under it, and wished it's continuance; but my death broke the pillars of the public tranquillity, and brought upon the whole empire a direful scene of calamity and confusion.

SCIPIO.

You say that great minds will naturally aspire to sovereign power. But, if they are *good* as well as *great*, they will regulate their ambition by the laws of their country. The laws of Rome permitted me to aspire to the conduct of the war against Carthage; but they did not permit you to turn her arms against herself, and subject her to your will. The breach of one law of liberty is a greater evil to a nation than the loss of a province; and, in my opinion, the conquest of the whole world would not be enough to compensate for the total loss of their freedom.

CÆSAR.

You talk finely, Africanus.—But ask yourself, whether the height and dignity of your mind, that noble pride which accompanies the magnanimity of a hero, could always stoop to a nice conformity with the laws of your country? Is there a law of liberty more essential, more sacred, than that which obliges every member of a free community to submit himself to a trial, upon a legal charge brought against him for a public misdemeanour? In what manner did you answer a regular accusation from a tribune of the people, who charged you with embezzling the money of the state? You told your judges, that *on that day you had vanquished Hannibal and Carthage*, and bade them *follow you to the temples to give thanks to the gods*. Nor could you ever be brought to stand a legal trial, or justify those accounts which you had torn in the senate, when they were questioned there by two magistrates in the name of the Roman people. Was this acting like the subject of a free state? Had your victory procured you an exemption from justice? had it given into your hands the money of the republic without account? If it had, you were *king of Rome*. Pharsalia, Thapsus, and Munda, could do no more for me.

SCIPIO.

I did not question the right of bringing me to a trial; but I disdained to plead in vindication of a character so

unspeckled as mine. My whole life had been an answer to that infamous charge.

CÆSAR.

It may be so: and, for my part, I admire the magnanimity of your behaviour. But I should condemn it as repugnant and destructive to liberty, if I did not pay more respect to the dignity of a great general, than to the forms of a democracy, or the rights of a tribune.

SCIPIO.

You are endeavouring to confound my cause with yours; but they are exceedingly different*. You apprehended a sentence of condemnation against you for some part of your conduct, and, to prevent it, made an impious war on your country, and reduced her to servitude. I trusted the justification of my affronted innocence to the opinion of my judges, scorning to plead for myself against a charge unsupported by any other proof than bare suspicions and surmises. But I made no resistance; I kindled no civil war: I left Rome undisturbed in the enjoyment of her liberty. Had the malice of my accusers been ever so violent, had it threatened my destruction, I should have chosen much rather to turn my sword against my own bosom, than against that of my country.

CÆSAR.

You beg the question, in supposing that I really hurt my country by giving her a master. When Cato advised the senate to make Pompey *sole consul*, he did it upon this principle, *that any kind of government is preferable to anarchy†*. The truth of this, I presume, no man of sense will contest: and the anarchy, which that zealous defender of liberty so much apprehended, would have continued in Rome, if that power, which the urgent necessity of the state conferred upon me, had not removed it.

SCIPIO.

Pompey and you had brought that anarchy on the state, in order to serve your own ends. It was owing to the corruption, the factions, and the violence, which you had encouraged, from an opinion that the senate would be forced to submit to an absolute power in your hands, as a remedy against those intolerable evils. But Cato judged well, in thinking it eligible to make Pompey *sole consul*, rather than your *dictator*; because experience had shewn, that

* Suetonius, in Cæsar.

† See Plutarch's Life of Cato.

Pompey respected the forms of the Roman constitution; and, though he sought, by bad means as well as good, to obtain the highest magistracies and the most honourable commands, yet he laid them down again, and contented himself with remaining superior in credit to any other citizen.

CÆSAR.

If all the difference between my ambition and Pompey's were only, as you represent it, in a greater or less respect for the forms of the constitution; I think it was hardly becoming such a patriot as Cato to take part in our quarrel, much less to kill himself rather than yield to my power.

SCIPIO.

It is easier to revive the spirit of liberty in a government where the forms of it remain unchanged, than where they have been totally disregarded and abolished. But I readily own, that the balance of the Roman constitution had been destroyed by the excessive and illegal authority, which the people were induced to confer upon Pompey, before any extraordinary honour or commands had been demanded by you. And that is, I think, your best excuse.

CÆSAR.

Yes, surely.—The favourers of the *Manilian law* had an ill grace in desiring to limit the commissions I obtained from the people, according to the rigour of certain absolute republican laws, no more regarded in my time than the Sibylline oracles, or the pious institutions of Numa.

SCIPIO.

It was the misfortune of your time, that they were not regarded. A virtuous man would not take from a deluded people such favours as they ought not to bestow. I have a right to say this, because I chid the Roman people, when, over-heated by gratitude for the services I had done them, they desired to make me perpetual consul and dictator*. Hear this, and blush.—What I refused to accept, you snatched by force.

CÆSAR.

Tiberius Gracchus reproached you with the inconsistency of your conduct, when, after refusing these offers, you so little respected the Tribunitian authority. But thus it must happen. We are naturally fond of the idea of liberty,

till we come to suffer by it, or find it an impediment to some predominant passion; and then we wish to controul it, as you did most despotically, by refusing to submit to the justice of the state.

SCIPIO.

I have answered before to that charge. Tiberius Gracchus himself, though my personal enemy, thought it became him to stop the proceedings against me; not for my sake, but for the honour of my country, whose dignity suffered with mine. Nevertheless, I acknowledge my conduct in that business was not absolutely blameless. The generous pride of virtue was too strong in my mind. It made me forget I was creating a dangerous precedent, in declining to plead to a legal accusation, brought against me by a magistrate invested with the majesty of the whole Roman people. It made me unjustly accuse my country of ingratitude, when she had shewn herself grateful even beyond the true bounds of policy and justice, by not inflicting upon me any penalty for so irregular a proceeding. But, at the same time, what a proof did I give of moderation and respect for her liberty, when my utmost resentment could impel me to nothing more violent than a voluntary retreat, and quiet banishment of myself from the city of Rome! Scipio Africanus, offended, and living a private man, in a country-house at Liternum, was an example of more use to secure the equality of the Roman commonwealth, than all the power of its tribunes.

CÆSAR.

I would rather have been thrown down the Tarpeian rock, than have retired, as you did, to the obscurity of a village, after acting the first part on the greatest theatre of the world.

SCIPIO.

An usurper exalted on the highest throne of the universe is not so glorious as I was in that obscure retirement. I hear indeed, that you, Cæsar, have been deified by the flattery of some of your successors. But the impartial judgment of history has consecrated my name, and ranks me in the first class of heroes and patriots: whereas the highest praise her records, even under the dominion usurped by your family, have given to you, is, that your courage and talents were equal to the objects you

ambition aspired to, the empire of the world; and that you exercised a sovereignty unjustly acquired with a magna-

nanimous clemency. But it would have been better for your country, and better for mankind, if you had never existed.

DIALOGUE XXX.

PLATO—DIOGENES.

DIOGENES.

PLATO, stand off.—A true philosopher, as I was, is no company for a courtier of the tyrant of Syracuse. I would avoid you, as one infected with the most noisome of plagues, the plague of slavery.

PLATO.

He, who can mistake a brutal pride and savage indecency of manners for freedom, may naturally think that the being in a court (however virtuous one's conduct, however free one's language there) is slavery. But I was taught by my great master, the incomparable Socrates, that the business of true philosophy is to consult and promote the happiness of society. She must not therefore be confined to a *tub* or a *cell*. Her sphere is in senates, or the cabinets of kings. While your sect is employed in snarling at the great, or buffooning with the vulgar; she is counselling those who govern nations, infusing into their minds humanity, justice, temperance, and the love of true glory, resisting their passions when they transport them beyond the bounds of virtue, and fortifying their reason by the antidotes she administers against the poison of flattery.

DIOGENES.

You mean to have me understand, that you went to the court of the Younger Dionysius, to give him antidotes against the poison of flattery. But I say, he sent for you only to sweeten the cup, by mixing it more agreeably, and rendering the flavour more delicate. His vanity was too nice for the nauseous common draught; but your seasoning gave it a relish, which made it go down most delightfully, and intoxicated him more than ever. Oh! there is no flatterer half so dangerous to a prince as a fawning philosopher!

PLATO.

If you call it fawning, that I did not treat him with such unmannerly rudeness as you did Alexander the Great when he visited you at Athens, I have nothing to say. But, in truth, I made

my company agreeable to him, not for any ends which regarded only myself, but that I might be useful both to him and to his people. I endeavoured to give a right turn to his vanity; and know, Diogenes, that whoever will serve mankind, but more especially princes, must compound with their weaknesses, and take as much pains to gain them over to virtue by an honest and prudent complaisance, as others do to seduce them from it by a criminal adulation.

DIOGENES.

A little of my sagacity would have shewn you, that, if this was your purpose, your labour was lost in that court. Why did you not go and preach chastity to Lais? A philosopher in a brothel, reading lectures on the beauty of continence and decency, is not a more ridiculous animal, than a philosopher in the cabinet, or at the table of a tyrant, decanting on liberty and publick spirit! What effect had the lessons of your famous disciple Aristotle upon Alexander the Great, a prince far more capable of receiving instruction than the Younger Dionysius? Did they hinder him from killing his best friend, Clitus, for speaking to him with freedom? or from fancying himself a god, because he was adored by the wretched slaves he had vanquished? When I desired him *not to stand between me and the sun*, I humbled his pride more, and consequently did him more good, than Aristotle had done by all his former precepts.

PLATO.

Yet he owed to those precepts, that, notwithstanding his excesses, he appeared not unworthy the empire of the world. Had the tutor of his youth gone with him into Asia, and continued always at his ear, the authority of that wise and virtuous man might have been able to stop him, even in the riot of conquest, from giving way to those passions which dishonoured his character.

DIOGENES.

If he had gone into Asia, and had not flattered the king as obsequiously as a philosopher

M 2

phesition, he would, like Callisthenes, whom he sent thither as his deputy, have been put to death for high treason. The man who will not flatter must live independent, as I did, and prefer a tub to a palace.

PLATO.

Do you pretend, Diogenes, that, because you were never in a court, you never flattered? How did you gain the affection of the people of Athens, but by soothing their ruling passion, the desire of hearing their superiors abused? Your cynic railing was to them the most acceptable flattery. This you well understood; and made your court to the vulgar, always envious and malignant, by trying to lower all dignity and confound all order: you made your court, I say, as servilely, and with as much offence to virtue, as the basest flatterer ever did to the most corrupted prince. But true philosophy will disdain to act either of these parts. Neither in the assemblies of the people, nor in the cabinets of kings, will she obtain favour by fomenting any bad dispositions. If her endeavours to do good prove unsuccessful, she will retire with honour; as an honest physician departs from the house of a patient, whose distemper he finds incurable, or who refuses to take the medicines he prescribes. But if she succeeds; if, like the musick of Orpheus, her sweet persuasions can mitigate the ferocity of the multitude, and tame their minds to a due obedience to laws and reverence for magistrates; or if she can form a Timoleon, or a Numa Pompilius, to the government of a state; how meritorious is the work! One king, nay, one minister, or counsellor of state, imbued with her precepts, is of more value than all the speculative, retired philosophers, or cynical revilers of princes and magistrates, that ever lived upon earth.

DIOGENES.

Don't tell me of the musick of Orpheus, and of his taming wild beasts. A wild beast brought to *crouch* and *lick the hand of a master* is a much viler animal than he was in his natural state of ferocity. You seem to think that the business of philosophy is to *polish men into slaves*; but I say, it is to teach them to assert, with an untamed and generous spirit, their independence and freedom. You profess to instruct those who want to *ride* their fellow-creatures, how to do so with an easy and gentle rein; but I

would have them thrown off, and trampled under the feet of all their deluded or insulted equals, on whose backs they have mounted. Which of us two is the truest friend to mankind?

PLATO.

According to your notions, all government is destructive to liberty; but I think that no liberty can subsist without government. A state of society is the *natural* state of mankind. They are impelled to it, by their wants, their infirmities, their affections. The laws of society are rules of life and action necessary to secure their happiness in that state. Government is the due enforcing of those laws. That government is the best, which does this most effectually and most equally; and that people is the freest, which is most submissively obedient to such a government.

DIOGENES.

Shew me the government which makes no other use of it's power than duly to enforce the laws of society, and I will own it is entitled to the most absolute submission from all it's subjects.

PLATO.

I cannot shew you perfection in human institutions. It is far more easy to blame them than it is to amend them. Much may be wrong in the best: but a good man respects the laws and the magistrates of his country.

DIOGENES.

As for the laws of my country, I did so far respect them, as not to philosophize to the prejudice of the first and greatest principle of nature and of wisdom, self-preservation. Though I loved to prate about high matters as well as Socrates, I did not chuse to drink hemlock after his example. But you might as well have bid me *love* an ugly woman, because she was dressed up in the gown of *Lais*, as *respect* a fool or a knave because he was attired in the robe of a magistrate.

PLATO.

All I desired of you was, not to amuse yourself and the populace by throwing dirt upon the robe of a magistrate, merely because he wore that robe, and you did not.

DIOGENES.

A philosopher cannot better display his wisdom, than by throwing contempt on that pageantry, which the ignorant multitude gaze at with a senseless veneration.

PLATO.

PLATO.

He who tries to make the multitude *venerate nothing* is more senseless than they. Wise men have endeavoured to excite an awful reverence in the minds of the vulgar for external ceremonies and forms, in order to secure their obedience to religion and government, of which these are the symbols. Can a philosopher desire to defeat that good purpose?

DIOGENES.

Yes, if he see it abused, to support the evil purposes of superstition and tyranny.

PLATO.

May not the abuse be corrected, without losing the benefit? Is there no difference between *reformation* and *destruction*?

DIOGENES.

Half-measures do nothing. He who desires to *reform*, must not be afraid to *pull down*.

PLATO.

I know that you and your sect are for *pulling down every thing that is above your own level*. Pride and envy are the motives that set you all to work. Nor can one wonder that passions, the influence of which is so general, should give you many disciples and many admirers.

DIOGENES.

When you have established your *republic*, if you will admit me into it, I promise you to be *there* a most *respectful* subject.

PLATO.

I am conscious, Diogenes, that my *republic* was imaginary, and could never be established. But they shew as little knowledge of what is practicable in politics, as I did in that book, who suppose that the liberty of any civil society can be maintained by the destruc-

tion of order and decency, or promoted by the petulance of unbridled defamation.

DIOGENES.

I never knew any government angry at defamation, when it fell on those who disliked or obstructed its measures. But I well remember, that the thirty tyrants at Athens called opposition to them *the destruction of order and decency*.

PLATO.

Things are not altered by names.

DIOGENES.

No—but names have a strange power to impose on weak understandings. If, when you were in Egypt, you had laughed at the worship of an onion; the priests would have called you an atheist, and the people would have stoned you. But, I presume, that, to have the honour of being initiated into the mysteries of that reverend hierarchy, you bowed as low to it as any of their devout disciples. Unfortunately my neck was not so pliant; and therefore I was never initiated into their mysteries either of religion or government, but was feared or hated by all who thought it their interest to make them be respected.

PLATO.

Your vanity found its account in that fear and that hatred. The high priest of a deity, or the ruler of a state, is much less distinguished from the vulgar herd of mankind, than the scoffer at all religion, and the despiser of all dominion.—But let us end our dispute. I feel my folly, in continuing to argue with one, who, in reasoning, does not seek to come at truth, but merely to shew his wit. Adieu, Diogenes. I am going to converse with the shades of Pythagoras, Solon, and Bias.—You may jest with Aristophanes, or rail with Therites.

DIALOGUE XXXI.

ARISTIDES—PHOCION—DEMOSTHENES.

ARISTIDES.

HOW could it happen, that Athens, after having recovered an equality with Sparta, should be forced to submit to the dominion of Macedon, when she had two such great men as Phocion and Demosthenes at the head of her state?

PHOCION.

It happened because our opinions of

her interests in foreign affairs were totally different; which made us act with a constant and pernicious opposition, the one to the other.

ARISTIDES.

I wish to hear from you both (if you will indulge my curiosity) on what principles you could form such contrary judgments concerning points of such moment

...the great, the constant, aim of
my policy; and, though traversed in it
by many whom the gold of Macedon
had corrupt-ed, and by Phocion, whom
alone, of all the enemies to my system,
I must acquit of corruption, I so far suc-
ceeded, that I brought into the field of
Chæronea an army equal to Philip's.
The event was unfortunate; but Ari-
stides will not judge of the merits of a
statesman by the accidents of war.

PHOCION.

Do not imagine, Aristides, that I was
less desirous than Demosthenes to pre-
serve the independence and liberty of my
country. But, before I engaged the
Athenians in a war *not absolutely ne-ces-
sary*, I thought it proper to consider
what the event of a battle would proba-
bly be. That which I feared, came to
pass: the Macedonians were victorious,
and Athens was ruined.

DEMOSTHENES.

Would Athens not have been ruined
if no battle had been fought? Could
you, Phocion, think it safety, to have
our freedom depend on the moderation
of Philip? And what had we else to pro-
tect us, if no confederacy had been form-
ed to resist his ambition?

PHOCION.

I saw no wisdom in accelerating the
downfall of my country, by a rash ac-
tivity in provoking the instant...

stop the progress of his arms, and opposed to him such obstacles as cost him much time and much labour to remove. You yourself, Phocion, at the head of fleets and armies sent against him by decrees which I had proposed, vanquished his troops in Eubœa, and saved from him Byzantium, with other cities of our allies on the coasts of the Hellespont, from which you drove him with shame.

PHOCION.

The proper use of those advantages was, to secure a peace to Athens, which they inclined him to keep. His ambition was checked; but his forces were not so much diminished as to render it safe to provoke him to further hostilities.

DEMOSTHENES.

His courage and policy were indeed so superior to ours, that, notwithstanding his defeats, he was soon in a condition to pursue the great plan of conquest and dominion, which he had formed long before, and from which he never desisted. Thus, through indolence on our side, and activity on his, things were brought to such a crisis, that I saw no hope of delivering all Greece from his yoke, but by confederating against him the Athenians and the Thebans; which league I effected. Was it not better to fight for the independence of our country in conjunction with Thebes than alone? Would a battle lost in Bœotia be so fatal to Athens, as one lost in our own territory, and under our own walls?

PHOCION.

You may remember, that, when you were eagerly urging this argument, I desired you to consider, not where we should fight, but how we should be conquerors; for, if we were vanquished, all sorts of evils and dangers would be instantly at our gates.

ARISTIDES.

Did not you tell me, Demosthenes, when you began to speak upon this subject, that you brought into the field of Chæronea an army equal to Philip's?

DEMOSTHENES.

I did, and believe that Phocion will not contradict me.

ARISTIDES.

But; though equal in number, it was, perhaps, much inferior to the Macedonians in valour and military discipline.

DEMOSTHENES.

The courage shewn by our army excited the admiration of Philip himself; and their discipline was inferior to none in Greece.

ARISTIDES.

What then occasioned their defeat?

DEMOSTHENES.

The bad conduct of their generals.

ARISTIDES.

Why was the command not given to Phocion, whose abilities had been proved on so many other occasions? Was it offered to him, and did he refuse to accept it? You are silent, Demosthenes. I understand your silence. You are unwilling to tell me, that, having the power, by your influence over the people, to confer the command on what Athenian you pleased, you were induced by the spirit of party to lay aside a great general, who had been always successful, who had the chief confidence of your troops and of your allies, in order to give it to men, zealous indeed for your measures, and full of military ardour, but of little capacity or experience in the conduct of a war. You cannot plead, that, if Phocion had led your troops against Philip, there was any danger of his basely betraying his trust. Phocion could not be a traitor. You had seen him serve the republic, and conquer for it, in wars, the undertaking of which he had strenuously opposed, in wars with Philip. How could you then be so negligent of the safety of your country, as not to employ him in this, the most dangerous of all she ever had waged? If Chares and Lyficles, the two generals you chose to conduct it, had commanded the Grecian forces at Marathon and Plataeæ, we should have lost those battles. All the men whom you sent to fight the Macedonians under such leaders were victims to the animosity between you and Phocion, which made you deprive them of the necessary benefit of his wise direction. This I think the worst blemish of your administration. In other parts of your conduct, I not only acquit, but greatly applaud and admire you. With the sagacity of a most consummate statesman, you penetrated the deepest designs of Philip; you saw all the dangers, which threatened Greece from that quarter, while they were yet at a distance; you exhorted your countrymen to make

a timely

[illegible]

DIALOGUE XXXII.

JS AURELIUS PHILOSOPHUS—SERVIUS TULLIUS.

VIUS TULLIUS.

ircus, though I own you been the first of mankind goodness; though, while , philosophy sat on the ifused the benign influ- administration over the empire; yet, *as a king*, iaps, pretend to a merit o yours.

US AURELIUS.

ophy you ascribe to me e to feel my own defects, e the virtues of other men. fore, in what consisted the your merit *as a king*.

VIUS TULLIUS.

in this, *that I gave my* I diminished, I limited, wer, when it was placed

I need not tell you, that vernment instituted by me y the Romans, when they y Tarquin, the destroyer ty; and gave it's form to , composed of a due mix- d, aristocratical, and demoes, the strength and wisdom lued the world. Thus all hat great people, who for celled the rest of mankind war and of policy, belongs me.

US AURELIUS.

uch truth in what you say. ot the Romans have done r the expulsion of Tarquin, d the regal power in a li- , instead of placing it in elective magistrates, with onfuls? This was a great m your plan of govern- think, an unwise one. For *uly* is a solecism, an absur- icks. Nor was the regal itted to the administration ntinued in their hands long ble them to finish any dis- other act of great moment. a necessity of prolonging ds beyond the legal term; the interval prescribed by ren the elections to those

offices; and of granting extraordinary commissions and powers; by all which, the republick was in the end destroyed.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

The revolution which ensued upon the death of Lucretia, was made with so much anger, that it is no wonder the Romans abolished in their fury the name of king, and desired to weaken a power, the exercise of which had been so grievous; though the doing this was attended with all the inconveniences you have justly observed. But, if anger acted too violently in reforming abuses, philosophy might have wisely corrected that error. Marcus Aurelius might have new-modelled the constitution of Rome. He might have made it a *limited monarchy*; leaving to the emperors all the power that was necessary to govern a wide-extended empire, and to the senate and people all the liberty that could be consistent with order and obedience to government; a liberty purged of faction, and guarded against anarchy.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I should have been happy indeed, if it had been in my power to do such good to my country. But the gods themselves cannot force their blessings on men who by their vices are become incapable to receive them. Liberty, like power, is only good for those who possess it when it is under the constant direction of virtue. No laws can have force enough to hinder it from degenerating into faction and anarchy, where the morals of a nation are depraved; and continued habits of vice will eradicate the very love of it out of the hearts of a people. A Marcus Brutus, in my time, could not have drawn to his standard a single legion of Romans. But further, it is certain, that the *spirit of liberty* is absolutely incompatible with the *spirit of conquest*. To keep *great conquered nations* in subjection and obedience, *great standing armies* are necessary. The generals of those armies will not long remain subjects; and whoever acquires dominion by the sword must rule by the sword. If he do not destroy liberty, liberty will destroy him.

N

SERVIUS

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Do you then justify Augustus, for the change he made in the Roman government?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I do not—for Augustus had no lawful authority to make that change. His power was usurpation and breach of trust. But the government, which he seized with a violent hand, came to me by a *lawful* and *established* rule of succession.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Can any length of *establishment* make despotism *lawful*? Is not liberty an inherent, inalienable right of mankind?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

They have an inherent right to be governed by laws, not by arbitrary will. But forms of government may, and must, be occasionally changed, with the consent of the people. When I reigned over them, the Romans were governed by laws.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Yes, because your moderation, and the precepts of that philosophy in which your youth had been tutored, inclined you to make the laws the rules of your government, and the bounds of your power. But, if you had desired to go-

vern otherwise, had they power to restrain you?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

They had not.—The imperial authority, in my time, had no limitations.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Rome, therefore, was in reality as much enslaved under you as under your son; and you left him the power of tyrannizing over it by hereditary-right.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

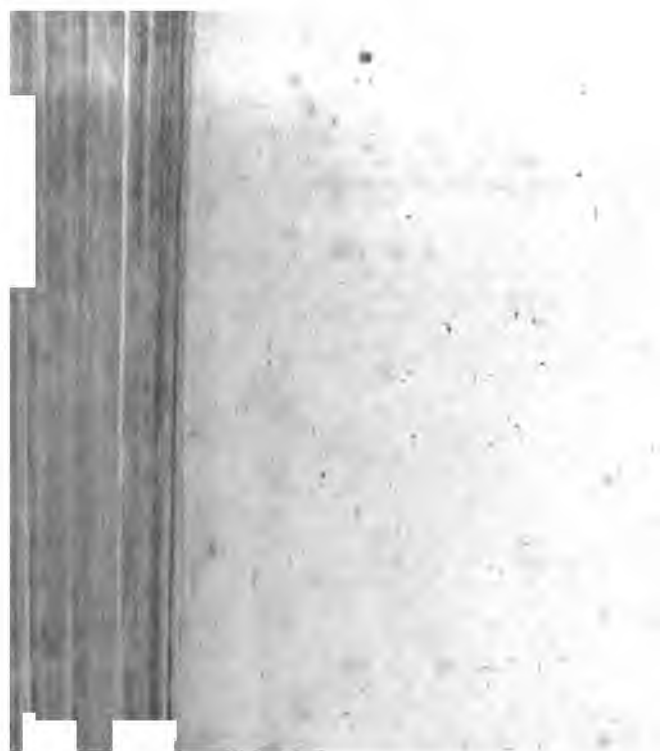
I did.—And the conclusion of that tyranny was his murder.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Unhappy father! unhappy king! What a detestable thing is absolute monarchy, when even the virtues of Marcus Aurelius could not hinder it from being destructive to his family, and pernicious to his country, any longer than the period of his own life! But how happy is that Kingdom, in which a *limited monarch* presides over a state *so justly poised*, that it guards itself from such evils, and has no need to take refuge in arbitrary power against the dangers of anarchy; which is almost as bad a resource as it would be for a ship to run itself on a rock, in order to escape from the agitation of a tempest!

FINIS.



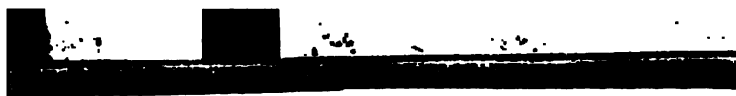








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